



GUIDO VON LIST

THE GERMAN
MYTHOLOGICAL
LANDSCAPE

SECOND EDITION

THE GERMAN MYTHOLOGICAL LANDSCAPE



Guido von List



Acknowledgments

This book is available only due to the great technological developments underpinning the possibilities of mass translation and production of German books into English. The English are great sailors and inventors, pioneers and merchants. The Germans are our great philosophers, our farmers and our infantry. Neither can exist without the other, and the great task of the twenty-first century is to knit the Sachsen people of Germany, England and America back into one folk, to face the future with the courage and honor of our common ancestors.

Editor's Note: The Foundation

The two volume "Deutsch-Mythologische Landschaftsbilder", or German Mythological Landscape Pictures (probably better titled "The Asatru Landscape") is the foundational work of the Guido von List oeuvre. While "The Secret of the Runes" is the most well known of List's books in translation, it is really a seventy page summary of thousands of pages of previous writing and scholarship. Those ideas are more fully developed in the work you hold in your hands. These two volumes are translated from the *Gesammelte Werke* editions, which were published later in List's life around 1913.

This book moves through the landscape of northern Austria feature by feature, demonstrating the original Asatru nature of the folk beliefs, buildings and geography of the area. This book shows us that Asatru never died, it was merely papered over quite thinly by replacing the Germanic gods with christian saints' names. It has great relevance for the 21st century, as this example of finding our religion where we are lays a very strong fundation for the resurgence of Germanic polytheism anywhere Germanic people may be found.

The American follower of Guido von List might be surprised to know that the Meister might find a modern study on "Folk Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Dutch" just as valid a source of proper Asatru practice as the Eddas or other Scandinavian sources. This opens up exciting areas of Folklore research in the Americas, which can inform Asatru practice into the future.

Another of List's major ideas here that I hadn't seen referenced elsewhere is that the stone megaliths prominent in Northern Europe and the Americas could be abandoned places of Asatru worship built in prehistory. This idea coincides with the finding of the swastika symbol throughout world culture - the idea that there was an earlier global civilization with common founders. This is an exciting albeit speculative area of research, if we are granted the time and technology to make such inquiries without bias.

Translator's Note

The translation in this book was completed by DeepL artificial intelligence. This translation may not be perfect, but it gets the central meaning correct, and unlike the mythical army of highly fluent German/English translators we all long for, this translation actually exists. Anyone who can do a better job, please do! As far as I can tell, this book is in the public domain, with over 100 years since List's death in 1919, yet none of the critics of AI have translated the work themselves or raised the money to have it done professionally. In comparing the AI versus human translation in other works (including Flowers' *Secrets of the Runes*, and Dalton's *Mythus*), I found the differences insignificant enough to warrant pushing through in this format. Lack of German/English translators should not be a barrier to the distribution of knowledge in the two languages given current technology.

Whenever a translation exists conducted by a bilingual human with a good heart, please do support their work by buying it new at full price, including the aforementioned Flowers and Dalton. The AI translations are a stopgap effort to get something out rather than nothing. The unexpected AI benefits of translating are a larger vocabulary than any human, in a much quicker and mostly objective output. There are many examples of translated German text - simply test the AI versus humans - it makes for a fun afternoon, but ultimately I found the differences to be minor and the AI to be reliably boring but accurate.

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INTRODUCTION (1913)

For years, Guido List's most famous work, the "German Mythological Landscape Pictures", has been out of print. Ahead of its time by decades, this wonderful and classically beautiful book has remained young and fresh. It seems that the time has only now come for a full understanding of the findings laid down in this work. As young people we first read the "German Mythological Landscape Pictures" twenty years ago, and for each of us this book was a life event, filling us with its romanticism, inspiring us with its enchantingly beautiful language and it opened our eyes to the mysterious charms of the German landscape, becoming both the source of the purest and noblest pleasures and the textbook of the hidden runes of the German landscape. Time and science have advanced, but they have not overtaken Guido List, they have only caught up with him.

Anyone who wants to understand List must have read his "German Mythological Landscape Pictures". They are the gateway to the worldview that the Master discovered and re-established. List's old friends and admirers and even more so the crowd of his new disciples, which is growing day by day in all countries of the Germanic world, have long felt it painful that his most important work, because it was fundamental, was inaccessible.

Without this book, however, the master's work and creativity cannot be grasped in all its gigantic and ingenious magnitude. Because those who are further away, who have not experienced and followed the development of this very unique researcher and thinker, remain amazed and confused in front of the towering height of his boldly constructed worldview,

because its basis and floor plan have remained hidden from them. List's time has now come, and with it the urgent need to publish a new edition of the "German-Mythological Landscape Pictures" and to reopen the basic floor plan of the entire building in front of the many new members of the List community. They are solid, mighty pillars of unshakable and solid strength, reaching down to the twilight of primeval times, on which the mighty burden of the whole rests. What List's ingenious art of combination, poetic imagination and visionary intuition saw and described in captivating language, enchanting young and old alike, was unintentionally and unconsciously confirmed by science. We have made the master indicate the time of origin for each article and the expert will be surprised to find that Guido von List has priority over Carus Sterne, Karl Penka, Rudolf Much and of course all later researchers of Ario-Germanic antiquity. He was the first to clearly recognize the Ario-Germanic origin of all culture, he was the first to prove that the original culture and Ario-Germanic culture were one, that the culture of our ancestors was not a gift or an offshoot of other cultures, but one that we created ourselves, and it was original work. When List proclaimed this doctrine for the first time, he was reviled and ridiculed. Today, however, he is a winner on all lines, and the truth that all other cultures are only descendants of the Ario-Germanic primitive culture has become scientific common knowledge.

While the magic of the language and the mysticism of the "German-Mythological Landscape Pictures" captivated and inspired us so much as youngsters, today we, as mature men, stand in amazement and astonishment under the spell of the grandiose spiritual depth of this work. It is a book that you can read not once, but several times in life, yes, as a devotional and spiritual book over and over again, because it teaches the wonderful art of reading the German landscape runes and in general the art of appreciating hiking in nature. It also reads differently at different ages, and the more mature the reader's life experience becomes, the deeper he will penetrate the beauties of this book.

Just as our ancestors did not worship the deity in temples and statues,

so they did not transmit their wisdom to us in books and libraries. Many have wanted to conclude from this that our ancestors had no wisdom at all to pass on to us. This view is now dismissed as a fatal and shameful error. On the contrary, the unprejudiced reader will recognize with astonishment from this book that the ancient Ario-Germanic people were by no means lacking in culture and wisdom, but that they possessed a different kind of tradition. They did not record their history and their wisdom on ephemeral wood-paper or in printer's ink, but engraved them in immortal monumental letters on the face of the earth and immortalized them in the field, mountain, river and place names of the German landscape. These names are not mindless and chosen arbitrarily, but reveal a special system and are in a logical connection with each other and their real environment. This fact is Guido List's great and momentous discovery and the basis of his further research and discoveries.

Isn't this way of distinguishing wisdom more poetic, artistic and, above all, more moral than the purely mechanical recording and piling up of our modern sciences in books and libraries? Aren't unprejudiced and farsighted judges already shaking their heads about what will happen in the future when our last forests have been transformed into avenues of paper mountains and library books? How much more beautifully and vividly does the tradition of the ancients speak to those who know. Doesn't the spruce forest tell us more than the pale paper made from the torn corpses of trees? And above all, isn't the wisdom that the forest, the spring air, the breezes whispers to us and that the whole German landscape calls out loud, more invigorating and touching? All wisdom that only satisfies the intellect is dead, more or less worthless. Knowledge alone is not enough, but knowledge and will. Not only the mind, but also the heart and mind need food and refreshment. Well then, kind reader, here you have what you desire. Here the master hands you the refreshing source of secret ancestral wisdom in a crystal cup.

It is called "secret" wisdom, not because it needs to shy away from the light, but because it is only revealed to those who seek it with a pure

heart, who struggle and fight for it. This wisdom should not only form the mind, but even more the heart, it should not only make wise, but - what is often overlooked nowadays - also form good and noble people. Only he who seeks shall find, only he who knocks shall have this wisdom opened. It is not knowledge alone that makes one happy, but knowledge and will.

This true wisdom does not lie within the reach of all on an easy, broad road by which the rabble make pilgrimage to their temples of earthly goods, but it lies in a sanctuary on high at the end of a rough, narrow, and arduous path which only they can tread who have the head for heights of inner moral purification. To make this great, sublime wisdom readily available to all would, as the christian gospels say, be like casting pearls before the swine.

Montserrat and the Grail Castle remain invisible to the impious and impure, and they only become visible and accessible to the purified Grail seeker and fighter Parsival! This is how List understands the terms esoteric and exoteric in his works and that is exactly how the terms are understood by the gospels, church fathers, and our ancestors. Exoteric intellectual knowledge merely instructs, but esoteric knowledge educates and purifies morally. The teachings of this wisdom not only need to be understood, but also followed and experienced. In this sense, Guido List's German-Mythological Landscapes are not only scenic, but even moreso function as moral guideposts for the Aryan youth and the Aryan people. And that they will be so more and more, we wish and hope confidently for our salvation and that of our children and grandchildren!

The Board of Trustees of the Guido von List Society.

CHAPTER ONE

German Mythological Landscape Pictures

“It does not correspond to the Germanic view of the sovereignty of the heavenly beings to enclose them between walls, or to make pictures of them with human features. Forests and groves are their temples, and under the names of their gods they invoke that inscrutable power which is revealed to them only in worship.”

This is what Cornelius Tacitus wrote nearly eighteen hundred years ago - Cornelius Tacitus, the first praiser of the Germans. And these powerful words of his should become the leitmotif of our book, *German-Mythological Landscape Pictures*.¹

The surface of our planet, with the firmament enveloping it in a blue cloak embroidered with stars, is what the word “Nature” generally conveys. Within the narrow frame of the human field of vision, however, only a tiny part of nature can be surveyed, and it is precisely this tiny part that is understood by the term “Landscape”.

But not only the eye conveys the enjoyment of nature to the thinking and feeling observer of a landscape, the other senses also take part in this mediating role.

(1) This section is based on several works of mine, the most important of which are: Lower Austrian sagas, folk customs and German mythology. Vienna, Heimat magazine. Nos. 45 and 46. 1881; Lower Austrian place names and German mythology. Vienna, Heimat, 1881 etc.

Even if the eye allows us to see the tangle of lines, the seemingly random jumble of color tones, the movements of the individual beings in the overall picture, only the ear can let us hear the singing of the birds, the roaring of the storm and the rolling of thunder. Likewise, the other senses give us the feeling of warmth or cold, the scent of pine in the forest and the taste of strawberries from the cool forest floor. All of these individual impressions and individual perceptions combine to create an overall sensation which forms the actual enjoyment of nature.

But just as a score of a symphony with the individual orchestral parts appears like a painting made up of thousands of lines running in the most diverse bends and breaks, made up of the colorfully jumbled tones, yet is only perceived by the layman as an overall impression, the naïve observer of a landscape overlooks the multitude of individual factors and therefore only sees the overall picture of the landscape, affecting him in only in its total impression. Only someone with an understanding of art will be able to grasp the intertwined harmony in a symphonic tone painting from the individual voices, only he will be able to grasp the drawing and color shading in the individual effects of a painter's masterpiece. But only such a person can soar through this recognition to the highest enjoyment of art by recognizing the connection of the multiplicity to the unity and allowing the overall impression of the work of art to have an effect on him.

Just like the art aesthetician in the true enjoyment of art, the nature aesthetician will indulge in the true enjoyment of nature, because he too is granted what so many are denied, namely to take a deeper look into the multifaceted design of the wonderful unity in the life and weaving of nature.

But what mankind forebodingly recognized in the youth of the peoples, when they attached themselves to the sanctuary of nature with childlike timidity in devout feeling of the beautiful, the sublime, even arousing a longing for divinity, only the nature aesthetician can comprehend. The childlike, naïve sense of the primitive people has been

lost to the civilized people, they hardly know how to stammer the language of nature, and only on the path of science and especially art can modern man laboriously regain the lost understanding of nature .

Thousands and thousands follow the enjoyment of nature every year, but they are new — tourists! This word alone testifies how few out of the thousands are really nature aestheticians.

With the childishly naïve mind, however, the civilized people also lost the original, immediate consciousness of their own divinity, that incomparably sublime tribal characteristic of the Germans. Inwardness means being with oneself, and being with oneself is actually being with divinity. So as long as a people as a primitive people possesses all its original inwardness, it also has no reason for external worship of divinity, for external ceremonial worship, which only begins to take shape when inwardness is about to give way to outwardness.

Any external service of worship, therefore, always refers to something assumed outside of the worshiper. The more inward a person is, the less outward is his whole life, and vice versa. This is most evident in the course of cultural history. The most and the greatest monuments of religious art—among all peoples—were only created when man was least aware of his divinity. With the construction of temples, the ceremonial service in the cult also developed more and more. In such periods, therefore, the monuments of religious architecture were at their very best, they were the ones that determined the architectural style in question, for the end that was to be striven for with them as a means had been achieved.

Thus, among the Greeks, the art of sculpture reached its peak at a very early stage, because this art is less material, because in it the spirit still dwells undisturbed in the matter. Later, among the Romans, the spirit made its appearance, asserted itself externally, but did not overcome, did not even make it to art. This was only reserved for the Middle Ages and primarily for the Germans. With the completion of the Gothic style, the only thing left for the spirit, after having become master of matter, was to be reconciled with nature and to return to it. The German became the creator of painting, the third sister art of sculpture and architecture.

Finally, after the spirit had used all the artistic means of glorifying the highest things outside of itself for the purpose of representation, intuition, and knowledge of itself, it again became free in matter and in nature with consciousness, as it once was at the beginning of time.

As long as man is directly aware of the divinity of his own spirit, love for his fellow men is his prayer, joy over the beauty of the nature surrounding him his hymn; but the vast great earth with the huge blue vault of the sky is just big enough for him to be the temple of his faith in divinity, because he feels himself one with the divine. As long as man is conscious of his own divinity, then he knows his own divinity and nothing higher in himself, in the other people, in the whole universe around him. He recognizes nothing else above himself than this spiritually invisible formless - but nevertheless whole - nature surrounding him as being the form-having Godhead in himself and therefore he does not create an imitation of a god-figure to any man. And if he does not model his God after a man, whom else should he model him after? Are there not also traces of idolatrous men among all peoples who had idolatry?

That there really was such a time of inwardness is vouched for by the traditions of all peoples, it is the same of which all poets know to sing of as the golden age. And this time was really and truly the golden age, for it was the happiest in comparison with the following times, the most unclouded and happy, for human life was in it most at one with the divine. The golden time in the life of nations is just like the golden time in the life of man, the unclouded, sunlit days of the earliest childhood.

All nations had such a life of gods at the beginning of their emergence, and were more similar to each other than - like children among themselves - in the later course of development, where only their special characteristics - not differently than with the developing man - could develop. In such a course of development the peoples lost their inwardness, the outside world, which was different everywhere, appeared as the image-maker of the peoples and thus caused the formation of races

and nationalities. That is why the mythologies of all peoples can be traced back to quite the same beginnings, and that is also why it is possible to measure how long the golden age lasted for one or another people, which ceased at the moment when the myth system of the respective people, branching off from the common trunk, allowed its special shoots to take root and blossom. Therefore, the diversity of peoples and religions with all that belongs to them, as well as the very different duration of the golden age of the individual peoples, must always be explicable from the diversity of external circumstances and conditions. The more paradisiacal the outer world was, the sooner man seems to have lost his paradise of the inner world; he let himself be seduced to exchange it with the other. The harsher the climate, the more inhospitable the land, the more he cherished the paradise of his inner world.

In this, as in many other respects, the Germanic people have been the happiest, and only the Indians and Persians, who are related to the Germans, are approximately equal to them in this respect. What Herodotus² reports of the Persians, Tacitus says of the Teutons: of both, however, this was said at a time when all other peoples around them already had a developed idolatrous temple service.

But also with the Teutons the worship of God did not remain completely free of externals and could not and was not allowed to remain so, just as little as the people could have remained with their direct consciousness of their God-inside. This had to take place, because the external is the means, the matter is the mirror, in which the Godhead has to look at itself. But this transformation was reserved for the Germanic people only in the time of Christianity, for which, however, still in Odinism the signs of the beginning are to be found. Furthermore, the inwardness, because it lasted the longest among the Germanic peoples, can be recognized as a basic feature of the Germanic character of the

(2) They (the Persians) do not have such a habit of erecting images of gods, temples and altars, and rather they accuse those who do these things of foolishness, it seems to me, because they do not agree with the Hellenes that the gods are human-like." (Herodotus I. 131.)

people, of the German belief in gods.

Consequently, the worship of divinity had to develop from the simplest forms without priesthood. Undoubtedly, the oldest form was the sacrifice, combined with prayer. At first, each family sacrificed for itself, on the altar of the house, the hearth. The father of the house, as the head of the family, as the unrestricted lord and master, was recognized from the beginning as the model of the highest being, as the representative of the Godhead, so to speak. The housewife, as the model of the priestess of future times, sacrificed to him at "the hearth's holy flame".

But if now the development had progressed up to the sacrifice, then soon other conceptions were added, in order to lead over to the veneration of external Gods.

In those times man knew of the forces of nature only their sensually perceptible expressions and had finally to be urged to the assumption that these expressions must be the living conditions of an invisible being of an immeasurably higher kind than he himself was, a being to whom he must bow in fear and trembling in order to moderate its anger, and to increase and enhance its mildness.

Once man had reached this stage of knowledge, his circle of vision of higher knowledge soon widened. The God-inside began to pale, he looked for the Godhead outside of himself. Like the mists, which move around the mountain tops, the first gigantic uncouth primeval being of future gods formed and created itself in his world of senses. This split into an evil and a good being and thus formed itself to the shaping of the darkness or the evil and the light or the good. These two hostile brothers were naturally thought of as being in continuous fight, with always undecided victory. Only to a much later, more perfected stage of cognition is to be ascribed the extension of this dichotomy, which contains the consolation that at the end of all days the divine light will gain the victory over the evil being of darkness and that after the complete destruction of all evil a new spiritualized world order will come.

Since our ancestors in their childhood dreams as a growing people were in much more direct contact with nature than we, their descendants

cooped up in cities, it is not difficult to understand that we have lost a good part of that keen power of observation for the processes in natural life today, on which not only all myths, folk customs and peasant rules are based, but even the old healing methods, the so-called "sympathy cures", and the belief in magic and miracles. Only the new sciences, namely the corresponding subjects of natural history, partially replace that lost sense of nature and often surprisingly confirm old mystical and mythical rules of folk tradition.

But even the "aesthetics of nature", which is particularly cultivated as a science in recent times, leads us back on the path of feeling to recognizing nature in its beauty, sublimity and arousal of longing, which properties as a sense of nature have also been lost to us civilized people.

But the man of primeval times, who was himself educated by the greatest teacher, nature, soon learned certain processes from the development of natural phenomena - without knowing their rules and laws - and also learned to accelerate them through supportive intervention. Yes, in the course of time man himself learned to force such results which nature would never have produced without his supportive intervention. Man has become the master of creation without even knowing it himself, without even suspecting it.

An example should make this clear.

Everyone knows our lovely wild carnation whose glowing stars nod so gracefully out of the lush green of the mountains; but also they know our domesticated double carnation, whose glowing red contrasts so harmoniously with the blue-green of its foliage. And no one is unaware that the latter arose from the former through refinement. Over the course of thousands of years, our tame breeds of domestic animals, our field crops and other products of agriculture and forestry achieved similar supportive help in all development processes via animal husbandry and plant cultivation, whereby the wild archetypes of the animal and plant world, some of which have not yet been lost, gave us the surprising gaps between these and the "enhanced" forms of today.

But precisely these unbelievably large differences also bear witness to

man's many thousands of years of ennobling activity as the "lord of creation", because he only ennobled the animals and plants that were useful to him by stimulating their natural development, while he treated those species that were useless or even harmful by inhibiting their further development or even destroying whole species.

The very beginnings of these "encouragements" or "inhibitions", which we now know simply as "ennoblement" or "extermination", were known to man very early on, but only in terms of the effects, but by no means also in terms of the nature of the cause, which remained a mystery for a long time.

As already mentioned, the oldest form of worship was prayer accompanied by sacrifices, which the head of the family or his wife, and later that of the tribe or state, offered for himself and his relatives in a self-priesthood, with the assistance of the female healers or priestesses. What was more natural than that the assistance of a deity was implored with prayer and sacrifice for processes of such natural "promotions" or "inhibitions", namely that of the deity of light in the case of "promotions" and that of the demon of darkness in the case of "inhibitions".

In the development of this system of ever more external worship, the choice of time, the choice of place, and the type of sacrifice became decisive. Morning hours, ascending moon, springtime were favorable for "promotions", while night hours, waning moon, autumn and winter were favorable for "inhibitions". Consequently, the color of the sacrificial animal had to be white or black, and later even the animal species were taken into account as the myths developed. The sacrificial animals were called "Ziefer", while the non-sacrificable were called "Ungeziefer", which latter word is still in use today with a different meaning (vermin).

If the deity in question had, as it was believed, been made favorable to the planned "promoting" or "inhibiting" work with the "Ziefer", one proceeded with prayer to the promoting or inhibiting action itself, which action was called "magic".

Thus "Ziefern and Zauber" (sacrifice and magic) had become



Illus. 1: Wuotan's Hunt. In the background the black tower near Mödling. (From a sketch by Ernst Kutzer).

inseparable terms. But as the successes of such magic became more and more certain and lasting in the further course of development, it was believed that magic and spells could make a compelling impression on the gods. By then man had already completely lost his inwardness, indeed even the external worship of God was already beginning to fade, for man was beginning to become aware of his dominion over creation. In his arrogance, man now imagined he could use magic to force the gods to do what he had previously asked them to do in prayer (Faust's infernal compulsion).

Arriving at this stage of development, the natural religion of every people began to split into two doctrines, namely the esoteric and exoteric or, to put it more comprehensibly, the secret priestly doctrine and the religion preached to the people bound to external forms, or consecration (wihinei or weihinei). Understandably, at this stage of development, the self-priesthood had to give way to the priesthood, to the hierarchy.

As long as the self-priesthood still ruled, which was still the case in Caesar's time, as long as the associations of the individual families (tribes) remained with the freedom-loving Germans without closer state ties, the cult remained simple, and only through tradition and customs was it regulated. This was probably still the case in the years that followed, when powerful people from the original families rose up to become the original kings and attempted to form states. Of course, in the collective sacrifices of these small states, not only did the number of participants increase, but also the size of the sacrifices or the number of victims. But only initially was the elder of the district considered the "sacrificer", soon the king, as descendant of the most distinguished family, claimed the priesthood for himself, that of the healing counselor for female members of his house, which soon developed the "root sagas" which tell about the divine descent of the ancient royal families.

Only a few such families flourished on that soil of Germania, of which the following landscape pictures are intended to give a description.³

(3) See: "Wurmbauer, Wurmgarten, Wurmbrand". In the "Carnuntum" section - such a primal race descended from Wuotan himself and is still flourishing today.

Only later, when kingship had already become more established, when the ever more ceremonial service gained more and more splendor, if only to increase the splendor of the royal court, only at this time did self-priesthood begin to die out. The king was still a high priest, but the women counselors lived almost in the confinement of a monastery, and the male priests, the “God-rejoicing”, began to form their own class. This priesthood, which required celibacy and monastic devotion for women, was by no means comparable to the modern priesthood for men. Each of the deities had their specific priesthood, which was tied to a specific trade, as such folk reminiscences and guild sayings still clearly show. However, this very peculiar hierarchy also had to take care of the instruction of the youth, namely the youth of the nobility, who were instructed in all courtly arts at the “Halgadomen”.

As long as the old Wuotan belief, which had already developed from the old natural religion, was able to develop undisturbed, practical activated magic also developed like a structured science, which it actually was as “priestly secret teaching”. To the people, however, magic was regarded as a sacred-mystical act connected with the priesthood, as an act of consecration only granted to them by the gods. But when Christianity triumphed against the Wuotan cult in Germany, the church was unable to suppress the belief in magic and miracles. It was therefore initially forced to tolerate the ancient pagan belief in miracles as a side belief, although it fought belief in miracles with all means possible. In the end, the Church emerged victorious by destroying the nurseries of the belief in magic and miracles, the old schools for priests, and thereby wiping out the teachers. Only the exoteric part of the Wuotan cult remained in popular memory and was secretly cultivated by the people without a priesthood and misunderstood and passed on from generation to generation. But that was informal ceremonial stuff, misunderstood formulae, because the no longer scientifically guided customs got lost on the wrong paths of misunderstood mysticism. Through ban and persecution, all ground was removed from the belief in magic, it froze in the empty, meaningless

magic ritual, which now formed the shell around a grain of old-mystical truth, but which had long been misunderstood and slumbered in the shell, like the germ in the seed.

From the secondary belief, however, there arose, indirectly via the counter-belief, what we today call superstition.

But it wasn't just magic alone that was taught by the healing counselors at the priest schools of the Germanic sanatoriums, but also poetry (Northern art of the skalds) with all the subsidiary subjects attached to it, which were also kept secret from the people. Among them were runic lore and the art of hiding deep meanings in ambiguous language that could only be understood by the knowledgeable, while what was told or sung seemed like fairy tales to the layman. It is undoubted that this art of writing poetry, which was aimed at putting a second hidden meaning into any story which only the initiate could understand, gave the next impulse for alliteration and that it was precisely the staffs, namely the staffs emphasized by the initial sounds, which were the bearers of the "Kala", the second, hidden meaning of the narration, as so-called passwords.

This is how the myths came about, which physically symbolized natural processes, portrayed them as deeds of the gods, and later even as heroic deeds. This ambiguous artificial language may later also have been used to clothe political messages that laypeople passed on orally without them knowing their meaning. How much this way of keeping secrets still survives in the German people today may be demonstrated by the ritual with which the various craft guilds introduced those who were "accepted and admitted" according to old customs and made them known with ambiguous words, handles and symbols. So, for example, with the bricklayers, stonemasons, carpenters, blacksmiths etc.

However, it may still be emphasized that in the earliest primeval days the German had risen from the division of nature into a division of three; a mediator arose between light and darkness. Thus in German faith, as in German life, there are innumerable trinities, all of which point to birth or origin, to life or activity, and finally to death or passing away with the



*Illus. 2. Costume and equipment from the Stone and Bronze Ages.
(From drawings by Ignaz Spöttl.)*

thought of rebirth.

This age-old tripartite division permeates the whole of Germanism and is the key to its mythology, but therefore also the key to deciphering the sacred runes which the Germans indelibly engraved on their heritage.

A mountain peak from which one saw the rising sun first, a rock pinnacle, which was first irradiated by the sun's fire, a friendly valley with a refreshing spring or a wildly craggy skeleton of rock, in which the snow clings to the gullies long after spring has come, these were the type of peculiarities that predetermined such spots as places of worship. In the deep forest, surrounded by ash, oak, or beech trees that had grown together and had not been desecrated by an axe, along with other trees, a clearing was created, the place of sacrifice. In the middle was the sacrificial stone, along with an artificially raised hill with a round tower, which offered the concealed entrance to the underground dwellings of the "Heilrätinnen" (holy female priestesses). A particularly large tree stood in the clearing, as a representative of the great world tree, the world ash Yggdrasil. A lake, a creek or a river, at least one underground well could not be missing.

There were many such Halgadomes in Germania and you can still see them today, although more than a thousand years have passed since the last sacrificial blaze burned up on them.

Here now those who belonged to the district of the sacrificial place gathered at certain times, on the new and full moon, on the birth festivals of the sun and the year (Weihnacht), on Perchten Day, for the spring festivals, at the summer solstice and the harvest festivals. From these festivals, however, three main festivals stand out, which are still known today as the three holy times, namely a Spring Festival, Midsummer, and a Harvest Festival or "Mihilading".

Each brought his sacrifice according to his livelihood. The sacrificial animals were male and, depending on the sacrificial ceremony, either pure white or pure black. However, the sacrificial animals were not completely burned, but only certain parts, such as the heart, the entrails, and the like, which parts are still separated today by the "butcher" (Selcher) out of old

habit. Depending on the dialect and the animal species, these types of meat are called the "Gebütt" (of offering, sacrificing), also "Bruckfleisch", the "boy", "little goose" etc.

These pieces of flesh were burned after the future had been proclaimed in obscure words out of the twitching of the heart and the twisting of the bowels. The holy tree was watered with the blood, but the sacrificial head was either put on a pole (Neidstange), placed in a sacrificial bowl or otherwise kept in the sanctuary. The rest was boiled, not roasted, and eaten together by the participants in the sacrifice. Here, too, the tripartite division is noticeable.

The watering of the sacrificial tree with sacrificial blood was intended to create new life through fertilization; the common meal, combined with the part of the sacrifice consumed by the fire as food for the deity, was regarded as the continuation of life as rulers, and the sacrificial head, which decayed, was consecrated to the passage of time.

Like later Wuotan, Donar, Loki (Kaspar, Melchior, Balthasar) or Freya, Frouwa, Helia, correspond to this tripartite division as birth, life, death, but form an indivisible whole, so these three sacrificial divisions correspond in a single sacrificial ceremony according to the basic Germanic idea of the unified trinity.

Of course, not only very specific animals were sacrificed to the various divine personifications, but very specific professional classes (guilds, crafts) were the sacrificers. Only the Holy Women, the "Heilrätinnen" exercised their noble office in place of the ceremonies of the sacrificial priests.

To name but a few, the smiths sacrificed white sacrificial horses to Wuotan as well as to Frey, but the miller sacrificed flour. The human sacrifices, namely the executions, insofar as it was a matter of criminals who had transgressed against these two deities, were carried out jointly by the blacksmith and the miller. So it happened that even in the Middle Ages, the custom prevailed here and there that the miller had to hold the ladder to the gallows for the poor sinner.

Butchers sacrificed bulls or oxen to the Thunderer Donar, but the

“Pfister” (bakers) sacrificed their bread.

Goats and flax were sacrificed to the mother of the gods Frouwa by the honorable guild of “weavers and garment tailors”, from which ancient priesthood the mocking call “Master Meck-Meck” referencing the sacrificial animal still today.

It only needs to be pointed out that these sacrificial meals, namely those of the three great Things, were also associated with a mighty drink offering, the so-called “Minnetrunk”. It is also not surprising that festival songs and other amusements were connected with it, because the service of the Germans was cheerful, as the Germans themselves were always cheerful. They became gloomy fools several centuries later.

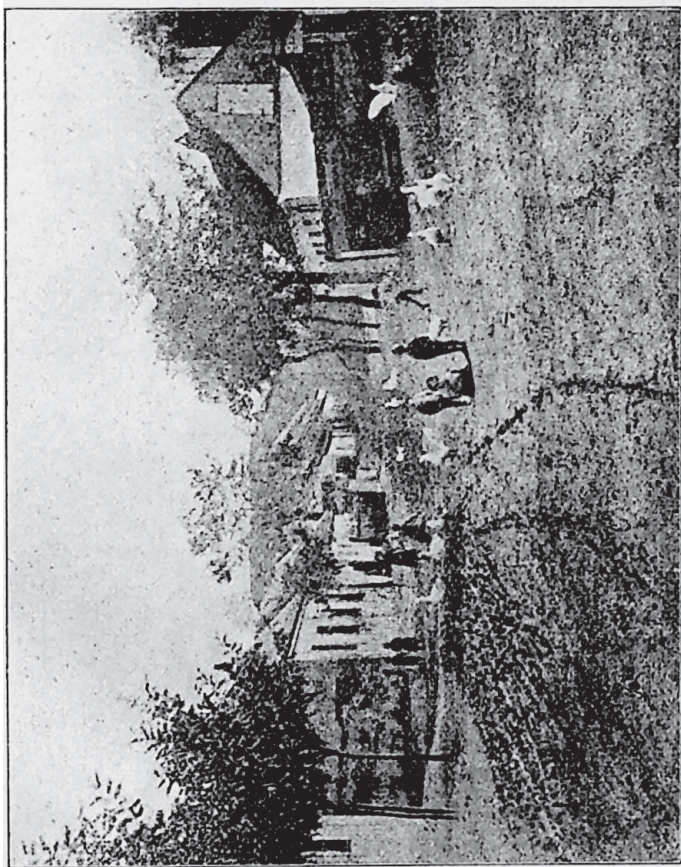
It is understandable that on these days of sacrifice there were also courts and popular consultations, which of course the kings presided over as “sons of the sun”. If matters were difficult or dangerous, the gods themselves were consulted in the form of oracles. One threw runesticks, drew lots, explored the flight of birds, the movement of clouds, paid attention to the neighing of horses or other activities of the “pointing” animals.

However, if one does not want to accept this peculiar classification of the male sacrificers as the actual priesthood, which also gains in probability through the designation of the “God-rejoicing ones” (“Gottesfrohnenden”), since it can be assumed that they only stood by the side of the actual priesthood serving only as “sacrificers”, so only the king remains as supreme judge, who ruled as the actual priest. Here again lies the division into three: Priest (as teacher), Walter (as champion) and Judge (as decision-maker).

So there was only one priest in each Germanic state, and this one priest was king (Walter) and judge. [ed. note: List uses “Walter” as a noun throughout his works; the proper name has the same meaning, derived from *wald-power + *hari-army, powerful ruler.]

But there was another class of priests in German lands, and this is the great group of priestesses.

In no other people in the world did women enjoy the same reverence



Illus. 3. See page 46. The "Halterberg" in Unter-Gänserndorf (Halterberg = keeper mountain = but mountain). (Photograph and reproduction of the Imperial and Royal Graphic Teaching and Research Institute).

as the Germans. It is a mistake to claim that Christianity first liberated women through its cult of women. Let us look at the woman among the peoples who boast of being the oldest Christians, and we find her reduced to the beast of burden, to the slave of the mostly lazy and rude man. "Women keep silent in the assembly!" is a well-known adage, and in the early centuries the christians were hostile to women. Even today, this negative attitude can still be seen in celibacy and many other church statutes. It was only in the German Middle Ages that German women's service triumphed and drove the glorious flowering of the Mary/Marian cult, with which German women regained the glory of their former divinity.

There were women among the Germans who distinguished themselves through higher wisdom; but this is easily explained.

The pure, infallible feeling for nature was lost among men in the wild hustle and bustle of field battles, in the struggle for a job, but was preserved far longer by women, who ruled their purpose more inside the house, in narrower, but not smaller, circles. Of the lost inwardness of the consciousness of God, the only jewel left to the men was the recognition and appreciation of that feeling of inwardness that the women had retained. Just as truth always wins the victory of recognition in the end, so that feeling of respect led men to that high reverence for women that the Germanic knew and which Tacitus so gloriously commemorates.

The later in time, the more likely it was, however, that only a few women in whom such originality of spirit was preserved in all its purity, those who attained the fame of an Aurinia or a Weleda. The ancients were quite right in attributing something divine to these women; it was nothing other than the original divine that shone forth from them, which we still love about our women today when we find it, above all else. Even today, this divine quality of woman is best described as inwardness.

The Trinity can also be demonstrated in the priestesses; numerous folk tales have them walking in threes, giving their three names and explicitly reporting that the third is black in color, just as the third of the

Three Kings is also reported to be. Today the people still know three generic names of unkind women, which also reflect their three-unit. It knows witches, it knows Truden, just as it knows Walen; these three distinctions correspond exactly to the trinity of gods "Wuotan, Donar, Loki", "Freya, Frouwa, Helia", and the Norn trinity "Urda, Werdandi and Schuld".

And just as the "three as unity" is the basis here, in the sense of coming into being, of further development or ruling, and of passing away to new becoming, so the very same three penetrated the entire structure of the people from the smallest germ to the completed state as "Law and religion", as "military strength" and as "labor strength", or classified according to status as "teaching status", "military status" and "nourishing status". The state-founding power of the Germans, unanimously recognized by all ages, now rests on these mighty three pillars as if on a cast iron foundation.

Only with Charlemagne - Saxon butcher (Slactenaere) - was the system of the highly developed constitutional state of the Germans shaken to its foundations and destroyed. He destroyed the mighty German empires of Saxony, Bavaria and the Lombards and made Germany happy with serfdom, the propertyless "Hörstand" as the fourth estate. With this came all the following calamity over Germany, which has only recently begun to be fought vigorously. May the fateful rulers ensure that after the final abolition of the fourth estate, the "Hörstate", the old three pillars of Germanness may attain renewed strength.

All of this is now hidden in sacred runes on our native soil. Even if here and there the pavement has taken the place of the old primeval forests, in most cases the native forest still rustles over the old Halgadomes, albeit as a modern cultural forest.

How blissful it is to dream at such a pristine sanctuary deep inside the beech forest! Light green, the beautifully curved bullock fronds nod around the bluish-grey rock, from which the rich brown moss cushions invite you to rest and relax. The miracle flower "Forget-me-not" shines out there at the edge of the murmuring brook, whose moving, anemone-

colored water whispers so mysteriously, from the early times when the gods still passed through this grove.

Delicate fog floats between the cathedral pillars of the beeches, and the song of the nightingale resounds in three-toned beats.

Then, swollen from the invigorating fall of the leaves, our chest arches more powerfully, all our senses have become sharper, more sensitive and our soul hears the language of God again, which speaks to us: "If the Sun Law of the Germans also went behind the clouds of Roman law, so is it still only an eclipse; the sad time of the twilight of their gods has not yet come for the people, the Germans—because: "Eternal cycle! — Eternal Rebirth!"-----

CHAPTER TWO

German Mythological Monuments of Vienna ¹

*Covered in snow, misted in rain,
Drenched in dew, I was long dead.
Edda, Vegtamskvidha.*

People have become accustomed to assuming that our beautiful Lower Austria, especially the wider area around Vienna, is inhabited by a mishmash of people of all possible races and tribes, based on the erroneous opinion that the storms of mass migration had turned this part of the country into a deserted wasteland, which was only created by the Frankish conquests at the beginning of the ninth century. The German in Austria has forgotten too much how to regard his land and soil as an ancient and sacred ancestral property; he has forgotten how to look for traces on this soil of his fathers, as if he were not born here but only settled, like a German in America; he looks across to the banks of the Rhine, or up to the homeland of the Edda as well as to the distant ancestral earth and overlooks the most holy runes, which his own

(1) First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, January 4, 6 and 7, 1884. Stilifrieda, Vienna, Heimat, January 15, 1884. Geologische Stammbuchblätter, January 22, 1883, Bremen, Weserzeitung. Artificial mounds and caves in Lower Austria, with illustrations Vienna, Neue Illustrierte Zeitung, June 15, 1885.

ancestors in many thousand years of possession as lords of the country have indelibly engraved on this ground and soil - the memory of their tremendous ancestral work preserved more faithfully than the ungrateful descendants themselves.

It was not always like this; It was different when the proud double castle "Hohenstaufen-Babenberg" towered boldly into the air. Back then, in the beautiful heyday of the minnesinger, that glorious literary epoch, the noblest and best of minnesingers in Austria boasted that they had learned to sing and speak at the "minnigliche court zu Vienna", and this "minnigliche court" had taken over the leadership role, and it is only half forgotten that it outshined that of the Wartburg. The Nibelungenlied connects the Danube and the Rhine with an unbreakable bond, and the Amelung sagas, like those of the Nibelungs, have monuments in the country that are powerful in their original language.

How this could have been forgotten is left unexplored here; for today suffice it to state the fact that such recognition is an awakening, as experience teaches.

The assumption regarding the prehistory of Lower Austria, which was previously considered irrefutable and almost solidified into a historical dictum of compulsion, can be briefly outlined in the following sentences: "The migration of peoples and the Avar storms completely depopulated today's Lower Austria. After the Avars were expelled from these areas by the Frankish conqueror Charles, the country was left unowned. Charles populated it and introduced Christianity here. Charles won it to the German lands."

Dear reader, do not believe a word of any of this. The latest research has brought new witnesses before the forum of world history, and they tell us that it is all error and untruth.

It is certainly true that those pages of our local chronicle which commemorate those distant days were badly soiled by bubbling, steaming blood and smoldering genocide and have become almost illegible, and the few written and chiseled documents which have been saved to our day, seem to confirm the above dogmatizing sentences; but - even then, the art

of whitewashing in war reporting was already understood.

The historical sources of those days flow from Roman or Frankish pens, and the historical researcher who is solely dependent on these finds himself in the same uncertainty as his professional colleague of a future millennium who wanted to write alone about the German war of 1870/71 according to the "Moniteur"; he too would be able to tell gracefully about "deserted wastelands" and the like.

But now the youngest children of historical science, anthropology and ethnology and their close relative geology, have found and set up the witnesses already mentioned, which I would like to call "anthropological family albums" and which correct those dogmatic tenets of history quite powerfully.

These "anthropological family albums" now consist of prehistoric monuments from Germanic-mythological prehistory and are divided into three main groups, namely:

- A. In physical monuments of stone and earth, or other remains;
- B. in Monuments of Language (linguistics);
- C. in Myths, Legends and Folk Customs.

However, before these mythological monuments are to be selected in the landscape, the result of the correction of Austrian prehistory may be laid down here in hasty outlines.

The first corrected error concerns the southern border of Germania, which is considered to be the Danube. The peoples who lived on the right (southern) bank of the Danube in Roman times are wrongly believed to be Celts.² These areas, called Noricum and Upper Pannonia by the Romans, were inhabited by the Boyern, a branch of the Bavarian-Swabian, i.e. Germanic, family of peoples. This shifted the southern border of

(2) The so-called Celts, who lived south of the Danube in pre-Roman times, but are actually Mediterranean mixed races, had been pushed far south by the Germans long before the Romans appeared on the Danube. Only remnants of them remained in the corners of the Alps.

Germania far down into southern Styria, where today German, Roman and Slavic tribes are still fighting each other more bitterly than ever. [ed. note: modern day Balkans]

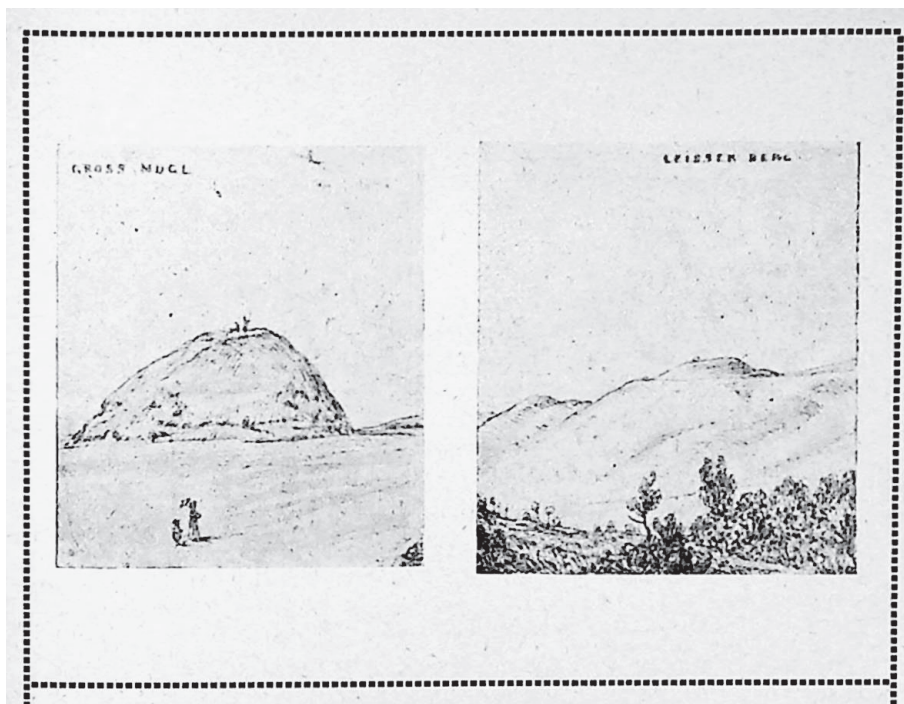
Nevertheless, the Danube became the northern border of Rome, which ruled the world. For half a millennium the world empire struggled here with Ario-Germanic, or let's call the child by its real name, with German freedom. Here, on that wide plain through which the Danube flows, the Vienna Basin, the Romans gathered their power center in Carnuntum³ which, like two thunderclouds rubbing against each other, had the result that the Germans on the left (northern) bank of the Danube, in view of Carnuntum, possessed their pole of power in a mighty fortress and royal city (we would like to call it "Stilifrieda⁴"), where both places stood in mutual menace for almost five hundred years, until finally in the year 375 Carnuntum fell - in this year the Germans there broke Rome's belt of strength and through this breach, which had become the gate of the nations, their armies poured out of Aquileia to Italy in an unstoppable flood of people stiffened by swords; until finally Odovacer (Odoacer) moved away from this soil⁵ to Rome, overthrew the Western Roman Empire and became the first German king of Rome.

Here on this ancient soil of peoples' history, on which for more than two thousand years all the peoples of the old world measured themselves against German courage in order to be defeated, where in more than seventy battles the iron dice of the history of people were rolled, of world history pointing out other paths, here a second Teutoburg battle was fought, more successful than the first, though less well known than this one; here the Germans broke the throne of the Caesars forever, and

(3) Carnuntum's rubble field lies between Petronell and Deutsch-Altenburg on the Danube. — The author's historical novel "Carnuntum" describes Germany's struggles against Rome on the basis of years of topographical studies on both sides of the Danube. The results of this research, in the form of the historical novel, bring a vastly different picture of those events than has been accustomed to being imagined up to now based on the accepted scholastic view.

(4) Today Stillfried an der March.

(5) From Fabiana, today's Mautern in Lower Austria.



Illus. 4. See page 45-46. The tumulus of Groß-Mughal and the Leiser Berge in Lower Austria (From drawings by Ignaz Spöttl.)

conquered the old world in order to build a new one on its ruins. On June 24, 375, antiquity collapsed here on this prehistoric, consecrated ground of the God-given land of the East, and a new era in world history was opened by the sacred Tyr-sword of the Germans and was called the Middle Ages.

The descendants of the conquerors of Rome still live on this holy inheritance, the descendants of those still till the soil that they fertilized with Roman blood and freed with their own, from whose midst the first and second German kings of Rome emerged. This people should honor themselves and their ancestors by erecting an Odovakar monument.

Now came the migration of peoples, that epoch of history which is one of the most misunderstood in all of world history. Again we see the old reports retold uncritically and verbatim, we see the map becoming a chessboard and the peoples becoming chess pieces and changing places with monkey-like speed or disappearing altogether. Even the word "people" in its double meaning, which is still used today, could have clarified this misunderstanding if one had remembered the expression "war people" (*kriegsvölker*), which, although outdated, is still used here and there. The times when the peoples really migrated, as is erroneously believed about the time of the migration of peoples, go back to far earlier, prehistoric days, if these migrations ever happened at all.

Only a nomadic tribe can migrate, but not a people, and in the days of the "Migration of Nations" there were no more nomads in our country. The Germanic peoples practiced agriculture, animal husbandry, mining, and even trades. They were sedentary and had long been led by the Kings (Walters) in the union of states according to uniform German law and for these reasons were inseparably bound to the soil that they still inhabit today.

But exactly for the same reasons, only in a different form of manifestation, just like the exodus of those "Weary of Europe" still takes place today, can explain those migrations of peoples⁶.

(6) See Guido-List-Bücherei Nos. 1,2,2 A, 3 and 4, about "Istfoonen".

The "laws of succession" which, as feudal laws and in the indivisibility of the peasant estates, still clearly show their effects to this day, those laws of succession which only recognized the first-born, but declared the later-born propertyless, created a proletariat according to modern concepts, and this, after seeing Rome weak, rallied around a second-born king's son as followers and set out to acquire loot and land (an attacking force called the *Kriegsvölker*). It sailed under the name of its tribe, but independently of them. The possessing part of the people, however, remained immovable in the traditionally inherited Marches and districts.

If such a *Kriegsvölker* was victorious, it took a third of the cultivated land from the conquered, while the two-thirds remained with the farmers; the invaders formed the nobility of the conquered country and gave it its name, while the conquered were distributed among the victors as subjects, which together with the two-thirds remaining as *property*, the one-third had to be cultivated as "*Herrenäcker*" (the bosses' acres) in the new state. If the attack failed, and the *Kriegsvölker* was defeated by the defenders, then they became the servants and the name of the *Kriegsvölker* perished. This explains the often long-distance migration of peoples, the appearance and disappearance of names of peoples, and the emergence of the nobility and the *land owning* peasantry. But mind you, all this took place without the bulk of the people themselves changing their seats, which remained rooted to the soil; *and because this was justified and explained in international law, which was held sacred by all Germanic warring peoples at the time and which awarded the victor only one third of the cultivated land as the "victor's lot".* —

It was only the Avars who changed this system, for they weren't an agricultural people; they therefore exacted tribute in materials. But since they also stayed and lived in the country for more than a century - in this time the viticulture (winemaking) was not lost - which proves that, out of prudence and obeying the instinct of self-preservation, they by no means devastated the country, but rather spared agriculture. The *Nibelungenlied*, which preserved the memory of the Avar rule from folk traditions,

certainly does not confirm the proverb: "Where Avar horses stamp, there no more grass grows".

But now the Franks came with their greedy Karl (roughly 780 to 800 a.d.). He was the first to disregard international law; he took all possessions from the vanquished, and reduced them even worse than servants, making them now *propertyless serfs*. But in order to give himself a semblance of entitlement to rule the vanquished not only physically but also psychologically, he introduced Christianity as a state institution. But that was an unfounded pretext, because Christianity had existed in the country for centuries before him, as can be seen from numerous church foundations and legends of saints. He wasn't concerned at all with the church as such, but only with having a good police force, and the church seemed to him to be the most suitable for this - because of the auricular confession.

Only those who were baptized received their previous property as a "fiefdom" again as a *serf*, they had become "*servitors without property*". Those who did not accept baptism had to flee or fell to the executioner - their property, which had become ownerless anyway, became "king's property" and fell to the "Fiscus regius". But Charles—although he is called the Great—had not been able to raise himself to the modern idea of the state, which was already well known to the Germans at that time. He felt and presented himself only as a large landowner, he knew no state treasury, but treated every crown estate as his immediate private property. His vassals were therefore really nothing more than his estate managers.

This was followed by the founding of parishes and monasteries, which were supposed to count as settlements, but in reality only included the members of the monasteries and parishes or the family of the new lord or the new nobility, since the old lost his rights as a vanquished. The people, however, remained attached to the bulkhead and continued to be the same as it is today, which was and is settled here for countless thousands of years; the overwhelming majority, having become leaderless, bowed their necks to the yoke and endured their fate with a sigh. But in Lower Austria

we still have noble families that go back to pre-Carolingian or, the same thing, to Germanic-pagan days, and these too are among the "monuments".⁷

The image of that distant, vigorous section of patriotic prehistory appears to have been corrected, drawn up in broad strokes, and it hardly needs any special reference to the enormous difference between what has been assumed up to now and what has been explained here.

If we now turn our gaze to our "anthropological family albums", namely to the first group: "*physical monuments, piled up of earth and stone*," let us first answer the question of where they are located.

Opposite the Romans' main military base, Carnuntum, on the left bank of the Danube, lay the South German stronghold "*Stilifrieda*", towards which center of power the people strove like the sun's rays for many centuries, and when Carnuntum was successfully overthrown and the fatal wound to Rome inflicted there, it spread a flood of German weapons out again from this breach, radiating across the country, in an unstoppable wave coursing its way to Rome.

Therefore, where the March flows into the Danube, we find the largest number of such monuments, which become less and less dense to the north and west, which is why we find on the right bank, where Carnuntum stood, i.e. on liberated German soil, the most numerous monuments, which spread to the south and west, as it were, in a radiating weakening over the two Vienna Woods districts.

These monuments, of which Lower Austria alone counts over a hundred, consist of temple sites, burial mounds and fortifications. The first two consist of heaps of earth, more rarely of stone formations, because stones are too rare and valuable a material in the wide plains and in the lower hill country, since, as is well known, there are no erratic blocks in the Marchfeld.

To begin with the most outstanding structure of this type, one might think of the large "local mountain" of Stronegg. It covers an area of

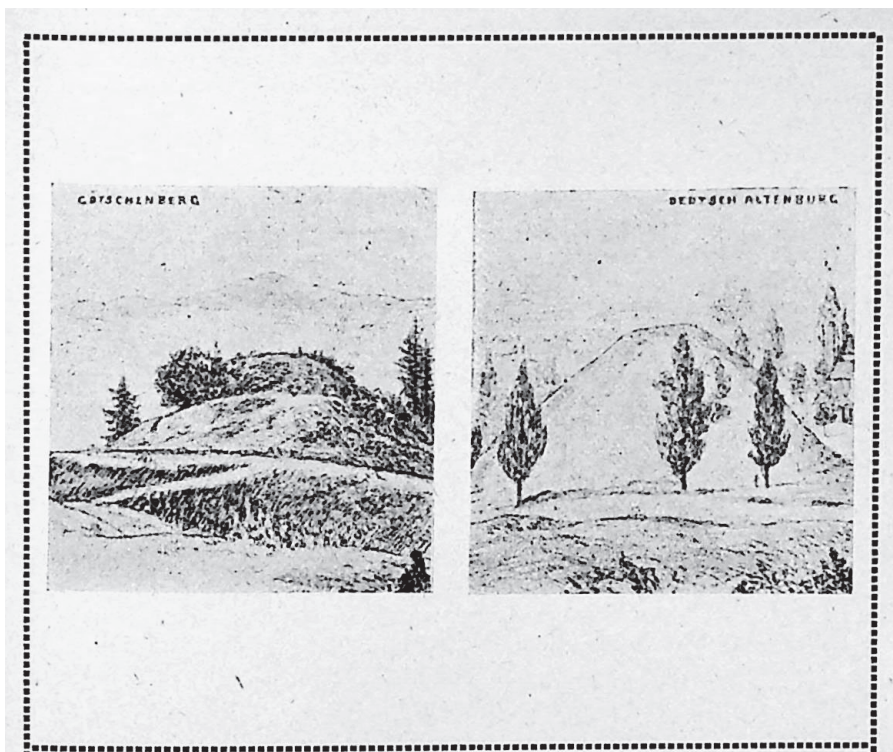
(7) See: "Wurmbauer, Wurmgarten, Wurmbrand" of this book as well as the section "Carnuntum".

12,000 square meters, has a radius of 340 steps and, with a labyrinthine wall, includes an oval support cone that rises 12 meters high, covers an area of approximately 5,000 square meters, and a square-based pyramid rising at a height of 4.75 meters and a covered area of 240 square meters. This mighty structure—actually a Trojan castle! — which is completely preserved is the largest in the world! Surpassing the known three tombs of the gods at Old Uppsala in Sweden by 1 meter, while the largest "Mons" in the United States of America covers only about 6,000 square meters in area. *[Ed. note: The base of Stronegg, a man made hill, is about 3 acres, or 120,000 square feet, with a 35 foot high cone with a 50,000 square foot plateau, topped by a 50x50 foot base pyramid rising another 15 feet high. This is slightly larger than the tombs in Uppsala, and twice as large as similar tombs in North America.]*

These are not small, inconspicuous, difficult to recognize hills that have fallen to the plow, no, these are real works, earthen constructions, which required the uniformly directed force of hundreds of hands to be thrown up with the shovel, to tower mountain-like over the houses of the village. As if that were not enough; the "tumulus" of Ober-Gänserndorf, which rises in the shape of a circle and terrace, bears the local cemetery on its plateau, proof of its size and unforgotten sanctification. Other similar structures support or surround Christian churches, a circumstance to which we shall refer again later, in connection with the linguistic monuments.

If we now consider the forms of these buildings, we find the most diverse types, each of which is represented in several parallel appearances. Such as the simple conical or hill-shaped tumulus, then those with a surrounding ditch or with enclosing single and double wall and ditch, also probably single, double and triple ring walls without tumuli. All the buildings mentioned are circular, but there are also truncated pyramids on a square basis, with or without a ditch; also such as that colossal work by Stronegg, which combine both forms, albeit on a smaller scale, as well as

(8) See Illus. 3 for Upper Gänserndorf and Illus. 17 for Lower Gänserndorf.



Illus. 5. See page 46. The Götschenberg and the tumulus in Deutsch-Altenburg. (After drawings by Ignaz Spöttl.)

coupled tumuli.

Far more puzzling and therefore far more interesting than these above-ground structures are the subterranean ones, which Lower Austria and the nearest Moravian and Hungarian border areas have in a very large number and extent, while similar earthen structures can only be found in Bavaria in terms of structure and technology which completely agree with each other.

On average, such artificial caves consist of chambers that are 2 to 4 meters long, 0.5 to 2 meters wide and 0.5 to 3 meters high. Larger dimensions can rarely be observed. Designed on a mostly regular, rectangular floor plan, the walls run upwards in a pointed arch, rarely in a round arch; this final form of the ceiling was due to the reduced risk of collapse, whereby of course no architectural style should be thought of.

The chambers are connected and accessible by numerous tangled passages, which passages often—presumably to confuse unwary intruders—form true mazes, often interrupted by vertical shafts. These shafts formed traps for the uninitiated, in the manner of wolf pits.

Incidentally, excellent care is taken to ensure good ventilation: air shafts lead vertically outwards from chambers and corridors, often several from one hall; the air is quite pure, easy to breathe, and the chest never feels cramped. But other shafts also lead from this artificial underworld to the upper world. These lead to the outside in an oblique direction from funnel-shaped niches, which quickly narrow like a sound tube. These are undoubtedly mouthpieces, perhaps intended for oracular purposes, to let the voice of God or the Spirit sound out of the earth.

The finishing is the same for all, only the smoothing of the walls is different. While one can still clearly follow the traces of the digging tools in one cave, others have been carefully smoothed, one might almost say polished, and they seem to have been coated with a fine clay plaster, which here and there also comes loose in fine flakes. Masonry is nowhere to be found.

After this general characteristic description, a few special descriptions

may well be in place here.

Of particular interest is one of the two "bedrooms" in the Ruppersthal cave system, or as the locals call it, the "Erdstalles". It is an irregular trapezoid with truncated corners; two corridors open into it, one on the front side opposite the bedroom, the other on the left of those who entered through the first corridor. On the narrower front side of the chamber there is a platform-like inclined surface, from the foot of which a narrow, stepped approach - the "solbank" - stretches along the right wall, only ending at the mouth of the corridor, next to which it begins again and up to the second, left passage mouth. Between the bed and the end of the corridor there are two niches in the wall, the smaller of which held a lamp, but the other, since it is significantly larger, may have served as a cupboard. A kind of gallery stretches across the top of the camp, certainly serving the same purpose as the large niche, namely as a place to store equipment, weapons or the like.

A no less remarkable hall appears in the "columned hall" of the endlessly branched Erdstall of Erdberg. This chamber has a length of 3.4 meters with a height of 2 meters and appears to be supported on the left by three columns carved out of the loess (sandy loam soil), behind which a kind of gallery of very modest dimensions (only 80 centimeters high and 40 centimeters wide) appears.

Erdberg also has two other highly noteworthy chambers. One forms an ellipse with two straight ends, each containing a niche for seating, while benches run along the curved longitudinal walls, as in Ruppersthal's bedroom. However, these benches are not made of wood, but cut out of the living ground by the digging worker. What is special about this hall, however, is that instead of the light niches, in the sharp angles of the four corners, light consoles cut out of the loess are noticeable, a unique feature that is never repeated. This room was a "Council Hall", or today one might say drawing room or parlor. Every larger Erdstall has one, such as that of Röschitz with eight seating niches, one of which serves as a step in the entrance corridor. These halls always form the end of the whole

system and are always kept in a form that differs from the other chambers and is particularly characteristic of them; often even semicircular, like half a beehive seen from the inside.

Undoubtedly the most striking of all these final chambers can be found in the Erdberg stables. In plan, it forms an area bounded by a circular segment of around two thirds of circumference and a straight line, and rises in a dome-shaped curve over two meters, while the straight, flat wall above the entrance drops vertically and shows only a light niche. The circumference of the curve is 5 meters and again contains eight seating niches, over which the vault is bulged like a shell and in this way runs in even ridges converging towards the center, where a horizontal pane measuring about 40 centimeters shows up, from which an air shaft extends vertically to the outside leads.

These subterranean earthworks mostly correspond to the legends of "sunken" castles; the people knew of the structures which above ground belonged to those below, and which long since, because made of wood, have disappeared. I enlivened these buildings with figures in my novel "Carnuntum"; reference is made to this poetry in this regard.

The question as to whether these puzzle labyrinths were dwellings, places of worship or columbaria (coffin storage chamber) can be answered by the fact that they were primarily winter living quarters and storerooms, and in special cases served cult purposes. Given the conservative character of every cult, they continued to serve cultural customs long after the winter dwellings had become generally above-ground, and continued to serve the Wuotan cult even after it had given way to Christianity and sunk into superstition, and even perhaps they might still serve that purpose today. Perhaps even as a hiding place for the sun-shy rabble or as a shelter for the unfortunate. The notorious robber Grasl, who made Lower Austria unsafe at the beginning of the 19th century, defied all investigations by hiding in these earth stables for many years. "He was as if sunk into the earth," say the accounts of his pursuers; yes, he had actually just slipped behind the bushes into the hiding places of the earth stables, which only he knew. On the occasion of the visit that

we will pay to the Hermannskogel, we find a similar earth stable inhabited by a modern hermit for eight years without anyone suspecting it beforehand. The series of those predominantly religious buildings are completed by some stone settlements; such as the stone alley on the Stolzenberg and the hanging stone on the Anninger near Medling.

A very special type of healing stones (halistoni), which cannot be classified into any of the usual classifications of megalithic monuments and which are among the very rarest because they are the oldest in human history, namely pre-Ice Age, i.e. *antediluvian monuments* including the "Wagsteine", also called "*Schwung- or Wiegenstein*", of which our so wonderfully preferred Austria has four magnificent and well-preserved pieces, which we now want to examine and identify more closely.

But it is also a very strange piece of Europe, this beautiful Waldviertel, this unique, north-western corner of our God-blessed Austria! Once you have reached the high-altitude market town of "*Traunstein*"⁹ and climbed the steep lane to the parish church with its weather-beaten *granite* Gothic tower, you have reached the Gscheid - the watershed between Krems and Kamp at an altitude of 911 meters - and has climbed the only 20 meters higher summit of the "*Wachtberg*" or "*Spielberg*" in a few minutes. This Wachtberg or Spielberg offers a magnificent sight with its mighty granite blocks that have been tangled up and thrown one on top of the other. Above the hundreds of enormous granite fragments, whose picturesque tangle bears eloquent witness to the terrible geological throes and tremors of passing and origin that accompanied the birth of our continent, four mighty towering rock masses rise, one of which, split and fissured, is called the actual peak¹⁰ and towers over the debris chaos by about twelve meters. Bushes, grasses and mosses have taken root in the crevices and fissures of this jumble of rubble and only here and there did a dwarfish,

(9) The easiest way to get to Traunstein from Vienna is to take the Kaiser Franz-Josefs-Bahn to "Schwarzenau" (139 km.), from there take the branch line to the passenger station "Biberschlag" (50 km) and walk from "Biberschlag" to "Traunstein" ; walking time about 3-4 hours. - If you are afraid of the walk, please order a car from Traunstein to Biberschlag beforehand.

stunted pine or spruce find barren soil for their miserable existence.

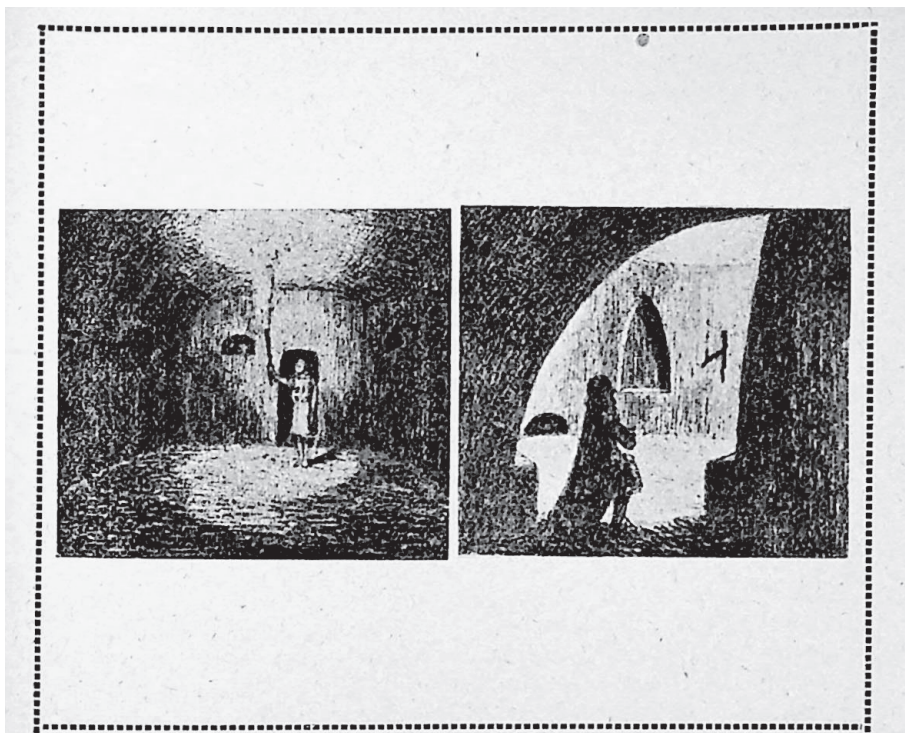
Many of the huge granite blocks in the near and far vicinity of Traunstein are characterized by a particularly obvious position and shape, no less also by the fact that several of them have trough-shaped depressions, so-called "stone walls" (stone troughs), which are by no means natural cavities, but are artificially chiseled. The folk tradition of the local area describes these hollow stones on the one hand as "sacrificial altars" and on the other hand as "burning pits for signal fires"¹¹ of the native population and is right with both interpretations, since they were dedicated to both purposes. They prove to be "sacrificial hollows" due to the particularly characteristic fact that the "blood channel" appears without exception to be directed northwards, so that the sacrificial blood flowed northwards, namely in the direction where the seat of the gods was assumed, because the Aryans are from the high north - Apollo's favorite country - where the sun did not set (in one half of the year) and they knew there was their own country of origin, their actual home and there also, based on ancient tradition, the castle of the gods, their lost paradise. They also prove to be chalk fire troughs due to their high position and the large area of their field of vision, whereby the beacons (fire signals) given at sacred sanctuaries were visible all around the country and could be recognized and forwarded by distant Krajan posts.

But these hollowed stones, as venerable as they are, do not seem half as important, although they are distributed in hundreds all over the Waldviertel and testify to its strong settlement in primeval days, as those enigmatic Wagsteine, to which we now want to turn our attention.

Barely a quarter of an hour from Traunstein (white trail mark), a

(10) The "Wachtstein-Verschönerungs-Verein" has built a comfortable ascent and bridged the rock gap, so that the highest peak, which used to be difficult to climb, is now easily accessible to enjoy the magnificent panorama of this viewpoint. This association owns an excellent telescope, which is also available to non-members for a small rental fee.

(11) Chalk fires or Krajan fires, namely "shouting" or "announcing" fires, were - if one may say so - the optical telegraphs of antiquity as well as of the Middle Ages, in order to quickly spread news of hostile invasions or otherwise important messages about the country.



Illus. 6. see pages 48-50. Typical scenes from the lower Austrian earthworks. (From drawings by Ignaz Spöttl.)

piece of rock, similar to a loaf of bread laid upside down, rests on a broad granite base in such a way that it seems as if it would be easy to roll the stone away, but so far even the most prodigious efforts have not succeeded in doing so, although it can easily be set in swaying motion, and is called the "heidelnde Wiag'n" (rocking cradle) by the people. It is about five meters long, four meters high, and four meters wide, and has such days on the smallest conceivable basis that, in spite of its apparently very considerable weight, it gets into a rocking swaying motion at only a slight lateral pressure, and remains rocking for a long time. Another swinging stone is called the "French stone" because during the French invasion in 1809, a whole company of French infantry stationed here tried in vain to bring it down from its base. Far away from it, hidden in the forest, there is a third, somewhat smaller wagstone, the "small rocking cradle".

For comparison, we offer here the image of the "*moving stone of Tandil*"¹² (La piedra movediza), which in the Argentine province of Buenos Aires so often aroused the astonishment of world travelers as the greatest natural attraction in South America. However, no one knows the three Austrian Wagsteine, although they are in no way inferior to Tandil's, because they are in — Austria.

(12) The "Münchener Zeitung" of May 8, brings a note about the "Weighing Stone of Tandil" which we will reproduce here in excerpt; it reads:

C. K. (The swinging rock.) Among the so-called wonders of nature the swinging stones occupy a special position. They are huge monoliths that seem to balance on a rocky peak without any support. The most famous of these swinging rocks, and probably the largest, was that of Tandil in Argentina which recently fell by itself. This huge piece of rock weighed 450 tons and floated on the edge of a 150 meter high pointed cliff. The slightest wind, even a simple push with the hand, was enough to make this enormous mass of stone vibrate; the engineers' investigations had shown that in ordinary weather conditions the stone made 60 vibrations in the course of one minute. In Argentina, this strange natural phenomenon was considered a special sight, and tourists came from far and wide to see this famous vibrating stone. A few weeks ago, on February 27, the famous rock now suddenly rolled into the depths with a roar of thunder. It was already known that the monolith had been struck by lightning a few years ago and it was assumed that thus its equilibrium must have suffered a shock. The investigation that has now been carried out has shown that the sudden crash was not due to external influences, but to the corrosion of the base. The engineers declare it possible to put the stone back in its original place, but this work would be very cumbersome and would consume a quarter of a million marks. In Argentina, however, a national collection has already been started to raise the necessary funds, so that sooner or later the engineer's art may attempt to restore the natural wonder of Tandil by human power.

Wind or a slight pressure with the hand puts the stone into swaying motion, and the natives believe they saw the devil sitting on top as if on a rocking chair. The stone is 24 English feet (7.3 meters) high, 18 English feet (5.48 meters) long and its weight is estimated at 650 tons (1.3 million pounds, or 589,500 kg). In spite of the fact that the stone seems to hover over the abyss ready to fall, a thousand horses, which in the middle of the 19th century the cruel dictator Rosas, who tyrannized Argentina through more than twenty years with incomparable cynicism, had harnessed in front of the stone colossus entwined with ropes were unable to move it from the spot and this most bizarre of all the whims of the tyrant failed as miserably as he himself.

If we now point out the characteristic features of these balanced stones that immediately strike the eye, these are:

1. the peculiarity of the balance of the masses, so that they balance freely on the smallest support and cannot be upset by anything;
2. their immovability, despite the appropriate force applied; furthermore
3. the fact that they are all made of primary rock, namely granite.

Keeping in mind these three general characteristics, which are common to all vault stones, we will try to find other overall characteristics of them, which are less outstanding, in order to grasp them immediately at first sight, and then, after this determination, to be able to clarify the age and purpose of these enigmatic stones.

In order to be able to provide our evidence about the origin and purpose of these holy-stones, *as well as about their artificial erection in far antediluvian primeval times, long before the formation of our continent*, we must go far, very far. Pausanias declared the Greeks in his "Achaëa" as "enormously simple-minded people, because of the veneration which they gave to the stones", however, he recants this judgment later, by confessing that "he had changed his way of thinking, after he had reached Arcadia". Already in the Orphic poem "On Stones", attributed to Orpheus, such stones are divided into "Ophites" and "Siderites", i.e.

"serpent stones" and "star stones". The Ophites were rough, hard, heavy, black and have the gift of speech. If you want to throw it away, it screams like a child. Sanchuniathon and Philo of Byblos, call these stones "animate stones". Eusebius never parted with his Ophites, which he "carried on his breast and from which he received oracles given in a thin, whistling voice. Saint Arnobius - a luminary of the Church - reports that he could never pass such a stone without asking it a question about destiny, "which was answered in a clear, sharp but thin voice." Helen predicted the downfall of Troy with the help of an Ophite. The Vilkina saga also knows "serpent stones" and "victory stones" as animated stones and mentions them more often. Such a speaking or ensouled stone is also the famous "*liafail*" enclosed in the coronation throne of the kings of England at Westminster, which is said to have formerly raised its voice to name the king who was to be elected and crowned. Soudas mentions that Heraeskus (also Heraiklus, (Hercules?)) was able to distinguish with a glance the animate from the inanimate stones¹³, and Herr Kgl. Amtsgerichtsassessor a. D. Heinrich Christian Meyer in Munich also feels the "soul" of the stones, and put down this feeling in his splendid gemstone songs (partly published in the "Unverfälscht deutschen Worte", Vienna, year 1911), to which I will come back in detail in G.-L.-B. No. 7 "Kabbalah and Armanism". As the stones mentioned here, to which also the precious stones belong (see also G.-L.-B. No. 5, Bilderschrift, Tafel 1 and G.-L.-B. No. 7, Kabbala und Armanism), are mostly only small and portable, but some also up to enormous size¹⁴, which are known as healing stones or "halistani".

If already the old traditional name "halistani" emphasizes clearly enough the dedication of such stones as sanctuaries, their still today usual names are significant enough to be able to build conclusions on it. Thus the Wag-stones (Irish: logan) have very different names; thus the "chacha-

(13) Pliny also mentions such stones, which run away when a hand approaches, and such, which always return to their old location, the German legend knows in quantity.

(14) For example, the Memnon Colossi at Memphis, the Sphinx at Thebes in Egypt, and more.

brath" of the Celts; the "stone of destiny or judgment"; the stone of "truth or of God's judgment"; the "ordal stone" or "oracle stone"; the moving and animated stone of the Phoenicians," or the "booming stone" of the Irish. In Brittany they are called "pierres branlantes" (next to Huelgoat = healing place, i.e. enclosed salvation, thus temple place or halgadome). In France they are called: "roches brantairs", "Pierre qui croule", "pierre qui danse", also "pierre Martin"; Spain: "lo perro Martino"; England: "Rockingstone", also "great upon little"; in Denmark: "Rokkestene"¹⁵. - Thus the stones to Stonehenge were called formerly "chior-gaur" or the "giant dance". It was calculated that the Stonehenge must have been built in the year 1660 b.c., because for this time the direction of the sunstone is exactly correct, but the construction must go back by one or more sidereal years (each of which comprises 25,868 earth years; see also G.-L.-B. No. 4: Names of Tribes), as will be shown later, because for the time distance of only 4500 years the construction conditions cannot apply. If one looks at the enormous stone constructions of Stonehenge, Carnac and West-Hoadley, of which some monoliths were calculated to a weight of more than 500,000 kilograms, then one understands the name giant dance completely, just as one must agree with the legend that *giants created these works*, because even in our machine-powerful age the bringing of such mighty loads from far away should present insurmountable difficulties. These stone buildings are therefore not considered to be the work of historical men, i.e. of men who would roughly correspond to us in size and strength, since it would be impossible for our human race of today to produce such enormous stone colossi, to bring them into such marvelous equilibrium that they hardly seem to touch their base and yet - although the wind or a light pressure with the hand makes them vibrate - they prove to be too resistant, defying even a thousand horsepower when it was attempted to bring them out of their position! The science refuses persistently to consider those actual

(15) Pliny mentions such vault stones in Asia (Natural History I. 96) and Apollonius Rhodius says that they stood on burial mounds and were so sensitive that they could be moved by mere thought from a great distance.

giant constructions - in spite of this correct designation - for the work of primeval giants, since it denies exactly the existence of giants in the primeval world, for this reason cannot attribute these giant works to a human race similar to us, and therefore genuinely scientifically exactly, those stone settlements tries to lead back to natural origins. They explain the thing simply by weathering of the rock; scale by scale, flake by flake under the destroying influence of wetness and cold weather came loose, until only the small pebble remained, on which the block will balance so long, until progressive weathering disturbs its equilibrium and makes it fall. This precisely scientific explanation resembles, stroke by stroke, that Bret Harte satire in which ants geologically describe a brick wall, discovering that plutonic formations (the bricks) detach themselves with neptunian formations (mortar) in regular horizontal layers, the vertical neptunian steep layers (the butt joints of the brick masonry) being due to periodic volcanic influences. - Even more intricate to geologists, however, is the curious fact that many of these enormous boulders belong to types of rock unknown in those countries where they are now found, and come from distant, mostly overseas regions, making the claim of natural weathering invalid. Such a piece of rock is found in Ireland, which geologically examined offered the result that it was of foreign, perhaps even "*African* origin". And there, however, where there were no erratic boulders at all! It remains strange, however, that the Irish legend *ascribes the origin of its stones to a magician, who brought these giant stones from Africa!* - In spite of all this, or rather just because of it, it was a giant power in the most original meaning of the word, which accomplished those stone settlements, nevertheless an English scholar (Cambrey) maintained: "Humans have nothing to do with it" -- namely with those giant works - "because never human strength and diligence could undertake anything of the kind. Nature alone has accomplished it (!!)" and science will one day prove it." (!!!) But the same Cambrey later recanted, writing: "I believed in nature for a long time, but I recant, because chance is not able to create such marvelous combinations," and those who



Illus. 7. See page 52. the Wachtstein near Traunstein in Lower Austria by S. W. (From a photograph by A. Rerych).

equilibrated the aforementioned stones are the same ones who had erected the moving masses of the pond of Huelgoat near Concarneau." Regarding the Stonehenge, it is reported that they are erected from the stones of that area, namely from the reddish sandstone locally called "gray ram". However, the main healing stones, which served astronomical purposes, came from far away, probably from North Iceland. In 1850, the "Revue Archeologique" published a paper on this subject, from which the following sentences are taken: "Each of these stones is a block, the weight of which would put the most powerful machines to the test. They are scattered all over the globe, masses to which the word "materials" seems to remain inexplicable, at the sight of which the imagination is put to shame, and which had to be given a name as colossal as the things themselves. Apart from this, these *immense rocking stones*, which are sometimes called "routers", placed upright on one of their sides as if on a spike, their equilibrium being so perfect that the slightest touch is enough to set them in motion, betray *the most accurate knowledge of statics. Alternate counter-movement, alternating plane, convex and concave surfaces, all this ranks them with the Cyclopean monuments*, of which it can be said with good reason that - "demons seem to have worked on them more than men." And Creuzer writes in his "Symbolism": It is difficult not to suspect planetary forces in the buildings of Tyrins and Mycenae, supposedly moved by celestial powers, analogous to the famous dactyls.

Much could be said about it, but the space forbids. Nevertheless, the rocking, the immovability of all these stones is witnessed. To the question, why they rock, it must be answered that this ability to move was a means, of a whole chain of such means, for consecration and prophecy, as appears from their names; also they seem to have caused fright and to have put the people to flight (rout, therefore "routers"), with which also the designation "mad stones" is consistent. All this and much more is historically proven. The "Dracontia", which were consecrated to the moon and the serpent, were the older "fate rocks" of older peoples, and their movements and rocking were completely clear and readable to

the initiated priests, who possessed the key to this old way of solving and reading; they were just not only mechanically moving, but actually living and speaking stones, and still are today. - Olaus Magnus reports that the kings of Scandinavia were elected on the basis of the oracle whose voice spoke through "these immense rocks erected by the extraordinary powers of the (prehistoric) giants". Therefore, one can only agree with De Merville when he says: "We advise science to reflect and, above all, to no longer count Titans and Giants" among the original legends; because their works are there, before our eyes, and these rocking masses will sway on their basis until the end of the world, to help it once and for all to understand that one is not quite a madhouse candidate if he believes in miracles confirmed by the totality of antiquity" -.

But for evidence, let us go a step further and consider the tallest and most gigantic statues in the world, those of Bamiyan. The largest of these is 180 feet (55 meters) high¹⁶; the next tallest of these statues is 125 feet (38 meters) high; the third is only 60 feet (18.30 meters) high; the other two are still smaller, so that the last of these five stone images is only slightly taller than a tall man of our modern race. These five statues are mistaken for Buddha statues, but were already found by the Buddhist arhats and ascetics and "restored" for their purposes by later chiselling the robes in pieces over the original statues carved out of the outcropping rock and modeling them over their shape. These gigantic niche sculptures do not owe their origin to the Buddhists, but to a much, much older time. They are works of art of the initiates of the fourth race, who, after the fall of their continent, sought refuge in the strongholds and on the peaks of the Central Asian mountain ranges. Thus these five statues are an imperishable testimony to the esoteric teaching relating to the gradual development of the races.

The largest is presented by that human race (G.-L.-B. No. 5, "Pictures" Plate 1), whose ethereal body is represented here in solid stone, since otherwise the memory of the same would never have survived the

(16) The "Statue of Liberty" located in the port of New-York has a height of only 46 meters and is thus 6 m lower.

Atlantean flood. The second, 125 foot high stone image symbolizes the second primeval race, the "Sweatborn" (Ymir); the third stone image, only 60 feet high, reminds of the race that had fallen and thereby founded the first physical race brought forth by father and mother (Trudgelmir), whose last descendants are shown in the statues of Easter Island. At the time when Lemuria sank, these only reached a body height of 18 to 22 feet. — The fourth statue immortalizes the fourth race (Bergelmir), which was even smaller, but still huge compared to our fifth race, which appears in the fifth statue. So these are the "giants" of antiquity, about whom the Edda, all prehistoric sagas, the Bible (Gibborim, Gog and Magog) report, who lived, flourished and worked more than a million years ago, and who probably have such powers, but must also have had such knowledge and ability to build such works and leave us such works as those of which these pages speak.

With those terrible upheavals which swallowed up Atlantis and gave rise to the Eurasian continent, the fourth race, the Atlantean race, also went to its grave, and the fifth — the Aryan race — entered the world stage. But in the flight of the events of natural life there are no sudden leaps, only progressive development. And in this way we have no reason at all to doubt the former existence of gigantic ancestors and to deny a gradual decrease in human stature, for why should man be the only inhabitant of earth who should not have decreased in stature since primeval days, while the animal world as well as the plant world can be traced back to the largest representatives of their genus in antediluvian periods?

As can now be seen from the attached map¹⁷ of the transition from the secondary to the present time, precisely that part of our Waldviertel which has the three Wagsteine appears as an island of Atlantis that has remained standing and has not been overrun by the tide. Only the collapsed coral reefs (our limestone mountains) and the sand deposits

(17) I owe this card and many other pictorial decorations of the present book to the kind willingness of Dr. Jorg Lanz v. Liebenfels, who in the most disinterested courtesy supported and promoted me in publishing this new edition, for which I hereby publicly express my heartfelt, deepest thanks to the highly esteemed doctor.

(sandstone formations) are left of the sea that surrounded them in primeval days, surrounding this granite island, which so faithfully preserved for us that primal holy memorial to the gigantic world of the fourth human race. These upheavals took place around 850,000 Earth years ago, towards the end of the Miocene Era, but lasted many millennia, since those natural events took place gradually but not in leaps and bounds, although it does not appear impossible that catastrophic events also occur suddenly from time to time, such as around 11,000 years ago¹⁸ with the sinking of the last remains of Atlantis within a few hours.

It is particularly noteworthy that the "adepts" or the "wise men", the "masters" of the people of the third, fourth and fifth race lived in subterranean dwellings (Koken, Armans-koke = Hermannskogel), under a pyramidal building (e.g. the Stronegg earthworks in Lower Austria). Such pyramids existed in the "four corners of the world, i. e. everywhere, and not just in Egypt alone. Many of these are still preserved works of the first settlers on the mainland of newborn Europe, namely those races - "some yellow, some brown and black, and some red" (according to ancient tradition) - which after the sinking of the last Atlantean continents (not islands! the last of which sank only 11,000 years ago) 80,000 years ago, and had populated Euroasia before the arrival of the great Aryan races and their divine leaders¹⁹. Now the giant struggles of Hari-Wuotan's son, Donar, also become clear. They are the battles of the divine leaders of the Aryan race with the last descendants of the pre-world giants of the fourth race who actually lived. Therefore, the many giant legends are real historical memories of the people in legendary form, to which only in far, far later courses of time, when the memory of the corporeality of the giants had faded, natural-historical myths nestled, like the age-green patina to old ore casts or the stucco robes of the giant statues of Bamiyan.

(18) Apart from Hari-Wuotan, one of these leaders was "Starkadr" (Edda, Simrock) of whom the Scandinavian sagas record miraculous deeds. He was a student of the mage Hrosshargranis and is depicted in the *Tomes of John the Mage* as a giant carrying a runed rock under each of his arms.

(19) Exactly calculated 9564 b.c.

The giants are extinct, but their gigantic structures still tell of their existence, and four of their truth stones still live on our sacred Ostara heritage to give us information from the deepest, grayest, pre-Wuotanistic primeval times.

Now, according to the legend, not only the "giants" - whose actual existence is to be taken care of - but also the "adepts" and "wise men", namely the "masters" of the people of the third, fourth and fifth race, according to the legend, appear as the builders of these works, and the legend calls them "magicians". This designation alone is enough for our scientists to dismiss and reject these magicians with a superior smile without further thought. But they, too, existed just as effectively as the giants, and their magic was nothing more than a more thorough theoretical knowledge of the primal laws of nature and a more thorough, more practical ability in their application than that of our scholars and technicians of today. Let us take, as just one example from the large number of demonstrable possibilities, the one clear case that they were able to break the laws of gravity with these monstrous stone works, and with that the question of the possibility of building those gigantic works would be solved. The fact that our contemporary scholars still lack this knowledge and our contemporary technicians this skill is surely no reason to deny the possibility of the development of knowledge and skill up to a point where they could abolish gravity? And if this possibility of development is accepted, then the possibility must also be granted and admitted that that knowledge and ability was the property of the prehistoric adepts and wise men and that it was buried with them when they were violently exterminated, whereby not only their schools but also their teaching and their knowledge had been destroyed. We are far from omniscient and all-knowing, and so it is more than presumptuous to present what we are not yet able to understand as non-existent impossibilities. With this assumption, however, much becomes clearer. The gigantic buildings suddenly rise from the plane of rudimentary, brute force to the works of sages of high intellect, who created these works for purposes which we know no more than we are able to grasp the forces



Illus. 8. See page 52. The Wachtstein as seen from the southeast, near Traunstein in Lower Austria. (From a photograph by A. Rerych in Traunstein in Lower Austria.)

which created such works with means which we are as little able to guess. The fact that by assuming the possibility of abolishing gravity for a shorter or longer period of time, the fact of transporting such enormous weight masses from a great distance can also be explained immediately, and the erection of the Wagsteins according to static laws can be made comprehensible, needs no word of justification. One does not have to assume miracles according to the popular concept of magic, but only concede the possibility that the ancient sages had knowledge and skills that our scholars and technicians have lost, but which they will be able to regain in the foreseeable future and will, if—yes, if they can transform the material monism that is common today into a spiritual monism.

Now still another short compilation of the place names and their interpretation: In "Traunstein" the "Tronjestein", namely a Troy Town, a holy place of sun mysteries is to be recognized. The name "Wachtberg" comes from "waighsberg", namely: "giant-saved". The other name, "Spielberg", will be discussed later in this book and for the sake of brevity is only referred to now.

Not far from it is the "Höllthal" - the valley of Helia, of death! - and where it ends lies "Würnsdorf", the old "Wurmgarten", names which are also often interpreted in this book and therefore need only be mentioned here. - But strange! Half an hour away from Traunstein lies a castle ruin overgrown by the forest, decayed masonry, which is hardly perceptible and of which also the name has been forgotten, but the mountain which carries the ruin is called "Hausberg" by the people. It is very significant that the people say that in this castle on the Hausberg in ancient times a poet and minstrel lived and wrote in solitude far from the world, but neither his name nor the time of his work is known, although it is believed that the castle was burned by the Swedes. - This poet was undoubtedly the last "Armanen" of that Halgadam (similar to the Einsiedel of Hohenberg; detailed later) and the time of the decay of the castle on the Hausberg is centuries before the Swedes.-----

Attached to the religious buildings are fortifications, several of which

can be found on both banks of the Danube, the most imposing of which are those of the old Quadian royal town of "Stilifrieda". With a total length of 1900 meters (over a mile in length), huge fire walls, rising to a height of 39 feet, enclose an area of 67 acres, this fortification would still require a significant army force to hold or take it, discounting long-range weapons. But the people who erected such mighty buildings were, as we will prove in what follows, proto-Germanic, German. The classic ground of world history on which we stand is proto-Germanic ground; here our fathers fought for German freedom from the Romans, the Avars, Huns and Magyars, the Mongols and Slavs, here the Habsburgs defeated the Premyslids and founded Austria.

If we are surprised by the unusual quantity of monuments piled up of stone and earth of our ancestors devoted to the cult of Wuotan in the Viennese basin, if the enormous earth constructions also demand amazement from us, these monuments are nevertheless mute and would speak just as well for any other people, because such constructions are spread pretty much over the whole world - one finds them in Asia as in North America, on Troy's old-historical location as well as in Scandinavia. But they gain soul and life only when we connect them with the linguistic "monuments" and the "legends, myths and customs", and secure these results again by comparative compilations with similar researches in other German lands. These "linguistic monuments" not only give us the most significant information about the German mythology in its local conception, grant us cultural-historical fingerprints of undreamt-of importance, let us trace the individual peoples on the map, but - and this is decidedly the decisive main thing - they prove with compelling force that Lower Austria was continuously, without interruption since the death of the Atlantic giant race, by the appearance of the Aryan race under its divine leaders, and was indeed German populated. The names of the peoples changed; Heruls, Quades, Marcomanni, Turkicilings, Boyians, Noricans, Rugians and others appeared and disappeared. But here we need only recall what has already been said to understand at once that the

"settled" people remained uninterrupted and the same, they were "permanent" through the changes, as were their customs and ways, while name and nobility alone were the "transient", the "changing" in itself. The most terrible epoch for the "settled people" were the birth pangs of "Carolingian" Christianity and the Frankish raids; but that even these neither encountered a deserted land, nor depopulated the land - despite all atrocities, despite the violation of international law of that time - is proven all the more by these linguistic monuments.

Before we turn to these, however, one circumstance may be mentioned, which helps to prove the above, even if it actually seems to lie outside the scope of our consideration. There were no maps in those days and how else than by oral tradition of a "settled" people could those "linguistic monuments" have been saved over the period of depopulation? How could the so-called "Roman heritage": viticulture, have been preserved other than by continuous cultivation, which again requires a sedentary and cultivated people? How does this agree with the insult still today unfortunately done by German academic-educated writers to their own ancestors, to call these peoples "barbarians"?

If we now take a closer look at the "linguistic monuments", we see them as "place names" in the broadest sense, namely as names that mean forest and meadow, mountain and deed, field and meadow, stream and river, town and castle, and here the highly remarkable result is shown that more than half of the place names still in use today go back to pre-Carolingian days, even if not documented, but linguistically proven.

It follows from this that Lower Austria was not only populated, but even densely populated, and that's what it must have been; how else could it have covered the enormous human consumption of the Roman wars, how otherwise such works as that of the large city "Stilifrieda" have been built. It also shows that three thousand years ago most of our thriving

towns and villages existed, which refutes the often cited passage from Tacitus' "Germania"²⁰, which, by the way, can also be corrected by "Julius Caesar's Gallic Wars"²¹. If we now pick out the "mythological place names", these are again divided into two series; the first series forms that group which, in addition to the name, preserves the ancient sanctuary itself, which is either a structure made by human hands or some other sacred place; for example a mountain, a boulder or more, a grove, a tree, a spring or a cave, while in the second series only the name remained. Thus we find the name of Wuotan, which was mentioned in our areas of Woldan, Wult and Hruoperaht (Rupprecht), represented in Wutterwald, Wulzendorf, Waltendorf, Wullendorf, Wilfersdorf, Wilfungsmauer and others. His wife Frigga, called Frouwa, Peratha (Berta, the Magnificent) and Holla (Hulda) in our region, appears in countless names such as: Hollenburg, Hollabrunn, Hollentann, Hollarn, Frauendorf, Frauenburg and others. Their places of worship, called "Fountains of Youth", are still unforgotten sacred springs and have become places of pilgrimage for Christianity or superstition. The former included Hollabrunn, Mariabrunn, and others, the "Jungfernbründl" near Sievering bei Vienna, the "Fountain of Youth" in the Pass valley, which forms the border between the two districts above and below the Vienna Woods. The other male and female Aesir are also represented and, mind you, each name is represented repeatedly. So Donar is found in many thunder pulpits, Peterskirchen, etc.; Loki, the prince of the devil (deep, today Christianized in the devil) in all those places that are linked to the devil in name and legend. His daughter and female reflection Helia also appears

(20) Cornelius Tacitus "The Germania. Ch. XVI. "That the Germanic peoples do not inhabit cities, indeed that they do not even love coherent dwellings, is well known. They settle lonely and isolated, where just a spring, a floodplain, a grove invites."

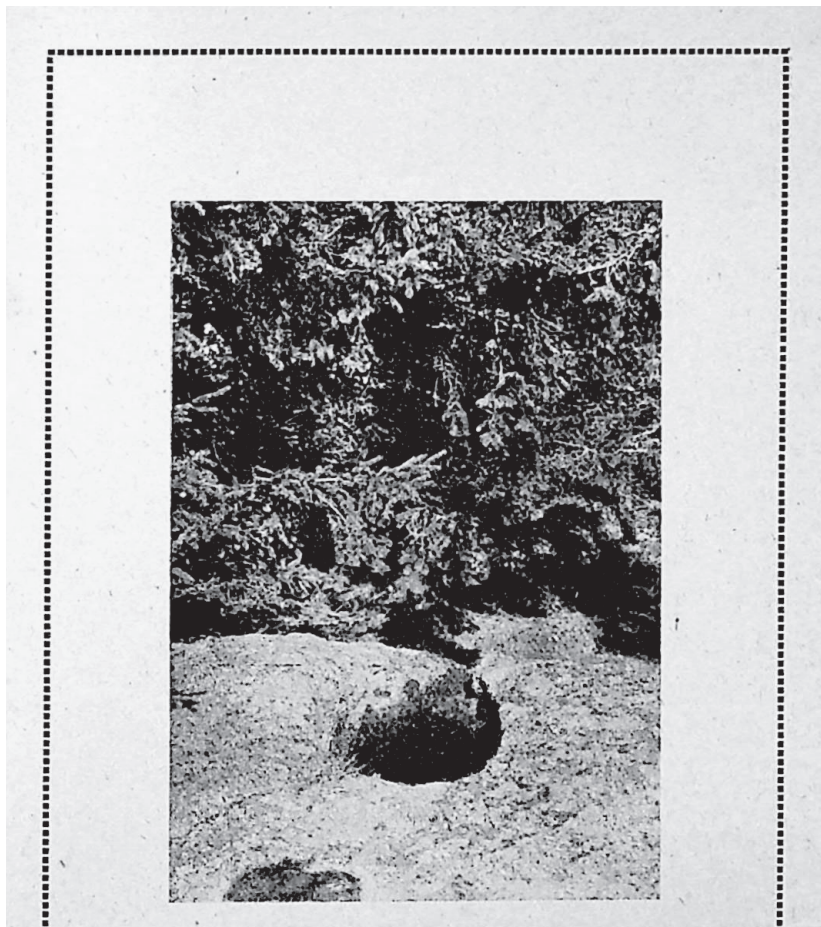
(21) Julius Caesar: "Commentarii de bello gallico et de bello civili Tom II, ch. XXIX." The city of the Aduatuci; and elsewhere, the description of this town in western Germany is typical of all surviving Quaden towns in Lower Austria in eastern Germany; also for "Stilifrieda", "The old castle at the stone" (Deutsch-Altenburg) and others.

very frequently; for example still in the Wuotanistic sense in Höllental, but Christianized in Helenental.

And just like these, they are all represented in hundreds of place and field names, which, and this must be taken into account, are never found individually, but always in connected groups, whereby the elucidation of the ancient special consecration of the holy temples in question becomes an open book.

If these place names are now recognizable by the undeniable old mythological interpretations, then those of another group are to be mentioned still particularly, which carry today Christian names, nevertheless growing from unmistakably from Wuotanistic-German cult places. We have already mentioned some of them. The dragon slayer Wuotan appears as St. Michael, the lindworm slayer Balder (Siegfried) as St. George, Wuotan, the glorious king of the gods, as Rupprecht, just as "St. Martin, who comes riding on a white horse", is also his Christian reflection. Frouwa, Hulda, Perahta and Ise we see Christianized by the Queen of Heaven Mary, as in Mariabrunn, Maria-Taferl, Maria-Drei-Eichen and many, many other place names. Freya appears Christianized and historicized in Saint Agnes as in Saint Frein, with which further coincides an independent group of place names, which preserve the memory of the Norn cult and the Valkyries.

But still one word may be thought, which appears in the most different mutilations in numerous place names, where regularly then also a prehistoric building is found, and indeed always a tumulus; this word is: "Lee". Breitenlee, Schotterlee, Langenleebarn, Langenlois, Lewern and many others are connected with this word "Lee", from which it is explained that such mound graves were called "Lee or Leeberge" and are to be placed outside the groups of the actual temple buildings. Now these lee mountains are the mound graves of the north, our "power (Macht-)" and "hut mountains (Hüttelberge)", which were piled up over the burned corpse fire of a mighty man in a large area, as the mythology and the heroic songs (Beowulf, Alphart's death and others) confirm in many



Illus. 9. See page 52. One of the four 'stone troughs' or 'blood pits' on the Wachtstein. — (From a photograph by A. Rerych in Traunstein, Lower Austria.)

examples.

So this small sample of historical-word reading from the place names of our beautiful Lower Austria shows that this country was and is an original German one, its "settled" people remained uninterruptedly the same until today, which already cultivated the earth clod for uncounted millennia and protected it with its heart blood against foreign domination. The emphasis of the proof, however, lies in the "mythological place names"; for no one will want to claim that those names can originate from the days of the great "colonizer" of Lower Austria.

Just as old and genuine monuments of our German nationality as the "built" and "linguistic" ones are the native "legends, myths and customs". Our beautiful Lower Austria is also enclosed in the highly sacred Harug of the German mythical forest, whose enchanting chiaroscuro perfumes us, who indulge in it, with its invigorating resinous smell and enchants us with the colorful glowing miracle flowers that grow from its soil. We know these little flowers, we see them already blooming at the Harz, in the Thuringian and Odenwald, and are astonished that what we admired from far away, blooms so close to us here, so - unknown.

Innumerable paths lead through the enchanting thicket of the fairy-tale forest, here its magnificent domes arch into proud halls of ancient gods' castles, there the rejuvenating fountain of youth splashes, there three female figures flit spinning past and here between the slender leaf pillars, under the heavy hanging garlands the wild army marches with loud "Hu Sa, Hal Loh'!"²² But we walk, unperturbed by the ghostly hustle and bustle, along the one path that leads to Asgard, and avoid the side paths that branch off in many directions, leading to many other destinations, and which we want to walk along in the future when the opportunity presents itself.

The figures of Wuotan and his wife stood out most clearly and here it should be emphasized right away that these, like the gods or goddesses to

(22) Origin of the hunter's call: Hussa Hello! = Holy sun salvation (Heilige Sonnenheilslohe)

be mentioned later, often appear Christianized, although it is enough to simply change the name to immediately see the very transparently veiled Aesir shimmering through behind the Christian overdress.

As already mentioned, the king of the gods appears with us mostly under the name Wulz, Wult, Woldan, Wut (Wuotan), from which the children's scary-rhyme, the "Rauwurz", "Rauchal"²³, Wutzel" and the "Wauwau" developed. He shows himself as a cloak bearer, wild hunter, wish granter, white horse rider, leader of the wild army²⁴, the army of ghosts and the army of the dead. His one eye and his slouch hat - as wish hat - is known by the people. Faded, stripped of his divine character, he appears as a rat catcher in Korneuburg as in the suburb Magdalenengrund of Vienna, which has to thank this legend that an old folk-humor gave it the derisive name "Ratzenstadt". This legend repeats exactly and literally that of Hamelin. It contains the obscured conception of Wuotan as a god of the dead, as the leader of the army of the dead. From Christian saints we recognize him in the dragon slayer St. Michael and the numerous churches of this archangel (oldest foundation of course) appear built on such cult places which were consecrated to him in this capacity²⁵. Mention is made of a document by name which, dating from the middle of the 13th century, preserved Wuotan's name in writing. Among the duties which St. Pölten (Lower Austria) had to pay to the church in Passau, there is also a certain quantity of oats: "minoris mesure quod dictur Wutfuter" - called "Wutfuter". But this word "Wutfuter" means "Wutfuotar", "Wutvater", thus Wuotan. Now, however, it is known that all Wuotan offerings subsequently constituted the income of the church, and therefore this "certain quantum of oats, called Wutfuter", was formerly intended for the horses kept for sacrificial rites. In several places we

(23) Children's rhyme: "Do not look around, because the "black Rauschal goes around". Rauchal: "Rauch" (Rau) = right; „al" (all) sun fire = God" therefore: The right God, right God in the universe = Allfather.

(24) This is where the Steinallee on the Stolzenberge near Stolzendorf belongs, as the path of the Wuotes Heeres (wild, angry army).

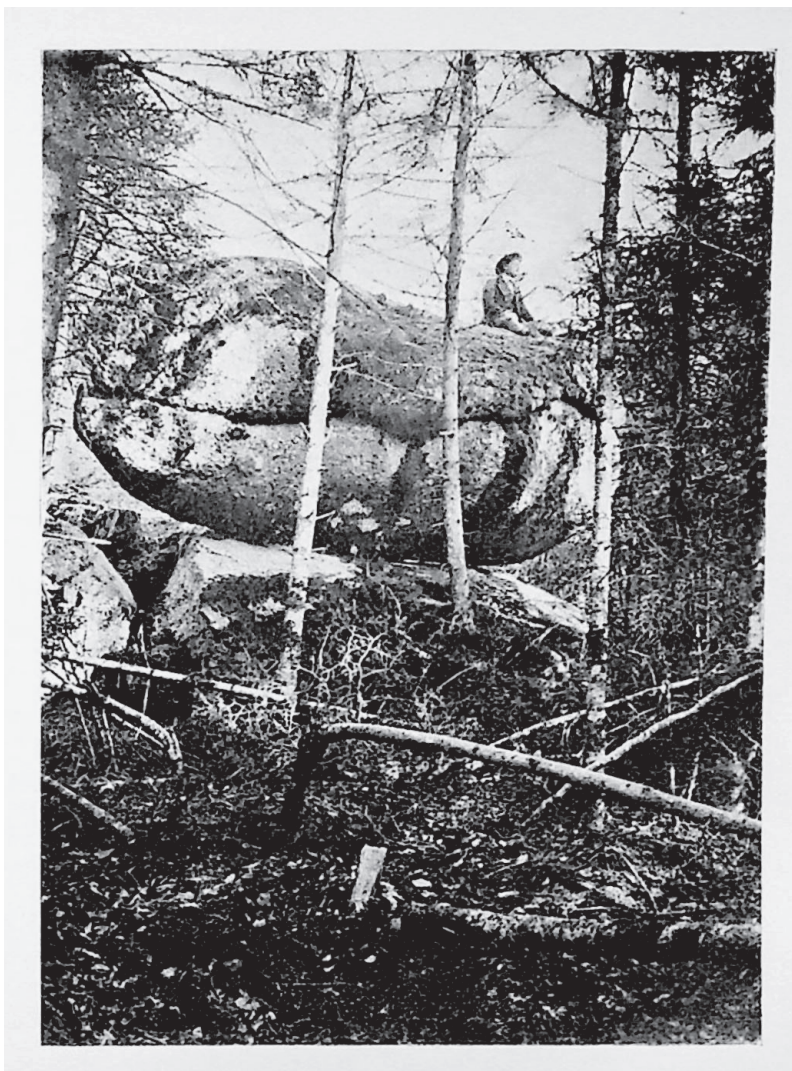
(25) Especially "favoured by the similarity of Michael with mihila = big; the "German Michel" also belongs here.

encounter the well-known Kyffhäuser legend. As the "enchanted king Otter" in the "Otter", a mountain at Semmering, and likewise in the "sunken old emperor" near Göpfritz, Wuotan appears as a winter god sleeping in the mountain with his Einheriarn, and that the "old emperor" is historicized as "Rotbart", needs probably no further mention. The name "Otter", however, perhaps requires a deeper justification; I am allowed a detour to Upper Austria, namely to "Ottensheim"²⁶. There the house No. 107 shows an old relief, representing a child in the cradle, and under it the inscription: "Year 1208, since Ottensheim was not yet named, Emperor Otto is chosen, born allhie in this house". Since Otto was born in 1174, this inscription seems to be a mistake like many others. It is to be assumed, especially according to the style, that it originates from the 16th century at the earliest and only preserves an old tradition misunderstood. Now "O-dovakar" was the first German king of Rome, who had just left our Danubian regions, his birthplace is unknown, but his great successes certainly ensured him an exceptional memory in the country of his birth. He went out as Istfo-one and became king, but like Friedrich Rotbart (Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick the First) he did not return home. Therefore it is not too daring to assume Ottensheim as his birthplace and to regard him as the "enchanted king Otter", which Wuotan historicized himself as in this special case.

The Mother of the gods and Queen of the gods Frouwa, Hulda or Perahta we see in two forms either as Mary, Queen of Heaven, christianized and left in her old noble dignity, or wandering as a ghost of alternating good-natured or malicious character (probably provable as a punishing deity) and also straight degraded to the scary rhymes of the children. As a Christian queen of heaven we saw her in Mariabrunn, Maria Taferl, which the latter Christian church only in the middle of the seventeenth century finally overcame a pagan sacrificial site.

The "Taferl", over which the church now vaults, was a Wuotan sacrificial altar which the people would not let go.

(26) The town and castle of Ottensheim were first mentioned in a document in 777.



Illus. 10. Wagstein ("Heidelnde Wiege") near Traunstein in Lower Austria. (From a photograph by A. Rerych in Traunstein Lower Austria.) See p. 51.

- Likewise in Maria-Drei-Eichen, Maria-Bründl, Maria-Brunn and many other places. As a ghost we know her as Prechtel and Perchtel, as a white woman, as an ancestral ghost (e.g. Berta von Liechtenstein), even as the scary songs of the little ones. She cuts open the belly of naughty children who do not want to eat what their parents put in front of them, fills it with straw and then sews the belly shut again. Instead of a needle she uses a plowshare, instead of thread she uses a chain. But if she is in a particularly bad mood, she also sets fire to the straw before sewing it up.

Donar and his wife Siebia (Sippia, Sif) are also unforgotten. In the legend of Greifenstein Donar touches himself with Wuotan. The "grasp into the stone" reminds of his lightning, "which cuts into the stones (giants) as if they were made of butter", but the freed virgin may indicate the freed Gerda, whom the wintry Wuotan guarded. The subterranean passages, which are said to have run below the Danube to Kreuzenstein, give evidence of the Norn rituals practiced here. Donar appears repeatedly as treasure-lifter and -grantee, as does Siebia, his female mirror image; he as "St. Christophorus", she as "St. Corona". - Both the "Christophorus prayer" and the "Corona prayer" are prayers strictly frowned upon by the church, which are nothing more than old Wuotanistic incantations covered with thin Christian whitewash. In the course of this book they will be treated in detail. Siebia appears, however, not only as St. Corona, but still wuotanistically used with her symbol of the sieve in many spells. Yes, we see the sieve even today as an ornament of a stately wagon, colorfully painted and decorated with a pious saying dangling from the wagon. It is considered a means of protection against the bewitchment of horses, because through it the wagoner sifts the oats for his team in foreign hostels while murmuring certain blessing formulas.

The evil Loki, also called Voland, weakened as "blacksmith Wieland", is found both as a legendary figure and as a prince of the depths in the Christian devil. Since however also now and then, as it is self-explanatory, also Wuotan and Donar appear as devils, the special signs may be mentioned here, after which these "three devils" distinguish themselves.

The horse's foot points after the sacrificed animal to Wuotan; goat's horns, goat's feet and goat's shape to Donar; the chain, however, to the bound Loki. - That is why therefore, the famous Krampus²⁷, who comes with Nicolo, is Donar and Loki in one person, because he is in the form of a goat and carries the chain. The gods always went through the country in threes, like the Three Wise Men (Wuotan-Melchior, Donar-Caspar, Loki-Balthasar; the latter the Moor); but since now, against the mythical rules, Nicolo and Krampus travel only in twos, but the Krampus here represents Donar and Loki in one person, thus the three-gods procession on St. Nicholas Eve is found again.

It is noteworthy that as Frouwa embodies the female side of Wuotan, and Sif likewise the female personification of Donar, both depicted as married, but Helia is the female mirror image of Loki. But here not a wife, but a daughter is pushed into the foreground and this with deep understanding. Helia is the end, the death, and there the procreation stops, she cannot be therefore procreator (wife), but only begotten or daughter. She is therefore, like all other descendants of Loki, only intent on destruction. Only Signe, Loki's wife, makes an exception here; she endures in faithful spousal love with the bound one, and therein lies the hope of rebirth after Loki's unleashing, after defeating death.

The idea of the rebirth after the defeat of death is based on the mythical conception that Loki is originally the spirit which appeared in the matter and entered the visible life; a deity to whom one attached the character of evil only because one felt it well that only in this physical connection of spirit and matter an evil is produced. Therefore he was also

(27) The word "Krampus" is formed from three original words, namely from "car", "amh" and "us", "car" = enclosed; "amb" = emergence [Emb-rio]; "us" - from. Thus says: Tar-amb-us the enclosure of the (new) emergence is out or finished. This wants to say that now at the time of the Hillingmanoth, in which the gods return again gifted and blessed to the upper world released from Helia's spell, now also the spell (car) is taken from life, the germ of it comes to new emergence, to the rebirth (amb, emb), because the enclosure of life is finished (us). - The Krampus was therefore in Wuotanistic time a blessing messenger of the gods, who announced the new awakening life of the coming year; to transform him only to a spectre with devil's face, that remained reserved to the Roman priest church.

married with an embodiment of the earth, with Signe. But it is Signe again who gives an excellent proof of the high, approaching idolatry, veneration of women of our ancestors, because just she, who had the most evil among the gods for a husband, she is the best woman. When Loki was bound - his myth is the archetype of the Prometheus myth, for he himself is Prometheus - when he was abandoned by all the gods, who nevertheless swore oaths of allegiance to him, then the faithful woman endures with the rescued one, so far as her strength reaches, to alleviate his suffering. This is a trait of true German female loyalty. That is why the myth of Signe knows the least to tell, for the best women are precisely those whom the gossip addictions of the rest cannot approach. But happy are the people who are able to reflect themselves in such godlike figures!

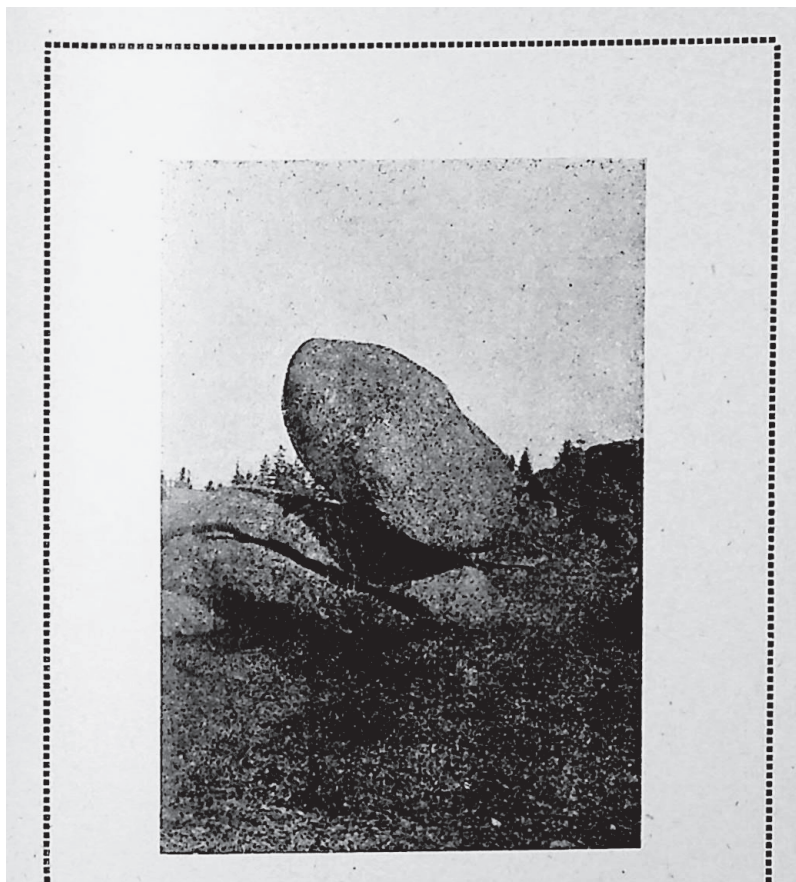
Loki therefore never appears in the company of his wife like the other gods, but in that of his daughter Helia. Like her, he appears black, but in the legends he does not accompany her as a devil, but in the form of the beast of death, the black dog.

With Helia the ring of the female three-deity closes as a unity, and thus justifies the prayer to Freya, which reads:

*"Thou who art the producer of children and fruits in abundance,
venerable goddess,
Thine is the right to give life, to take it away."*

This mighty, feminine Three is found even more super-divinized in the Norns as stewards of fate, for to fate - to self-created Garma - the gods themselves are subject. They are found again, though expanded to 3 X 3 in the nine Valkyries, in the nine mothers of Heimdall and other apparently lower female deities, as well as in the human replicas of this trinity, the three priestesses or councilors of salvation.

These are represented most numerous in the legends of the people; the people tell of the three sisters, three nuns (Norns), three virgins, three countesses, three princesses, etc., of which always two are blessed,



*Illus. 11. The Franzosenstein near Traunstein in Lower Austria.
From a photograph by A. Rerych in Traunstein, Lower Austria).*

Christian, good, charitable, light and white, but the third is evil, cursed, half or completely black and of the devil.

Beside the cult places, which were consecrated to the three gods, also many legends preserve the memory of such, which were sanctified to the hostile forces of nature, the giants. Such a place of gloomy horror we find in Aggstein on the Danube (more later). But also the legend of Lorelei is found on the Danube, and just tied to that place of horror Aggstein, as well as not far from it a place of worship of the fair Danube woman, the Frau Ise, is found with all the charm of the German belief in mermaids.

If the wintry water giant Agez desires only human sacrifices, the friendly river god Nikuz is milder, he is content with animal sacrifices, although he does not disdain human sacrifice. He does not tolerate anything unclean on his sacred cataracts, the whirlpool and the eddy of the Danube. Criminals or guilty persons had to leave the ship beforehand, which sailed these rapids, and were allowed to come on board again only after overcoming them. The legend of the Schneiderschlösschen (Ruin Krempenstein in Upper Austria) reminds of the sacrifice that Frau Ise, our present Danube female, received. The goat gave no more milk, the tailor wanted to throw her into the Danube, but got caught with his clothes in its horns and fell to his death. This legend reminds of goat and ram sacrifices and that the "weaver and garment tailor" were the sacrificial priests of Ises (Frouwas), from which their present mocking names are explained, which are connected with these animals.

Our carnival also finds its origin here; Ise corresponds to the Tacitean Nerthus, whose attribute was a vehicle that could travel on land and water. When the ice broke, when the snow melted and ship and chariot could travel again, this chariot ship was led through the country under joyful celebrations and this "Car-Naval" establishes our carnival and no less our carnival doughnuts trace their ancestry to the ancient sacrificial pastries. The fact that the human sacrifices of the Agez, which always concerned the first people to reach the other side of the river or those who were the first to suffer an accident at the opening of navigation, have

not been completely forgotten, is proven by a custom of the ship's servants on the Danube, which, although nowadays only attributed to them in jest, was not too long ago still terribly serious.

However, these "anthropological family albums" are almost inexhaustible as our ancestors engraved the holy ground in highly sacred runes, which they had defended with their blood and had asserted it against all peoples of the old world.

Along the road of the armies of nations to Rome, along the other one to Byzantium and Palestine, which both roads cross here in the Viennese basin, in view of the ruins of Carnuntum, those runes offer themselves to the knower for unraveling.

The aforementioned only indicates the field of research in broad strokes; the following sheets, however, will try to present the main points of that field of research in its peculiarity in individual pictures.

And so, free, not bound to any boring-schematic system, in the painting of the word, a collection of paintings of "German-Mythological Landscapes" shall now arise before the mind's eye of the friendly reader.

Addendum: While printing, I learned from F. Kießling's excellent book, "Wanderungen im Poigreiche", that "between Schrems and Amaliendorf in Lower Austria, in the middle of the forest near the path, lies a huge boulder of granite weighing several thousand tons, which rests in "unstable" equilibrium on a smaller one, in such a way that the touch of a finger is enough to set it in noticeable swaying motion. This stone monster is called the "hanging" or "wobbling" stone. Some people crawl under the stone and then think they are immune from lumbago or back pain. Hopefully, the stone does not fall to destruction by processing into ashlar."

So this is the fourth Wagstone of our God-blessed Ostarland, also situated on that granite island like the three Wagstones near Traunstein, of which we have spoken in detail on pages 48-63.

CHAPTER THREE

The Hermannskogel¹

Once again she makes her happy entrance, the lovely patron goddess of Austria, the blessing-giver, Ostara. Free from the power of the ice giants, she goes through the lands, followed by the merry springtime round-dances of lightly buoyant elves. - They sweep the fields clean of heaps of snow and frost, and a gentle singing and ringing blows through the groves, the resurrection music of Easter morning. Then Ostara's whole army comes with a joyful sound; the sap-fresh stalks shoot out like arrows, the grasses nod and sway like lances and swords, and in front of them snowdrops, cowslips and violets unfurl their banners in the fresh spring air. One can hear the joyful battle cry: "Hello, dear Frau Ostara!"

Admittedly, we poor human children, crammed into the artificial caves of the cities, have lost the genuine, warm understanding for the workings of nature; yes, no matter how cozy our caves may be, no matter how stylishly "furnished", they still remain prisons. After all, the "frost giants of conviviality" keep us firmly forged inside with invisible but all the more oppressive fetters. If this were true, why would we say so significantly: "We are going out into the open!" But once we follow the urgent call "into the open air!", there a glimmer of the lost understanding for the great mystery of nature dawns on us, then our heart also soon feels freed from the ice fetters of a foggy world. In the life-awakening spring

(1) First published: *Deutsche Zeitung* Vienna, 15 Feb. 1885. Titled as "Agnesbründl": Über Land und Meer, Stuttgart, January 15, 1884 (illustrated by Gustav Zafaurek). *Editor's Note: The Hermannskogel is a ridge of the Alps, containing the highest point above Vienna.

rays of the friendly, youthful sun, the swelling buds shine fuller and richer, and from the purple-grey of the forest, in a blissful urge, a tender breath of golden shining green escapes. All palimpsest wisdom and researcher thoughts shake off like the dry foliage of the greening oak again, and through fragrant mythical tendrils the view opens to the eye into distant days of the prehistoric times, through dividing misty veils of doubt into the eternally green holy groves of the Germanic gods' primeval world. The noble beech halls arch more proudly, they become domes, and a higher light than that of the sun flows through the world-wide space in the most golden green shine.

Thus, the poet feels himself removed from the world in the sewing of God; language is no longer able to follow him, it can only clothe in fairy tales what his inner eye hears from the workings of the Godhead.

Remnants of old myths and legends waft through one another like drifting mists, forming and shaping themselves into figures from a higher, more beautiful world. Softly it blows through the noble cathedral halls, a bell-bright splashing of silvery shining foam ripples the air; a clear spring jumps out of an anemone-colored rock crevice and pours its waters into a small pond, which is surrounded by a triple stone circle and overshadowed by an ancient beech.

A female figure seems to rest there. Is she youthfully charming, is she venerable with age? Who can tell? High seriousness rests on her being, and her eyes blaze like a pair of sun sisters. Now a song trembles from her lips, and rushes through the sacred grove, for it is the song of life, and every breath of life sounds in the song of the noble:

Her head supported in her tear-wet hand,
Perahta, the most beautiful of them all,
Lay dreaming at the edge of the well,
Saw times, saw water flowing away.

She saw the flowers blossom, fade,
The becoming and dying of suns,

She saw the waving blaze glow,
The swell of fate at the fountain.

She saw how she herself was enraptured by the change
Forever banished from the circle,
She saw how the worlds were blessed by love,
And then wept long and softly.

She looked with wet, swimming gaze
Up to the trembling stars,
As if she wanted to escape the hard fate
Into immeasurable distances.

Her bosom surged like a flowing sea
And feverish glow reddens her cheeks,
Figures flutter around her
Woven from sweet desire.

There rushes around her like the beat of wings.
An eagle with proud plumage
Powerfully descends like the growing day
To the sacred fountain lowers himself.

He nestles against her, with foreboding lust
She strokes his downy back,
And presses him tightly to her throbbing breast
And kisses him with silent delight.

Then the eagle stretches with the power of a God,
And feather and flight, and is gone,
A God holding in vigorous youthful form
The happiest goddess entwined.

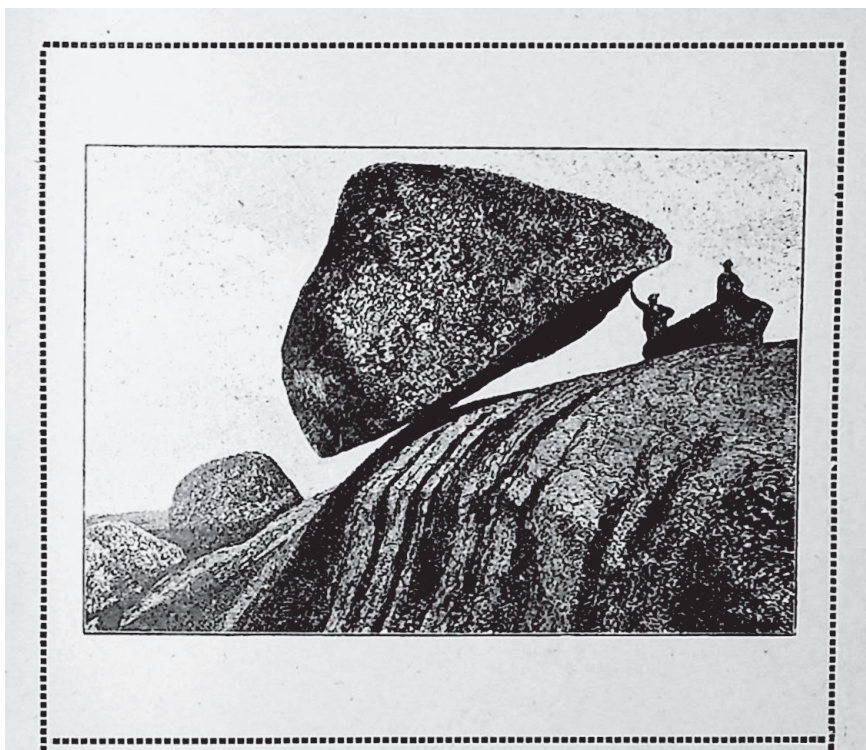
No longer lowers the head crying to the hand,
Perahta, the most beautiful of these,
Dreaming she rests at the well's edge,
Sees times, sees waters flow.

The enigmatic one had sung this song, but she lay there motionless, like a cloud of mist on windless autumn days above the restless rippling fountain of youth. But on and on it murmured between the young leaves of the beech grove.

But it moves through the forest more and more. Now shadowless figures approach, to be seen like hunting mists, there is a ghostly horseman, with a mighty coiled horn, followed by many, many others, also mysterious animals, and long-drawn roars resound through the forest, like the shouts of the deer hunt. Then a platoon of travelled warriors in armor and weapons approaches, with humped shields and the horns of the Urs and bison, probably also the elk's pole as Ziemir. Here under the branch clouds of the ancient sacred beech, flooded by the many thousand year old chorale of the primeval forest showers, the fountain of youth ripples, through whose triple stone circle the leader of the band of knights now steps.

The woman rises from the mountain, her sunny eyes shining mysteriously.

Silently and with averted eyes, she picks up a handful of beech sticks, into whose bark sacred runes are carved, and throws them over her head into the small pool of the spring. Like wanton children the wave spirits receive this donation, and like in a ball game the little ones throw the single sticks to each other. In a bouncing round they hurry over the stone blocks, and only a few of them are thrown to the land. These are silently picked up by the woman from the mountain, Albruna. The circle of warrior figures closes more tightly around her, from the midst of which a stately youth rises up in a shimmering man's armor. In reverent devotion he and his comrades listen to the announcement of the "lots of fate" by the wise Albruna.



Illus. 12. See Page 54. The "Wagstein" of Tandil in Argentina.

She arranges the sticks, and contemplating their runes, she begins to sing and to say:

"Odovaker² to you, King Eticho's child,
And to all you nobles I give devotion,
To you high and fair, of Heimdall's lineage,
Hear what the nobles are granted for prophecy.

Already I see crumbling castles bordering
The looming towers where your people have travelled,
Already the battlements of trembling Rome are toppling.
Already I see you adorned in the gleam of the crown
Odovaker you, as a battle-hardened king
Climbing the steps of the throne of the Caesars,
The first of the Germans in royal purple!

More beautiful purple still I see shimmering
Wrapping your heroic body, Odin's chosen one,
When the blood of death by the sword, the red of sword's drink,
The battle turmoil wraps around your temples,
When Valkyries kiss you for Valhalla,
To the most glorious ride to Herian's stronghold!

So the lots of life have fallen to you,
From runic riddles your fate unveiling -
Follow the instruction, the ruling conclusion!"

Through the sacred beech grove this songs roars from the resounding bard, the clear spring, which leaps through the cleft, weaves its silver blades into the harp notes, which now echo like anxious lamentation.

(2) The Odacher (Odovakar, Odaker), who overthrew the last Roman emperor Romulus Augustulus, is credited with the founding of the village of Ottakring near Vienna, and his memory is echoed in many other legends. In 495 he was murdered by order of Theoderic the Great (Dietrich of Bern).

A clearing opens above the fountain of youth in the sacred forest, in front of us a sap-green, flower-covered forest meadow spreads out; it is the hunter's meadow; elevated to the left by a proudly rising cone, - and that is Hermannskogel, cloud formations chase its venerable stone head in a swirling round dance, from which a rich forest valley rolls down with a roar, spreading its fringe along the meadow.

From the small "Frauengraben", (the women's well) in which the "Jungbrunnen" (Fountain of Youth) springs, and from which the Jägerwiese (Hunter's Meadow) rises steeply, the figures move up to the ridge of the Hermannskogel, up to where the spindle-like rocky peak, the Hermannssäule (Irminsul), stands, now glistening in the most brilliant ray of the midday sun. Up there, the rider on the white horse stops and blasts his horn with stormy force. In a chasing whirl, the misty figures move up and surge in ever denser rings around the noble mountain head.

There the misty figures fade away, they sink into gray cloud layers, which now cover the sun. The landscape sinks into the shadowy purple-gray.-----

The venerable beech tree has disappeared, the stone cliff has sunk, and the rock spring that was so lively just a short time ago now creeps along dimly and sadly under a wooden, half-modernized cistern. We leave the original holy fountain of youth, today called "Agnesbründl"- or "Jungfernbründl", and hurry back to the Jägerwiese, in order to climb the Hermannskogel itself, when our steps are hindered by a signboard, which sneers at us, with a "warning": "With arrest and fine, spending the night and playing the Mariandel song in this forest is forbidden. The "District Court Klosterneuburg."

Hurriedly we crossed the hunter's meadow and hurried up the steep forest slope, without a path to the top of the old "Hutberg", to let our hot foreheads be fanned by the cooling west, as if the ugly warning post was following us through the almost still leafless thicket, changing its shape like a goblin. At one point it appeared as a torture stake rising from smoldering funeral pyres, then again like a pillory stake.---

The forest was already thinning out, and only in parts did the tall

forest allow partial views of a delightful panorama, which the Austrian Tourist Club finally made completely accessible to us through its newly built Habsburg Observatory, a panorama which, as Schmiedl claimed fifty years ago, can only be surpassed by that of the Schneeberg.

Undoubtedly, the Hermannskogel is an ancient Germanic holy mountain of gods, a "Hutberg"³, as the still unforgotten sanctification of the Agnesbründl as a former fountain of youth on its slope towards the Weidlingerthal, in the small Frauengraben, irrefutably proves.⁴ The name of the mountain range, of which it forms the all-superior peak, the Kahlengebirge of today, in its pre-Roman name of the "Zeizzogebirge", which the Romans changed into "Mons Cetius", clearly indicates its nisthological peculiarity.

Hermann, also called Hirmon, Irmin, Iring, Heimdold and nordic Heimdallr, the lord of the military roads on earth as in the sky, the guardian of the gods and one of the sons of Wuotan, has next to Baldur the highest situated sky castle (the month July) to dwell in, because he has to look out as guardian of the gods from his high watch. His sharp eye and his sharp hearing are still known today by the people, by jokingly attributing the qualities of the god to hyper-smart people. They say of such people: "He sees the grass grow," or: "He hears the wool growing." And so, in the circle of ancient mythical mountains, such as Zeizzoberg

(3) Edda, *Fiolsvinnsmal*, says:

"Hutberg he is called and heals
The lame and suffering.
Each is rid from longstanding misery,
who sickly climbs it."

The name Hutberg has not been forgotten by the people; they call the numerous tumuli in the country "Wacht- und Hütelberge", even if they have forgotten the meaning of this designation. (In the Bray translation, "The Sayings of Much-Wise", Stanza 36: 'Tis the Hill of Healing; long hath it held, for the the sick and sorrowful, joy: each woman is healed who climbs its height, even of year-long ills." Also known as Lyfjaberg in the original Icelandic.)

(4) It is remarkable that in the small Frauengraben in the middle of the beech forest there is a tree-island of beautiful, tall oaks. They are probably descendants of an ash grove that once covered the mountain of the gods; after all, the ash is the primeval tree of Wuotan!

(Leopoldsberg), Reisenberg, Himmel, Vogelsang, Sauberg (Kahlenberg) and others, Hermannskogel is the one that towers above all others, and the local names of its area, such as Jägerwiese, Jägerkreuz, Jungfernbründl, Jungfernbuche (also called Agnesbaum), Himmel and others, as well as unusually numerous legends, give indisputable evidence of its ancient sanctity. It should be mentioned that the local name "Himmel" is not the same as the name of the neighboring mountain Himmel, but refers to a forest parcel in the small Frauengraben, not far from the Jungfernbründl.

Numerous variations of these legends are provided by Tschischka, Vernaleken, Bechstein, Schmiedl, Hormayr and others in the richest selection, and everything, especially the indestructible sanctification of the mountain and its source on the part of the people, gives proof that we are here on ancient holy ground of the native Wuotan cult.

Another witness to our assertion is probably the futile struggle that the police have been fighting for many years against the "cult of superstition" at this site.

Schmiedl wrote the following about this spring in 1835: "About 15 years ago, a small, excellent spring gushed out of a group of rocks here, in which a beautiful, ancient beech tree was rooted, the trunk of which showed the shape of an image of the Virgin Mary in the coils of the wood. The matter had been known for a long time, a pious hand attached an image of the Virgin Mary to the trunk, and no inhabitant of the area passed by without offering his silent prayer. All at once in 1817 (according to others in 1811) the spring became famous for its miraculous healing power. Benches and prayer stools were erected, formal pilgrimages were organized, but there was so much mischief that the authorities had to intervene. "The beech tree was cut down, the spring was buried and the images of the saints were taken to the church in Meidling. One will easily recognize the place: a swamp marks the place of the disappeared romantic picture" - So far the old, honest Schmiedl. One can see the naivety in this report; neither Schmiedl, nor the authorities had any idea of the meaning of this, now unfortunately destroyed, "romantic picture" and the "mischief" connected with it, and the assurance that "all of a sudden in

1817 the spring should have become famous for its miraculous healing power" seems downright comical. We can only lament the fanaticism that destroyed that venerable place. For even the swamp did not in the least prevent the influx of the people, and now they tried to control the evil by completely enclosing the "well" and closing it with a door. But neither lock nor bolt could close the well for long, and unhindered the sun shines into the shaft, which they thought would keep them away forever, because the door is open again and the lock; gone. The people cannot part with their sanctuary.

If we compare similar places of worship in a country closely related to us with the one we have just visited, the correspondence with our place of worship may banish any doubts that may still exist.

St. Hirmon near Murnau in Upper Bavaria is the highest mountain in the area; it lies to the west a quarter of an hour from Murnau, on the Hirmonswiesen, above which it rises more than 200 feet. Several boulders protrude from its back, of which the middle, highest one has a conical shape and is said to have been the site of the Hirmonsburg. If one has to be content with the name and the excellent figure pointing to an old cult, then the holy Hirmon near Bischofsmais, also in Bavaria, already represents even more mythical material. Also this saint is nothing else than an Irmin column, where the "saint" takes the place of the old god Irmin.

Returning to our Hermannskogel, the above comparison with the Hirmon leads involuntarily to the question whether that cone-shaped piece of rock would also find a mirror image in the obelisk of the Hermannskogel? This obelisk carries the following inscription: "Astron.-Trigonomet.-Landesvermessung des k. k. Generalquart. Staff. 1854." But the already above quoted Schmiedl says at a time when this today's obelisk was not yet erected that on the mountain top a cross had stood which was surrounded with a flower arrangement and a lattice. Should not this cross preserve the mental memory of ancient sanctification, of an Irminsul that once stood there and fell? Schmiedl's astonishment about the mysterious preservation of this complex in view of the peasants' destructive rage, to



Illus. 13. The Wagstein in Arizona.

which the then so modern hermitages, temples, etc. of the surrounding area had fallen defenselessly and irrecoverably, could speak in favor of the assumption. Be that as it may, we have in the Kahlengebirge, the old Zeizzogebirge, an ancient healing place of the Germanic cult of the gods, and in the Hermannskogel especially such a place of the Aesir Irmin, and that in the immediate vicinity of the cosmopolitan city of Vienna. This area was the ancient sanctuary of the good Vianiomina already in pre-Roman times, but we are so accustomed to search for the sacred groves and places of worship of our ancestors on Rügen and in Sweden that we have lost the view for these findings in the homeland and must first regain it. Jakob Grimm already says in his "Rechtsaltertümer": "Our age learns to explain the customs and works of foreign peoples, but hardly those of its nearest homelands."

But this does not explain the old folk tradition of the sanctification of Hermannskogel. What are the people still looking for today at the Jungfern- and Agnesbrünnl? How are the legends interpreted? And how do the people use them in their superstitions today?

First of all, it should be especially noted that the myths and legends, which are spread from the Hermannskogel, are shockingly rich, and include without interruption the perfect ring of German natural myths from birth to resurrection after death.

This circumstance, as well as the fact that even persecution and destruction were not able to erase the ancient sanctification of this site from the memory of the people, which memory today only sank misguidedly into the mud of the silliest superstition, like the ancient noble fronts of youth themselves, irrefutably testify that we are here on one of the holiest and most distinguished healing sites of the cult of Wuotan. It may be attempted to recreate a coherent annual myth from the countless legends that so wonderfully entwine this region, but unfortunately we must refrain from reproducing the many similar and divergent forms of tradition, since to consider them would far exceed our space.

The main myth, around which all the others gather, is the following:

"The king of Poland was hunting here many hundreds of years ago, got lost, and lay down near the spring exhausted, tied his white warhorse to the beech tree, and hung his armor, which he tiredly discarded, in the branches of the sacred tree that shaded the well. Then a lovely maiden approached him, whom he embraced lovingly, and who then showed him the right way to find his lost hunting party again. The mermaid of the well, however, won a girl from this royal embrace, and this she now placed in a basket at the edge of the well with a rich treasure of gold pieces, and told a charcoal burner and his wife nearby in a dream that they should raise the child they would find at the 'young (woman) well' together with their son Karl. It happened. The two children grew up, and in the course of the years the sibling love between them developed into that sacred flame which is able to lift people up to the gods, but also to plunge them into the deepest depths. The mermaid of the fountain did not disturb this happiness of love, but she demanded of Karl that he earn knightly merits and keep unbreakable loyalty to his Agnes, which Karl also vowed. She told him that a white, fenced steed was waiting for him at the sacred beech of the Fountain of Youth, and that armor and weapons were hanging in its branches; that this steed and armor had once been the property of the Polish king. That same night, a castle grew up at the edge of the forest, which she named "Heaven" and gave to her daughter Agnes as her own. Charles and Agnes were to rule here when the latter returned home true to his oath. Charles came home from the Turkish war, but was unfaithful to his bride, and when he moved into the castle, it sank with him, Agnes and all the occupants, and only the name "Himmel" testifies to the place where the castle stood. Both lovers, she blessed, he damned -, must wander until the end of days, and both seek by bestowal of happiness, wherewith they gifted men, to take the curse from Charles' head, to find again union and redemption."

Another - at least the older - group of legends calls her Bertha, and has her stolen by an old knight (or dragon), but freed again by her fiancé. Both daughters agreed to marry a young knight who was courting them, but blindly gave her heart away to a rich count and sent the unhappy

lover to Palestine. Betrayed by the count, she wanted to call back the banished man, but he had fallen, and the fright also brought her a sudden death. - As a ghost - a white woman (Freya) - she now wails through the mountains in search of her lover and can only find peace until both ashes are buried together in a grave. Another set of legends tells of a hunter boy who suddenly saw a church on the hunter's meadow at Christmas time that was completely foreign to him and had never been seen before, and curiously stepped into it. After hardly half an hour he started on his way home, but how astonished he was when nobody wanted to recognize him; then he pointed out the hare which he had shot before entering the church and which was still warm, but now turned out to be filled with gold pieces. Everyone was amazed, and it turned out that he had been raptured into the spirit church for 30 years.⁵ - The legend of the lintworm, which also takes place here, is mentioned here only in passing, and the lintworm, who was killed by fire, is said to have dwelt in that same cave, which today is vaulted over by the Sievering church.

The name Agnes merges with the historical Margravine Agnes, who held court on the Leopoldsberg at the beginning of the twelfth century, and whose legend of the veil, like the legend of the foundation of Klosterneuburg, belongs to our circle of myths. - The veil is Freya's swan's shirt, the loss of which robs her of her divinity. It is the rain cloud of spring, which the autumn storms carry away, and which is only found again after the seven winter months have passed. That is why the legend has the veil of the margravine found again after seven years, and precisely on an elder bush, the ancient symbol of fertility, because without the swan's shirt - without the rain cloud - no fertility.

The well-known violet festival at the Leopoldsberg castle of Duke Otto the Merry gains its peculiar mythical value in this framework; it is

(5) According to others 5, 7, 33 and also probably 100 years. Likewise, a similar legend tells the same incident, only there the hunter sleeps so long under the split tree, instead of that the ghost church is mentioned. Also other modifications and extensions of the same legend occur.

the wedding of the gods in spring, Zeizzo the Beautiful⁶, the youthful Wuotan, actually his younger embodiment Hermut, marries Frene (Freya) at the time of the first violets, after he frees her from the power of the frost giants (the lintworm) by the fire of the spring sun. However, he is sent out by the gods to teach the art of poetry to mankind, and on this journey is slain by the mischief-breeding dwarves. Freya (here called Frene), however, fills the world with her lamentation and wanders the lands in search of her beloved.

Thus, spring, summer and winter myths merge here in the area of the Zeizzo mountain and have left behind their everlasting monuments both in field names, customs and legends clinging to the soil.

In the midst of all these mythical places gushes the former highly sacred Jungbrunnen, today's Agnes- or Jungfernbründl, and the highest mountain of this mountain range, which rises above the Jungbrunnen, which towers over everything like a guardian, is the Hermannskogel, which still bears the name of the guardian of the gods, the lord of the military roads Irmin (Heimdold, Heimdallr).

It needs no further interpretation that the king of Poland is the wintry Wuotan, like all other persons of the myth, again he is himself in his different forms, as such correspond to the individual seasons. Agnes, however, is Freisa, Frouwa, and even Helia, for:

"Thou who art the creator of children and fruits in abundance, holy goddess,

Thine is the right to give life, to take it away."

This area was not only the most sacred sanctuary of the good old pre-Roman Vianiomina alone, but that of the whole Ostarland, to which Ostara gave the name, which is contained in the country name

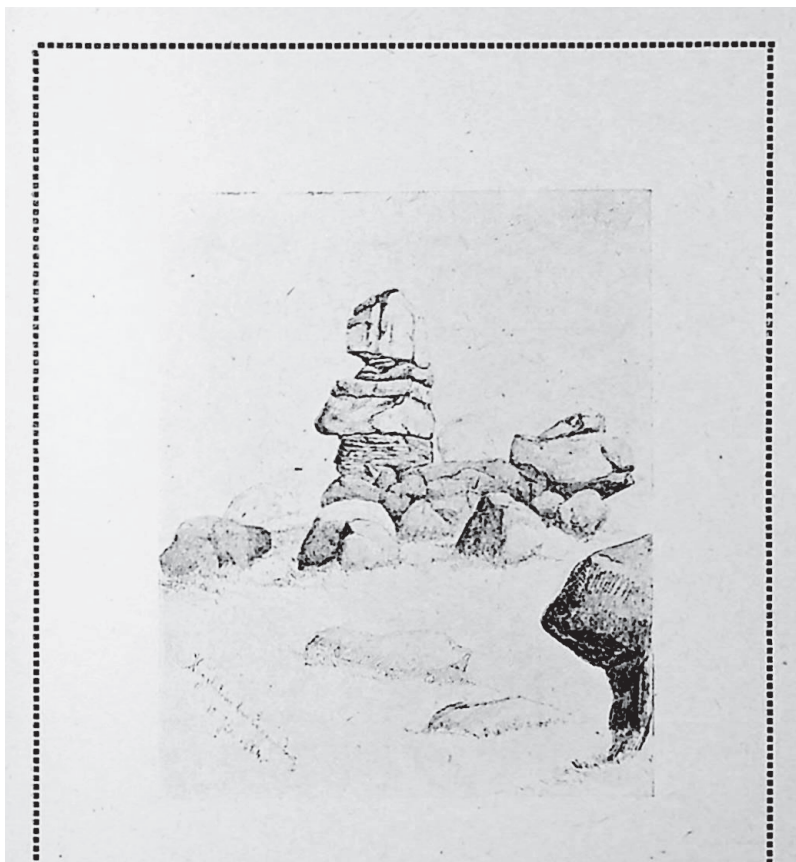
(6) Zeizzo the Beautiful, the "bride-man" of Ostara, is found in numerous place and field names of the wide Ostarian land and not only alone in the Mons Cetius. His name resonates in Zeiselmauer, the old Zezzinmurre, in Zeiselstraße and in many Zeiselberge, which are also called Zisch-, Zischerl- and Zischkerlberge in dialect. Yes, he still lives on in children's songs as Zischerl and Zischerlmann as an entity, proof of how he was once closely intertwined with the people and their ideas.

"Ostaricci" and still unmistakably resonates in the imperial name "Austria". Do not forget that in Valvasor's "The Honor of the Duchy of Carniola" that goddess is called "Eoster", to which the "Oster" in the imperial name of Austria almost corresponds.

Later - many centuries before the Roman invasion of the land of Ostara - a branch of the sanctuary on Hermannskogel was established down by the Danube, which later, because of its more favorable location on the river, surpassed the mother sanctuary and soon surpassed it in importance; this was "Austuris", today's Chorherrenstift Klosterneuburg.

This had transferred the Ostarakult into Christianity and maintains it still today. There are still preserved the old simulacrae of Ostara, the stalk of the juniper tree and the veil, there is the grave of the patron saint of Lower Austria, the holy (Margrave) Leopold and the (Margravine) Agnes, to both of whom just the cult of Zeizzo and Ostara was transferred Christianized and historicized, because actually Zeizzo himself "rests" here in the "Hutberg" waiting rebirth. That is why the Monastery of Klosterneuburg is the crown guardian of the Archduchy of Austria under the Enns, whose archducal hat is one of the oldest crowns in Europe and is faithfully guarded by the old Babenberg Monastery. In remembrance of these many thousands of years of memories, many ancient customs are faithfully preserved and lovingly cultivated in Klosterneuburg, among which the so-called "Fasselrutschen" on November 15 of each year (on the feast day of the country's patron saint, St. Leopold) holds first place.

This barrel slide consists of the visitors climbing up one side of the famous wine barrel, which holds a thousand buckets, in order to slide down the other side. Today this is only a popular amusement, but in former times it was a meaningful act of consecration, symbolizing the rising and sinking of the sun in the annual rings, and in the doctrinal application to the individual ego, the path from birth through the height of life to death and through death to rebirth. -- Every great halgadome had one barrel, at which this consecration custom - as still today in Klosterneuburg - was practiced. And it was always one of the first acts of an apostle who transformed a Wuotanistic halgadome into a Christian



Illus. 14: See page 56: Kogelstein near Eggenburg in Lower Austria. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook).

church to seek and destroy that barrel. In many such reports the smashing of those "heathen barrels" by the apostle is explicitly mentioned, as the symbolic destruction of idolatry. The fact that this custom is still practiced today in Klosterneuburg proves that the "barrel of idolatry" was not smashed here, that it still exists and, even if no longer in its original form and shape, has nevertheless been renewed in its essence and saved for our day.

But now again back to "our" Ostara.

As a ruler of the becoming she rules - Agnes, Freya, Ostara etc. - at the "Kindleins- or youth well", as a female champion of the life she makes happy with gifts of the wealth and good health, as a prophesying Norn of the future she unveils this by proclamation of the fate lots as by other oracles.

This circumstance now brings the "Jungfernbründl", as it is called instead of "Jungbrunnen", still today has its veneration, but no longer the fateless seek there the faithful experience of mankind, but now lottery numbers, namely those which are drawn in the next draw. On the day of St. John's beheading (August 29), the largest number of male and female lottery participants is gathered there, often numbering more than ten thousand believers, while the day of St. Agnes (January 21), despite the unfavorable time of year, brings together four to five thousand number seekers of both sexes.

On these two days Sievering and especially the inn "zur heiligen Agnes", whose owner was generally considered wiser and more reliable than the author of the "Egyptian Dream Book" himself, was the destination of a small migration of people, which understandably brought a mass consumption of Heuriger (young local wine) and all imaginable food. The "Terno-Wuchteln" (Austrian stuffed sweet rolls), are now filled with numbered slips instead of boiled fruit and costing quite respectable prices, are particularly popular.

The aforementioned cunning innkeeper then sat in the midst of a crowd of a hundred, almost exclusively old women, devoutly listening to his words, laid out the most intricate dreams, told the most hair-raising

stories of Agnes and her two lovers, the hunter Karl and the "even more pure coal farmer" - stories, These stories never lost their appeal, since they were renewed every year - he advertised an automatic machine made by a "hermit who took twenty years to make it", which produced numbers for the coins thrown into it, and did the most excellent business with it all.

Around midnight, carrying a flag and singing hymns, he led his simple-minded congregation to the "Brünndl" and to the Agnes, Karl and Johannes meadows.

Especially the last-mentioned place was then the place of the superstitious actions. The women sat down - even on Agnes night! - They listened to the mysterious whispering voices that were supposed to come out of the ground and pulled out the "St. John roots", which were supposed to exert a powerful magic against all kinds of diseases. Who does not think of the Germanic customs of the spring celebration and the summer solstice? And the magic-powered, luck-giving St. John's roots, which, taken at the midnight hour of a sacred night, bring power and luck to their owner? From the ridiculous to the sublime, from the modern "lottery sisters" to the sacred, mysterious myth of our Wuotanist ancestors is only a step. We see also by this example that even such folk customs, which appear to us at superficial view contentless, nonsensical and therefore also funny, are as a rule nothing else than culturally-historically highly significant remainders of defeated religions.

But it is not only those localities, their names and the customs of the people connected to them, which provide the proof to recognize here in the Hermannskogel an original place of the worship of God, also other phenomena occur, which provide the last link of the chain to close the ring.

The sunken castle in the sky has been discovered by a coincidence, and this is precisely the "earth stable".

The discovery of the Erdstall on the Hermannskogel, however, is not the result of a scientific exploration, but is only to be recorded as an accidental one.

Since in the course of this book there will be another opportunity to

say more about these "Erdställe", only a newspaper note may be included here, which reports in detail about this discovery of the Erdstall on the Hermannskogel, which can be called almost romantic.

The "Illustrierte Wiener Extrablatt" of April 15, 1888, morning edition No. 105, contains the following noteworthy essay.

The Cave Dweller from Hermannskogel.

(Original report of the "Ill. Wr. Extrablatt".)

The gentlemen Anton Rephahn, painter, Josef Schlesinger and Franz Christ made an excursion to the Hermannskogel a few days ago in order to inspect the construction work for the erection of a Habsburg observatory. Having arrived at the top, they had a midday meal, as the tourists had provided themselves with cold dishes, wine and other edibles. In a cheerful mood, the gentlemen then started their descent. They had been walking casually for a quarter of an hour when Mr. Rephahn noticed that he had forgotten his cute cutlery. He hurriedly turned back, the others followed him. When Rephahn stepped out of the forest into the clearing of the plateau, he stopped as if spellbound.

A human figure was crouching in the place where they had just eaten, greedily gathering the remains of the food. The strange creature turned its back to Rephahn and therefore could not see the tourist, while the latter could observe its every movement. The figure left the cutlery, but greedily threw the remains of ham and smoked meat into its mouth, wrapped other food in a paper that lay on the ground, and finally looked at the bottles to search for a drop. Meanwhile, Rephahn's companions had approached. The latter beckoned them to keep quiet, and they crept up quietly, now observing the doings of the strange figure together with their friend.

A few minutes passed, when Mr. Schlesinger jumped forward and straight towards the man. He was startled, jumped up and wanted to get lost in the thicket, but the other two tourists held him.

A degenerate creature, which must have lacked any human care for a

long, long time, stood before them.

A man of about 40 years, whose beard reached shaggy unkempt to the chest, whose hair fell over the shoulders in thin strands, while at the crown already showed wide bald patches. The cheeks, browned by weather and storm, were covered in places with crusts of clay, even in the tangled beard and hair were scrawny leaves, brushwood and straw, the eye was deep in the sockets and looked with a gentle, pleading gaze at the tourists.

"What do you want from me?" the man spoke in a trembling voice, spreading his skinny hands wide.

His rather tall figure, actually an emaciated skeleton, stood in a sack-like garment, in which two holes were cut on both sides, from which the arms, wrapped with green shreds of canvas, protruded. The feet were also in rags and a rope was wrapped around the loins. The man made a downright frightening impression; the tourists thought they were dealing with a maniac. On the rope that went around his hips hung a food bag in which he had stored the leftovers.

"Who are you?" asked the tourists, moved by deep pity.

"What do you care?" the man replied, shaking his uncovered head. "I am a man who speaks with the trees and who is not afraid of the animals of the forest, but of men. Let me go and go your ways!"

"No! We can't! We must bring you down and hand you over to the police. You'll perish there!"

The man laughed peculiarly.

"Do you think that you must perish if you are a lonely one, do you think that people are needed by man. More trouble than beasts of prey they are! So let me go!"

"No! You must go with me."

"All right, so I will go!"

Silently the man walked between the tourists. Then he suddenly made a leap, lifted the sack-like robe high up so that it would not hinder him while walking, and ran into the forest, where he soon disappeared. But the three Viennese did not want to leave the interesting hermit from

Hermannskogel so soon, so they followed him and his trail; the crackling of the dry wood, the rustling of the leaves told them the direction that the fleeing man had taken, and soon they saw the figure of the fleeing man again.

"There he is! There!" cried Rephahn, who had come within fifty paces of him.

The others hurried over and asked, "Where? Where?"

But Rephahn stood there transfixed. The fugitive seemed to have suddenly sunk into the ground. No trace of him was to be discovered. The hikers strode forward to the place where the hermit had last been seen, and after a long search one of the gentlemen discovered a hole, in front of which a board was leaning, but not quite covering the opening.

This circumstance was quite striking, the tourists took away the board and stood in front of a very deep and spacious cave, and when they turned on the light to inspect the interior of the same, they noticed the fugitive crouching on the floor, on a bed of straw, rags and paper, which must have served him often as a bed. The cave also contained all kinds of equipment that suggested that this was the fugitive's permanent home, such as a tea maker, a bottle that apparently contained alcohol, a book with notes, some pencils, a knife, a tin spoon and a wooden container filled with salt. This also proved that the man was consorting with other people.

The fugitive now had to come back to the light of day, whether he wanted to or not.

"I beg you, gentlemen, have mercy on the most fortunate and unfortunate person there is on God's earth. I'm not one of those the police are looking for, I'm not hurting anyone, let me live in peace and quiet and don't worry about me!"

The man was obviously very exhausted from running and his breath was whistling through his lungs. He took a sip of the cognac he was offered and seemed visibly invigorated.

"Wait a moment," he said after a while. "I'll bring you all my documents."



*Illus. 15. See page 56: The "Fehhaube" (Femhube) near Eggenburg.
(Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.)*

He crawled nimbly back into the cave and soon appeared with several papers that he had hidden in the camp. He showed the papers to the gentlemen. They were in perfect order. They were a certificate of baptism in the name of Karl Odwurka, born in Vienna, living in Polrawitz, 46 years old, and a certificate of residence from the above-mentioned municipality for the merchant Karl Odwurka, and finally a certificate of morality from the police, in which Karl Odwurka was certified as never having had any judicial indecency for the purpose of entering into a marriage.

"So, that's who I am, and now I ask for silence!"

The man spoke now already a little more energetically and the wanderers allowed him. They now began a conversation with him and Odwurka told:

"Since you speak to me in such a polite and kind manner, I am ready to tell you everything, but you promise me that you will then go your way and not bother me any further. So listen! Until 1872 I had a store in the Kärntnerstraße, in the house "zum wilden Mann". I was 30 years old at that time and loved a girl very much. Only my father knew about my inclination and he absolutely did not want to admit me to marry the beloved, who was the daughter of a very poor servant.

I and my bride could only see each other on Sundays and that's when we went out to Hermannskogel. Here on this lonely mountain, so beautiful and so little visited, here we were happy, here we exchanged vows and kisses, here we drew strength and courage for the heavy sufferings and all the renunciations that the week imposed on us. Winter or summer, every Sunday we were here. That was when my father died. I had always been tormented by jealousy, because in order to separate myself from her, I had often written anonymous letters accusing the girl of infidelity. I had the idea of finally putting the mistress to the test, and wrote to her the day after my father's funeral that he had lost all his money in the crash and that I was poor, destitute, and needed to make a living. The test was terrible. The very next day I received a letter in which

my beloved assured me of her constant affection, but declared that she would have to give in to her parents' insistence and release me from my word.

I was close to madness. Alone, without any particularly close relatives, without a sympathetic soul, I fled to the Hermannskogel and entrusted my heavy suffering to the trees and the birds, to the shy deer that strayed to me on the Cobenzl and on the ridge of the Kahlenberg. The quiet nature exerted an extremely calming influence on me, and how that came about I don't know - I often stayed there at night and finally I made myself at home here. I sold my business, I gave all my securities to an old farmer's wife of the adjoining village and I also handed in my will to her and I stay here."

"And how long has it been since you have lived here on Hermannskogel?"

"It's been twelve years and I'm very comfortable with it. Every month the farmer's wife comes up, brings me matches, spirit, salt, bread and tea. That's all I need. In winter I have bacon and some rum. I live very happily. I expected the farmer's wife two days ago, but she didn't come and I was already hungry and it is only thanks to this circumstance that I went to the clearing where I always find something, because the workers always leave small scraps of food. I also keep a diary, which will probably be found when I die!"⁷

The tourists listened to the story of the Hermannskogel cave dweller in deep shock. They dug out their backpacks and bags and abundantly provided the man with food, wine, cognac and matches, which he was equally lacking.

"And don't you want to go back to the people?"

"Never again! If the farmer's wife dies or falls ill, a replacement has already been provided for; I am very happy. Gentlemen! I must lead you now, if you still want to get home in time, otherwise you will get lost."

The gentlemen followed the hermit, who led them to the small dirt road and then directed them.

(7) He died on January 4, 1895.

"Adieu, farewell, and don't mind me any further!"

The man stood still for a moment, then quickly turned and walked away.

The branches cracked, the scrawny leaves rustled, then it was quiet and still again on Hermannskogel, and silently the tourists descended the mountain to tell their strange adventure in Vienna.

CHAPTER FOUR

On the Geiselberg

A Weihnacht¹

In the rosy glowing ether the sun had sunk. In the west, the evening redness flamed up to the zenith like a billowing world fire, in whose glowing atmosphere individual purple-gray cloud balls floated, shining at the sharply torn edges like molten copper. Over in the east, in the dawning night sky, heavy leaden-grey clouds piled up, like floating mountain masses serving as a base for other cloud formations, which rose in brighter tones, Their curly, adventurous tangle miraculously formed into a proud castle with towers and battlements, with oriels and boldly curved bridges, enlivened by ghostly shapes of another higher world, of which one can neither say that it is, nor that it is not. These formations resemble the dream, resemble the shine of the sun on the sand of the desert, which the thirsty wanderer from afar takes for water, or for the longed-for oasis on the desert pilgrimage of life. -

Over the rolling hills north of the Marchfeld such a splendid evening sky glowed, flaming like fiery stars through the stately oak forest that crowned the hills and transfigured them with that rich golden green that lends the landscape such spring-fresh charm at the time of the summer solstice. There, at the edge of this oak forest, on a hill terrace, stands an enormous artificial earthen mound, a Stutzkegel (truncated cone), surrounded by three mighty ring ramparts in concentric circles. Many

(1) From the 1893 Scheffel Yearbook.

millennia ago this earthwork, more than fourteen meters high, was piled up by our ancestors' energy and consecrated to that inscrutable power which revealed itself to them only in worship, for it did not correspond to their view of the majesty of the celestials to enclose them between temple walls or to make images of them with human features; therefore only forests and groves, mountain tops and islands surrounded by waves were the places of their worship.

No urging, no mocking, not even the opinion, expressed with the noblest frankness, that I was the most seven-sided mastodon of the highly praised pre-anthropological epoch, helped; all this and much more was of no use, and so they had to give in and let me go wherever I was drawn. But the landlady, too, distinguished me with that peculiar, head-shaking attention, which shows pitiful benevolence and might say something like: "It's not a pity for him forever, he wasn't so bad after all, but his brain mush must have been a bit scorched. Otherwise, how could it please anyone with common sense to spend the night out there on the local mountain today - in this weather - on Solstice Night!

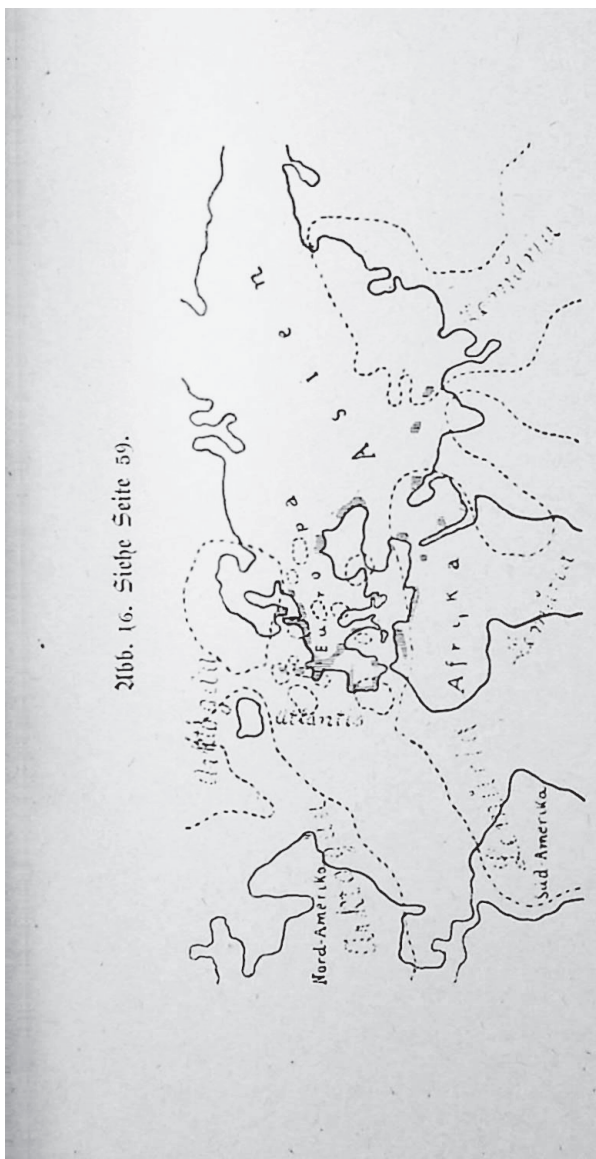
"He has his day again today," said one of my journey companions, while another kindly wished to be my escort, I would like to get to see the most beautiful moon calf, which my predecessors in ghost hunting out there still left for me. I laughed heartily and took leave with the promise to be back dead or alive tomorrow for breakfast.

My plaid thrown over the Sammetflaus (velvet coat), the broad slouch hat pressed pertly on the right ear, whistling a brisk tune on my "burschenpfeife"² down my long path, I strode cheerfully towards the Hausberg, while a servant trotted wordlessly and sullenly behind me, in his armpit a container of horse vomit, in his right arm a solid-handled jug full of wine, in the left hand a basket, filled with foodstuffs and other necessary and pleasant trail items.

They were not so wrong, my fellow students, I really had today - my day.

(2) A lad's pipe

216b. 16. Siehe Seite 59.



Illus. 16. See page 62. The continents in secondary and present time and the distribution of the giant stone structures. The dotted lines indicate the boundaries of the continents in the Jurassic period (according to Neumayr's Geography). The hatched areas indicate the giant stone buildings in: Southern Sweden, Denmark, North German Plain, England, Ireland, Normandy, Brittany, Atlantic coast of the Pyrenean Peninsula, Malaga, Etruria, Algiers, Tripoli, Egypt, Palestine, Attica, Crimea, Pontic Caucasus, Arabia, Persian Gulf, northern India. Note the island drawing in the map, which corresponds to the place mentioned on page 59. Compilation by Dr. Lanz-Liebenfels in issue No. 50 of the excellent journal "Ostara", "Urheimat und Urgeschichte der Blonden heroischen Rasse." ("Ostara", published in Rodann near Vienna, 1911).

But whoever you may be, who reads this small memory sketch of my seeing or hearing, let it be assured to you that such nights, sleepless in a "forest place sanctified by ancestors' consecration and of awe-inspiring age"³, will count this as one of the most holy memories of your life, as a real and right "witching night". Alone with oneself, with a jar full of sparkling wine, with the system full of the bluish-vortex of sense excitement, about to give audience to passed millennia, anticipating coming times at such a highly sacred place of the runes - what a proud thought, what an incomparably sublime feeling! One knows, one feels so free, so detached from the gears of the not always beautiful life with all its petty, paralyzing worries and struggles, the world of thoughts, the world of sensations expands, the imagination awakens and lifts its wings, lifts us, as if we were bodiless in the most blissful high flight far beyond space and time, to see forebodingly worlds of which one can neither say that they are, nor that they are not.

Yes, they were quite right, these good gentleman: I really had today - my day.

Thus, after climbing over the three enormous ring walls, we had arrived at the flat circular area of the Gaiselberg mountain. Apparently, my companion was in a hurry to get out of the spell of the eerie place as quickly as possible. More nimbly than he might otherwise have been, he arranged what he had brought with him for my use during the night. After he had resourcefully dug a small dimple, into which he skillfully lowered the wine jug to prevent the same from tipping over, similarly arranged the rest and finally spread the horse vomit in the middle of the circular area, he excused himself and galloped away, as taciturn as he was hasty - almost in a hurry - away from there, to where he had come from.

I was alone! -

The twilight of dusk had already folded its magical purple-grey veils over the landscape, which had so recently dazzled the eye with its glowing

(3) Tacitus Germania II, chapter 39.

colors. A dull red streak of embers sank westward like a dying fire, the oak forest stood in sharply drawn shadows behind the local mountain, which rose like a mighty throne above the rolling hills. Like magical circles, the three ring walls swung around my point of view, while the reasons for the deed were dimming in the vague gray. The oak forest rushed at my back. It had already come very close to the circular ramparts, yes, its pioneers, the low oak bushes, even climbed over the outer ramparts and ditches in places, and it seemed as if the oak forest, like a besieger, intended to conquer the old Halgadam step by step, in order to win it back from the people who had desecrated and forgotten it.

"Or do you, venerable lineage of the oak, intend to offer me your greeting today, here in the old holy free place? Do you even suspect that I am from the clan of those, who once sanctified Wuotan and Frouwa in hymns, as the most preferred in the crowd of their sacrificers? Do you suspect that I am one of the bards and skalds who found his way home after a thousand years of wandering, out of a thousand years of madness to old father Wuotan, to consecrate sacrifices to him again in the most holy place of healing? And so, old Raunewald, you have guessed such things, so be welcome to me, be my comrade in this Weihnacht with forebodingly joyous and deep drink!"

Then I first filled my goblet with the wine jug, lifted it up, emptying it by two thirds; the rest I poured backwards over the head, thus consecrating the drink to Wuotan's love according to the old custom.

Thus it had become completely night.

The full moon struggled out of the clouds, pouring its pale lights over the valley. The castle of clouds stood out spookily from the dark starry sky; elf-like the three rings of ramparts flickered around me, which seemed to glow with the light of the fireflies and to turn in a whirling round dance, swaying and tilting, around their common center, which formed my location. The magic night began.

This is just the peculiarity of the moonlight, which one grasps only clearly when it immediately follows the sunset and enters with its full

energy into its office of illuminating the night. The magical brilliance of the moonlight, the changing abundance of it, has a magical effect on the mood of the mind, sometimes uplifting, sometimes depressing, sometimes confusing; the emotions change, fluctuating between enthusiasm and despair, and indeterminate like the moonlight itself, which flows on the surface of the earth and allows what is seen to emerge only half from its radiant veils of air, half to be covered by them. What is turned towards this magical source of light flickers in mild clarity, while what is turned away is half visibly veiled and practices goblin-like trickery, changing form. Add to this the wonderfully playing undulations of the water, as well as the charming play of the wind in the lightly moving foliage of the bushes, the often more imagined than seen mobility and changeability of solid forms in their positions and shapes under the influence of the elf light. Thus a magic world unfolds its wonders, whose earthly foundations veil themselves in the mists of light, transform adventurously, and confront man in ghostly figures of uncertain reputation and doubtful color like luminous shadows, disappearing just as easily as dressing themselves in a different garment. This hovering between secure limitation and easy melting into images and figures, this dreamlike chiaroscuro excites the mind of man who surrenders himself to the power of nature, in that it powerfully seizes his soul, exerts a magical force on it and grants the imagination, the fantasy, that unspeakably enchanting scope which, in the light and shadow images, sounds, scents and all the stirrings of a moonlit night, offers innumerable occasions for dreamlike stories.

Don't smile, great benefactor! From the balcony of your country house, from the bench in the city park or even from a cafe in the Ringstrasse, the chaste moonlight cannot be overheard, of course; but if you seriously want to lift its magic veils, then you must flee such places where life pulsates; seek out lonely places where nature alone rules, uninfluenced by the hand of man, withdraw to such contemplation to lonely hilltops, to untrodden islands (such as the Danube offers by the

hundreds) or to a crumbling ruin, and that alone, and you will be able to behold wonders, if otherwise your inner eye is not struck with blindness.

On the height of the Hausberg it was as if I was detached from the life of mankind. No sound of this life penetrated up to me, only a confused buzzing made itself noticeable, a mixture of nature voices in such peculiar tones and sounds, which, ambiguous as it was, was sometimes comparable to distant music, sometimes to the sound of songs, but then again to hunting sounds and hand axes.

I sat like this for a long time, far from people, lonely in the world, enraptured by dreams. Then I took the second deep drink.

The pale silver shining tangle of clouds came closer. Individual wisps of clouds tore themselves loose, as if they had come out of the ghostly cloud castle, to circle in wide rings like the Adel-Aarden Hausberg. Nocturnal animals with many-pointed wings and glittering lights fluttered around the hill with shrill cries, the young oaks seemed to be swaying and leaning to arrange themselves into a round dance and to accompany their actions with whispering song, into which the old oaks joined with roaring choral power.

Then I did the third deep drink.

Rejoicing, my soul joined in the deepest forest chorale of the oaks. Even if there were no words that struck my ear from this intoxicating song, this song spoke a language too clear not to feel the harmony that, despite all apparent disharmonies of being, dissolves in the fullest harmony of the universe.

When the storm rushes through the forest, uprooting the oaks, so that the trunks groan and the tops rustle, that the air whimpers and howls in the depths, then the giant sound of the primeval harp resounds through the gray night, and one hears the primeval song of the Norns, sung at the loom of fate by the weavers of the garment of time.

Such wondrous magic song sounded also now. From the oak-dark forest enclosure the nightingale answered, then from indeterminable

distances floated a roar and noisy song through the long-drawn-out sound and ringing of the winds from the hollow valleys, and again the old Rauschewald of the Gaiselberg with its eternally unsung murmuring song fell in, swelling like a gorge, so that it embraced me as with a thousand arms and I cheered out into the solstice night: "I am aproned and girded⁴, Father of the Worlds, receive me into thy host for everlasting, eternal, blissful deep drink of the blessed! Behold, this fourth cup be thine!" -

A ghostly flicker flitted through the chasing, circling mists that hurriedly encircled the ramparts in wide rings. In the flickering blue light the fog formations created themselves; they condensed into riding warriors with shining breasts, who chased the ramparts in a wide ring; to bright heaps of travelled people, to long rows of strong women. Soon the crowds formed a wide ring around the forgotten Halgadam.

Then I was seized with shuddering horror, but the transformation had taken place, and I had not escaped it. My hat had become a helmet, from which a mighty eagle's flight blew, a scaly shimmering armor enclosed my body, and bulky weapons, the proudest of men's ornaments, were my adornment. My amazement was boundless.

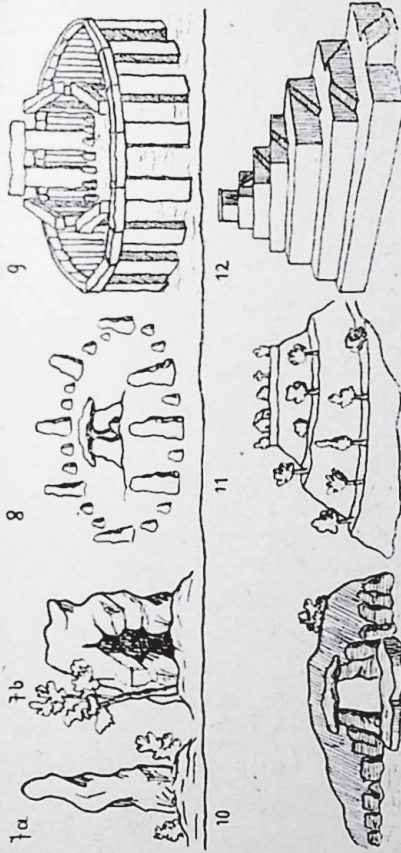
Now the mountain opened at my feet, a noble maiden rose from it and strode toward me. A shining linen robe flowed around her proud body like woven elf light, rose-scented white blossom branches nodded in the golden curls of her waving blond hair. There she stood before me, the Divine-Honor, her large forget-me-not eyes resting inquiringly on me, as if she wanted to ask a great question. I bent my knee, but she gently raised me and said:

"Give me a song, stranger, from far-off days! See there the host prepared for the southward march, to avenge the disgrace on predatory Rome! So sing and tell the song of the adverse she-wolf!"

She handed me the fiddle, which I took. But before I started to sing, I

(4) "Aproned and girded" mythically points to the man who is adorned. The apron of the blacksmith is, like sword and lance, the symbol of a man just as the belt, the spindle, or the shoe, are those of the woman. "Aproned and girded" is an old magic formula, long forgotten in the sense when it was still a proverb.

246b. 17. Siehe Seite 55—59, 42—65.



Illus. 17. Development of the giant stone buildings. 7a. Phallus stone, usually called "bearing stones (Peilsteine)" or "gate stones (Torsteine)". Symbols of the male principle. 7b. Vulven stone, usually called "penny stones (Pfennigsteine)" (=Fenessteine), the natural models of the "dolmens" and symbols of the female principle. 8. stone circle ("Kromlech") in the center of the dolmens. 9. the Germanic sun temple Stonehenge in England, a further development of Fig. 8, according to Lockyer already built in 1680 BC. 10. Passage grave with tumulus. 11. Germanic "Hausberg" (also "Walburg") with modern cemetery in Ober-Gänserndorf, Lower Austria. 12. Babylonian ramp tower from Simprun, (i.e., a Ziggurat) further development of Fig. 11. (Compilation by Dr. Lanz-Liebenfels in issue No. 50 of the excellent journal "Ostara": "Urheimat und Urgeschichte der Blonden heroischen Rasse." ("Ostara" publishing house in Rodaun near Vienna, 1911).

raised my glass goblet; but it too was transformed: a delicious drinking horn I held in my right hand in amazement.

"The drink is for you, dear Hechsa, and for the Minne of Ostara, who are well yourselves!" Thus I spoke and added: "But let me know!"

And the divine seized the horn and drank. Thereupon I lifted it enthusiastically to the mouth, and there I put on the delightful drink, where her lips touched the edge of the runes. There I did the most delightful drink of life ever tasted by a mortal.

Like liquid rose embers the fire source of the wine flowed through my blood, rose clouds blew around me, through whose rosy fragrance I resounded, as the divine smiled blissfully at me.

Full of high enthusiasm I lifted the fiddle to my chin. The storm that raged in my breast sounded out in fiery tones such as I had never heard before, and rejoicing and despairing again, rejoicing and wistfully lamenting, a song sprang from my heart, a song that was my soul itself, which poured forth like a glowing stream of roses. I sang of Balder and Nana, of Frey and Gerda, of Zeizzo the Beautiful, and of Ostara the Homage; I sang of the blissful first kiss and of the pain of separation; I sang of the wild sorrow of the lonely, of the heart yearning for love, of all that burns my breast in the most blissful sorrow, in the most blissful longing. Then I sang of the hope of the one who conquers the pain of separation, who longs for a second springtime of love, and found soothing consolation in song, which I consecrated to the love of the aging Wuotan to the glorious Rinda, from which love a new spring had blossomed for him and the world in the promise of the eighteenth rune.

I concluded this chant with the stanza of the runic song, which is thus reads:

The eighteenth I will never eternally
Tell to a woman or a girl;
It forms the best resolution of the songs,
Which only one of all knows,
Except the woman that embraces me,
And is wife and sister to me.

The most blissful hope had filled my breast with superhuman delights, and transfigured, I, happy singer, saw how the travelled warriors became more serious, the gracious women shot more luminous glances, and the divine herself, powerfully seized by the song, looked upward with moist eyes. Her elfin arms crossed above her breast, her eye became ever more brilliant and spoke of pride and woe.

"Come, O come!" she breathed from her high throbbing bosom, and led me into the interior of the Hausberg.

Slowly and silently we descended many white steps to where a glittering hall arched. Framed by walls shining in magical blue light, a shining high seat rose on high steps; on it lay crown and sword, also the purple of a rich king. I looked around with astonished eyes.

There, the fair one had wrapped her arm around my neck, her hot kisses burned on my lips, which sought hers in a demanding way. -

Like a roll of thunder, a long-drawn horn call suddenly sounded through the hall, so that the floor trembled and the walls seemed to shake. With a startled pale the Hechsa pushed me rudely from her, but then she seized me again by the wrist and called out in a voice quivering with pain:

"Alas, you wretch! What have you done! Woe upon me, poor beguiled one, that I heard thee! Had you given me the song I desired, this throne would have been yours! Now I must sleep again a thousand years!"

Lamenting, she turned away and buried her face in her hands, sobbing.

"Divinity!" I cried in dismay, "explain this riddle!"

A heavy sigh escaped her bosom, then she lowered her arms, grave dignity poured out over her being, coupled with mild grief.

"So hear!" she said, and raised herself high, the forgetful stars of her eyes resting reproachfully on me. Then she began:

"The eternal Aesir, the wise wizards of the world's fate, rode to the council to consider how wisely to turn the adverse plight of the never-withering tree; for more of the worms than all of you know are gnawing at the root marrow of the world's ash tree. One of the worms was Roma,

the predatory she-wolf, so the victory-giving Aesir sent this whirring sword, the splendid purple, the powerful crown to Odacher once, to pay the choking enemy wrath-flaming revenge in the wafting champion's fire. But Odacher, lamentable, forgot the gods, the princely duty, then the blessing vanished from him, vanished crown and sword, together with high seat and purple. And all this sank in the salvaging shaft of the highly sacred Hausberg and will only rise when a champion-brave fighter rises again, who is powerful enough to eradicate the thread that enviously gnaws the marrow in the roots of the sublime family tree of the people of the Germans!"

"But you sang only of love, of sorrowful harm, and beguiled me foolishly with creeping flattery! Woe to you, who did not find "the right word in the right place at the right time!" Woe! and woe again! Missed is the hour by a thousand years!"

I stood devastated. "Missed! Missed by a thousand years!" resounded within me. The call of the army horn resounded anew with a terrible swell. Covering her head, the Hechsa strode up the white steps. Then I was seized by a terrible rumbling fury, wild sorrow was stirring in my harmless heart.

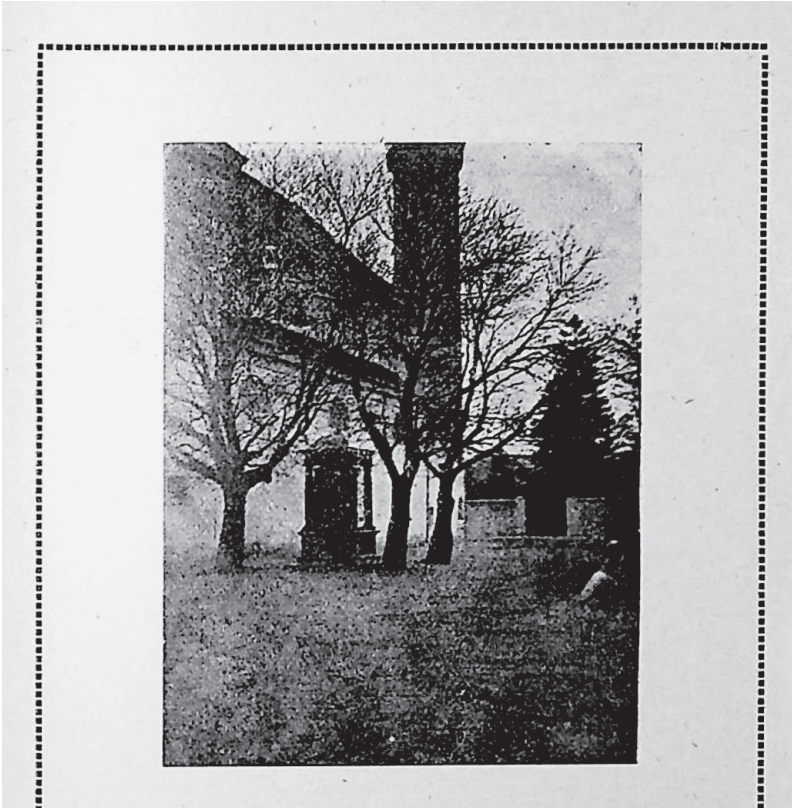
"Divinity!" I cried, "Now advised so well, do not let me go back! Clothed and armored thou seest me, fairest, let me follow the track of friendly Freya, let me sink in the bosom of this blissful mountain, thus avoiding the fate of Tannhäuser."

Then the blissful goddess turned to me with a shining smile with the words:

"The hour is missed by a thousand years, but know that your wish is granted. But the people of the Germans need the skald, therefore return home to the domestic hearth, where you will again find Fensal's⁵ joys; such promises the kind Goddess! Hope and wait, sing and say, as Bragi the Bard has done so well!"

Then for the third time the bugle call resounded so that it thundered

(5) The hall in Freya's castle "Folkvangr"; equivalent to the medieval Venusberg.



Illus. 18: See page 74: The Marienbründl near the pilgrimage church in Mariabrunn near Vienna. According to legend, the miraculous image of Mary was found in the well in 1042. Here Pope Pius VI took leave of Emperor Joseph II on April 22, 1782. (From a photograph by Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels.)

through the swaying hall. Still the honor beckoned and soared. Staggering, I rushed after the divine, up the white steps. Then thunder rolled over the house mountain and with a rumbling crash the gate, from which I just stepped, closed.

But the moon had half veiled itself. Howling, the furious storm raged around the lonely hill, while the long rows of the ghostly crowds took to the skies with a plaintive wailing sound, in order to reenter the cloud castle from which they had come. The noble Hechsa, too, dissolved into whitish fragrance and floated toward the darkening battlements of the ghostly castle in the sky.

I stood shaken, confused.

"Missed the hour by a thousand years!"

A deep sigh escaped my chest and already tormenting doubts seized me, but then suddenly the memory of the Hechsa promise dawned. Had I been granted Fensal's joys as a bard and a skald!

"Heilo, old boy, Hoiho!" This prophecy of the kind Goddess deserves a blissful malt drink!

With a joyful whoop, I reached for the drinking horn. But my hand now held the cut glass goblet again. Only then did I realize how my transformation back had already taken place.

The moon had become completely invisible and the long-awaited thunderstorm now began to unload in terrible magnificence.

Lightning flashed, thunder roared and dense darkness enveloped the local mountain. Without a lock, the thunderstorm rain threw immeasurable amounts of wet clouds from the sky, it rushed and surged as if the Flood was approaching. It was necessary to protect my wine jug from dilution, because I prefer to enjoy Sinnreger's flood of foam undiluted. In the absence of other aids, my slouch hat was intended to shield the wine jug. Over my ivory shining bald head, however, I pulled my plaid like a hood, in order to continue to defy the weather, since I had to hold out at my post until morning.

And so I drank many a cup until the jug was exhausted and no longer

knew how to answer repeated inquiries. The last and most consecrating deep drink, however, I had consecrated in joyful memory to "Her"⁶, "Her" who, according to the Goddess' promise, will grant me Fensal's joys.

"He is really and truly mad!" my friends had said when I had sat down with them at the breakfast table at the appointed hour. But I smiled silently to myself, for the fair, rosy enchantress Freya's promise had lulled me into waking dreams and made me thoroughly forget my surroundings as well as my wet clothes.

(6) Her! To my dear Anna, who became my beloved wife in 1899, just as the Divine announced to me.

CHAPTER FIVE

Eburodunum and Odin's Valley¹

Rarely does the mythological landscape picture correspond to the picture that the same landscape presents today, for the last two thousand years have not passed without leaving their mark even on those areas that are now still fanned by forest coolness. The modern overgrown forest has taken the place of the thinner primeval forest, or huge growths of vines hang where before the sacred virgin forest grew mightily; also the plow often fears the stones, where, in those days, the sun god's sacred boars grew strong. But in such cases it is still easy to conjure up the old forest splendor with the gaze of the inner eye and to see images from the youth of our people, which are not unlike those that surround us in mature manhood, when we think back to the nursery, and dreamed our own life's dawning.

But when from the formerly wooded sanctuary all greenery has given way, when rows of walls and buildings run over the hallowed ground and the pavement covers the same with an eternally rigid crust, then it is difficult to think of such places again decorated by the forest, especially since the design of the ground has become a different one and the overall ancient picture can hardly be reconsidered, let alone surveyed. And therefore it is good that the old names in the course of the broad language stream still use some seemingly incomprehensible word formations of our

(1) First published: Vienna, *Deutsche Zeitung*, 1890.

today's place names, just as possibly in a boulder of marble, which lies in a sand bank, where an unrecognizably ground off fragment of an old god-statue hides itself.

That is why today we speak of Ptolemy's Eburodunum and Odin's Valley, instead of Brno, and the lovely and charming Adam's Valley.

Brno - a mythological landscape?! Brno, the city of "Brno markets" and "trouser fabrics", would be able to fit into a poetic frame? Who in the world would have ever gone to Brno for pleasure, like to Salzburg or Innsbruck?

But it is not the purpose of this description to deal with that, although it may be casually asserted that the lovely Brno with its neat ring road is worth visiting by those who have nothing to do on the Brno market days.

This is only by the way; modern Brno is too remote for us today, with its Adamstal, which is full of railroad tracks.

At the time when the glittering Carnuntum on the Danubius was still unbroken - "reflected complacently in the river" - at the time when the Roman Limes still ran along the right bank of the river, at the time when Brno was still called Eburodunum, its circumference was still very small and roughly corresponding to today's Old Brno, of irregular shape with rounded corners; the original form of all old settlements. Firewalls may have girdled it, outside of them, to the south and east, grain fields waved, to the west and north, however, the mighty primeval forest folded its fir-green forest mantle around the fortified Eburodunum, which later sank down to the suburb, as mightier fortified buildings on its side grew out of the ground, in and around which the later Brno was grouped. This is a frequently repeated phenomenon. Above the beehive-like huts woven from willow, which were covered with clay inside and out and painted with a bright varnish-like coating, two healing or temple sites rose from the forest, one dedicated to Wuotan, the other to Donar. The former still bears the old name " (Spielberg) Spilberk Castle", but the latter is now called "Saint Peter's" and is the cathedral church of Brno.

It is a fact known to every mythologist that the old temple sites were mostly transformed into castles or churches, retaining their old warlike character. Where the sanctuary gave way to a church, a Christian saint was placed in opposition to the Germanic god worshipped there, who usually took over its attributes, even its mystique, transformed into a legend. Thus from Odin's sanctuaries mostly Michael's churches grew, from Thor's sanctuaries, however, Peter's churches. Therefore, even today, when it thunders, St. Peter is bowling in the sky, according to the opinion of ancient folk belief, hence the numerous folk tales of the wanderings of Christ with Peter and their adventures, which all applied to the journeys of Odin with his son Thor.

Similar "metamorphoses of the gods" shall occupy us still in further consequence, particularly since each old Germanic god was replaced according to his different qualities also by different Christian saints. This is not a coincidence, but well-founded by the letters of Pope Gregory the Great, which was written to the abbot Mellitus of Canterbury, in which it is expressly read: "Tell Augustine, to which conviction I have come after long contemplation about the conversion of the English, that one should not destroy the idolatrous churches of that people, but only destroy the idols inside, sprinkle the building with holy water, build altars and put relics in it. For if those churches are well built, they must be changed from idolatry to the true worship of God, so that the people, when they do not see their churches destroyed, may heartily put away their delusion, recognize the true God, and all the more gladly assemble in the places where they were accustomed. And because the people used to slaughter many oxen at their idol sacrifices, this custom must also be transformed into some Christian solemnity. So on the day of the consecration of the church or on the memorial day of the holy martyrs whose relics are laid down in their churches, they should make huts of tree branches around the former idol church, celebrate the feast day with religious banquets, no longer sacrifice animals to the devils (i.e. Wuotan, Donar, Loki), but slaughter them for food in praise of God, thereby thanking the Giver of all things for their satiety, so that, leaving them some outward pleasures,

they may become all the more inclined to inward pleasures. For to cut off everything at once from raw minds is no doubt impossible, because even he who wants to climb to the highest level reaches the heights by treading and stepping, but not by leaping." (Mone, Franz Josef. *Geschichte des Heidenthums*, Bd. II, 105.; probably originally quoted from Bede.)

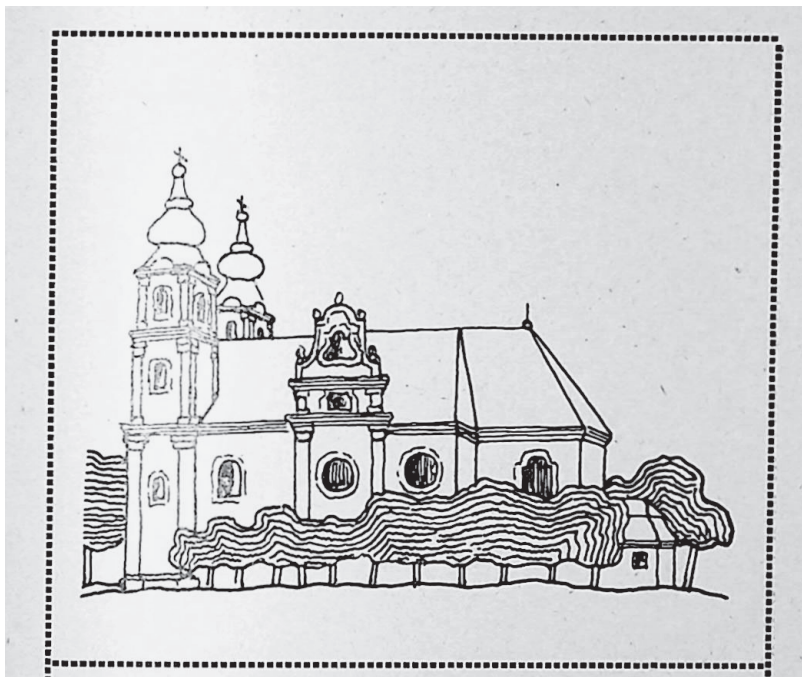
Thus in the smaller hill, which carries today the cathedral church of Brno, the place would be found, which was sanctified once to the red-bearded thunderer.

This assumption is opposed, as is quite natural, by another one, namely that of the Slavists. The latter claims: "In the distant past, when Christianity began to spread its mild wings over the Slavic people and the baptism of our fathers was taken from paganism, two pious, godly men, Cyril and Methodius, whom Moravia still venerates as its patron saints, came from the Far East (863), sent by Emperor Michael, to strengthen the faith of the people and to proclaim to them the doctrine of salvation. They were overthrown, the idols greedy for human sacrifices hideous structures; and from the remains of the temple of Krasopani (the Venus of the Slavs) rose at Cyril's behest a gloriously high house of God, from whose wide halls now floated up to the stars the hymn of praise of the only true." (Schmidt, Brünns Umgebung. 1855.)

As "beautifully" as this is said, it is untrue. The church dedicated to St. Peter already proves the falsity of this Slavic assertion, because no male saint replaced a female deity or vice versa.

But just as for reasons of mythology the hypothesis of the sanctuary of Krasopani here on the site of St. Peter's is untenable, so for historical reasons the Cyril-Methodian legend must be rejected.

With the Romans, the last remnants of early Christianity left the country around 470 (St. Severin), namely that Christianity which was friendly to the Romans and hostile to the Germans, and which was opposed to Arianism, to which most Germanic tribes paid homage. On the other hand, the Goths had been won over to Roman Christianity, Catholicism, very early by Bishop Wulfila, who had a preparatory effect on the Quades as a tribe related and neighboring to them. Still today the



Illus. 19. see page 74. pilgrimage church of Maria-Dreieichen in Lower Austria.

godfather of the German-Austrians is called Gothe (Godel, Göd); a very significant linguistic monument. However, the belief in Odin and Thor was still too firmly rooted in the people to be so easily shaken. When Ruppert had founded the Salzburg church, apostles came again to the old Quadensitze in today's Moravia. Emmeran, Erchanfried, Otgar, Virilo and many others were sent from Salzburg. But it was only under Salzburg's first bishop Arno that Christianization was systematically pursued. The chronicle of Lorch mentions the Passau bishop "Reginhar" as the apostle of the Moravians in 818. That was long before Cyril and Methodius, who were called by the faithless vassal Rastiz. And this not only in Brno alone, because also the churches of Olomouc, Iglau, Kathrein and others date back to pre-Cyril-Methodius times.

"And even if," said the author of the Quadenwerk, Professor Kirchmayr, on occasion of a lecture, "and even if our time wants to baptize the children on Cyrill and Methodius, instead of on Oswald or Leonhard, imposes Methodius as church patron on the congregations, forms Cyrille and Methude from Petrus and Paulus paintings, it is all of no use, German churches, names, books, patrons have left too many traces in the country for more than a thousand years that they could be covered up as easily as that!"

As far as the Spielberg is concerned, the word "Spiel", which can mean spindle², the badge of the Wuotan priestesses, the Norns, points to the mighty sanctuary of the king of the gods together with all his gods' retinue of male and female gender, based on the all-encompassing holiness, as we have often found such. Not only the holy fountain of youth at today's Franzensburg, but also the subterranean passages and dungeons of the Spielberg itself, which in the course of time expanded into those ghastly dungeons that gave the Spielberg such a ghastly reputation, are right for this. But also the river names Weißache (Zwitawa) and Schwarzache (Schwarzawa), so characteristic of such great sanatoriums, are found here again, as the mythical opposites of light and darkness, of

(2) Spindle stones are bearing stones; see Illus. 17 and pages 50-66.

life and death.

And from the Wuotan valley the white river of life, the Weissache, foams.

Let's start the hike towards these white foaming waters. There are not yet any bare railroad tracks winding through the gorge, nor is there a road blasted through the rocks; an artlessly trodden path, cleared only by the mule's hoof, leads into the forest. Dense forest rushes around us.

The stallions laboriously work their way through the undergrowth. The trunks press closer and closer together, growing in height and girth as if in gloomy glory. Long gray-green bearded moss rolls down from the spreading branches; a landmark of venerable age. In between, younger trunks become visible, entwined with climbing weeds, so that many a young forest sapling, bent by the weight of rampant vines, bows to the ground. Freely rising slender leaf pillars shine, transparently shone, in the golden-green light and blow like Iduna's veil in front of the fir-serried forest depths. Huge ferns, weeds and leafy plants, thistles and grasses crowd in with elemental force, entangling the ground with impenetrable networks and climbing over wildly fantastic wind breaks. To the side, glimpses open up to higher forest spaces, narrow clearings alternate with gloomy twilights. Only now and then a torn blue glances through the darkness, as if it were scraps of the firmament that the wind happened to let flutter in. The murmur of the white brook becomes more roaring, more roaring - it announces the proximity of the deity!

Blocks of stone rise from the bed of the forest stream, its white waters roar foamingly over it. Bluish-gray rocks stretch upward from the piney grounds, at the foot of which the roaring Weissache splashes in numerous cataracts, and the dark anemone-colored moss banks are seeded with glittering brilliant dew. Bold, multi-pronged rocky ridges rise from the gorges. Overhanging the forest floor, broadly articulated walls rise up, illuminated by flashing sunlight, interrupted by torn-apart crevices and fissures of violet twilight shadows or by night-dark mouths of eerie caves.

There arches the Odin's cave and up there the Frouwa's grotto; today, of course, the former is called the Becziskala or Byciskala, the latter the

Evagrotte. Here - in the sense of the Gregorian letter quoted above - Wuotan and Frouwa were replaced by Adam and Eve. The Slavs displacing the Teutons again changed the names; he called the Adam's Cave Becziskala after the gurgling (Slavic: ebcite) sound of its invisible waters. Later explorers named it Bycziskala, which means bull rock cave, after a small bronze figure found here, which represented a bull, and based a Slavic bull cult on it.

Rugged rock walls tower up. A portal-like entrance to Wuotan's rock palace opens up. Twilight shadows waft around us. Only gradually does our gaze penetrate the wide dome-like vault. Wedge-like fissured rock hovers menacingly at our heads, as if ready to fall; in between, yawning cavernous chasms below, above, on all sides. These are passages that led to other halls, but below, the waters gurgle in a frightening groan.

This Wuotan cave still holds important information from prehistoric times.

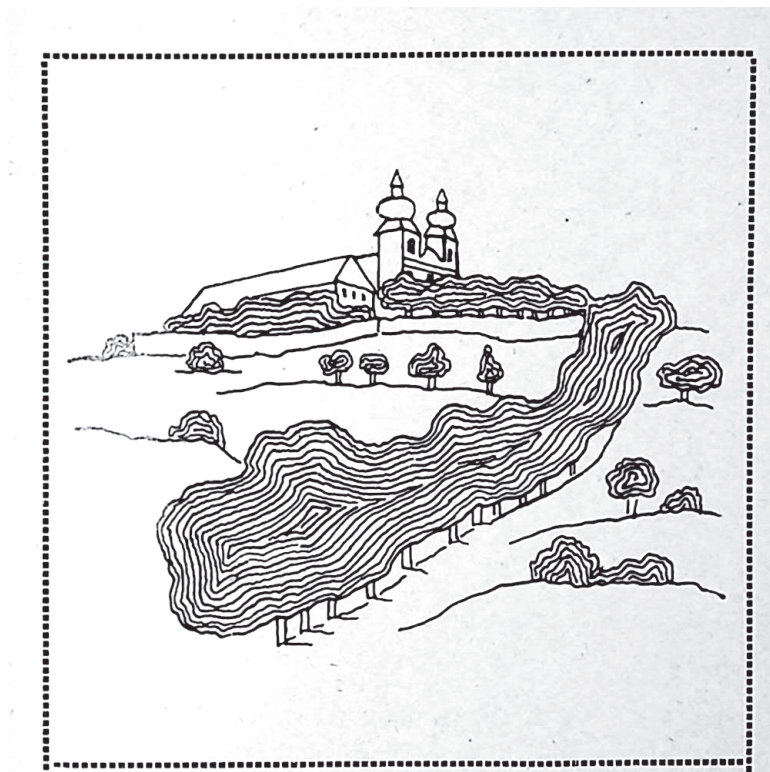
It served many purposes, both as a place of worship, as a burial place and then again as a forge. But we are immersed in the myths, and there we see Wuotan's stone seat, and we see him asleep in the hall thundering with weapons. His head has sunk down and his gray beard has grown through the tabletop; he has already wound himself six times around the foot of the table, he has reached the seventh rounding, then the time has come when the battle will be fought on the Walser heath.-----

To the right of the entrance to this cave, a few hundred steps up in the crevice, another room opens, called the "stone hall" or the "temple", in almost Gothic - shapes.

The name of the temple is also worth noting.

And there are many other caves in this valley area. But we move on, far through valley bottoms and rocky turmoil.

Again, wild crevasses pile up, surrounded by dark pine green. Through the "barren valley" and the "dry valley" we climb a rocky mountain. At the top, a horrible crater-like maw opens up; this is the Macocha Abyss. In spite of the Slavic name, the myth of Wuotan surrounds us here, because it is as closely connected with the magnificent



*Illus. 20. See page 74. The pilgrimage church of Maria-Taferl
in Lower Austria.*

scenes of nature as it is with the soul of the Germanic people.

Once Wuotan's army may have left and entered here, and even today the people know how to show the way that the lightning takes down into the gorge during every thunderstorm. But this is forgotten, because the Slav calls the gorge Macocha, which means stepmother. It is said that once a stepmother, in order to steal her sons' inheritance, threw him into this ravine, which is more than 500 shoes deep. The boy was rescued, and out of remorse she jumped down herself.

Inaccessible from all sides, this terrible crater yawns upward; once the heights of this mountain valley had collapsed and left behind that maw.

Further we move through this hardly beautiful rock labyrinth. Once again, the forest wraps its green mantle around us as if to call out to us a cheerful "Weidmannsheil", but distant droning and flickering firelight distract our senses from the joyful hunt to other things.

A clearing opens before us and black is the ground, sooty the sad forest giants. Naked, sooty figures with tangled head and beard hair surround the clay crucible there to prepare iron. These are the iron smelters and iron forges, in the Lunae silva, of which already C. Ptolemy reports and expressly testifies that in the country of the Quades iron is won. And this is near Blansegge, which the Slavs spoiled with the name Blansko, where the Moravian iron industry can look back on an age of many thousands of years.

This is beyond the scope of a mythological landscape picture and yet probably not really. "Man created his gods in his own image," and where we observe humanity, there soon enough we find the red thread that leads us to the myth.

The iron smelters here, who have filled the pit with charcoal and tirelessly kindle its embers with blowpipes, in order to bring the ore in the crucible to the melting point, these iron smelters, have they not bound Loki, the fire god, and force him, now to servitude?

Loki, the guileful, limping adviser of the gods, who was finally captured and bound for the sake of his mischief advice, is just the tamed fire, which "becomes terrible when it is unbound!" And that is why the

blacksmiths, the ancient fire god's sacrificers, are still today, through popular belief, considered to be versed in sorcery, and play those sinister roles in legend and myth. A noteworthy feature of all blacksmith sagas, however, is that the devil (Loki) is usually the bruised one whom the blacksmith outwits. And this is a fine trait of the myth. The devil (Loki) is subservient to him, that is, the tamed fire is the assistant of the blacksmith, without whom he would be powerless. But the fire is always lurking to break the fetters and to ruin the blacksmith, who, however, is well on his guard and clever enough to thwart all malicious attempts of his deceitful assistant.

We moved on again through the green of the forest. It became brighter and more golden, the sun gazed kindly down through the rustling branches; the scent of linden blossoms wafted flatteringly around us - around us? I sat alone on a bench of one of the many winding park paths between whispering poplar willows, blossoming linden trees and the trembling hanging leaves of slender, white-barked birches. In the park, on the slope of the Spielberg, whose interior holds such terrible secrets forever, the breeze of blackthorn and lilac fanned so mildly today, such friendly sunshine flickered on the bushes, that I, forgetting the present, had sunk dreamily into the tide of noisy millennia.

But the park path looked somewhat different since the moment when I felt the present disappear around me, lost in a dream. I felt almost anxious, because the legend of the ghost church came to my mind, where the enraptured only returns after a hundred years.

When I sat down on the bench here in the morning, elderly gentlemen and no less elderly ladies were enjoying themselves very gracefully in the friendly greenery of the park; but now - the sun was already on the other side about to say "good night" - I was delighted to see only young ladies and gentlemen walking around in cheerful conversation, and the birds were singing and luring each other so merrily that the bright moon, which hovered like a feathery cloud above the Spielberg, seemed to take the warmest pleasure in it.

And there I saw Brno's beautiful women.

Some of them were slender, tall, finely structured, with light blond hair and shining, flashing blue eyes; figures such as Eburodunum's women might once have shown. A faint suspicion arose in me that the gold-robed king's maiden Pipara might have looked like this, whom Caesar Gallienus raised to the Caesar's throne, for whose possession he gave away a good part of Pannonia. This was a hard blow for the vanity of the Roman women; a barbarian as Domina Augusta! Did Pipara, the golden-curved royal child, also once walk here?

How we see them coming and going, the beautiful Brno women! Most of them are lovely in face and in the expression of their eyes, beautiful hair and all of them have a stately step. They also seem to be of good disposition. Others, however, are full and richly endowed by nature, with dark eyes and dark hair. These are the Slavic women and the daughters of Zion. Both of them are dangerous, especially since at this very moment the noble Silvio Pellico, whose name is so closely connected with that of Spielberg, whispered to me: "I love my fatherland with passion, but I hate no other people!"

But since such cosmopolitan tendencies are ill-suited to a mythological landscape painter, I wrapped myself in my Germanic consciousness and left the seductive magic groves of Spielberg.

A nightingale just struck its fullest note, the thrushes fluted sweetly, and the sparrows hopped around in the bushes.

CHAPTER SIX

The Hermit of Hohenstein and Rothenkreuz¹

(Jihlava, Czech Republic)

There, where the imperial road, leading from Vienna to Prague after crossing the border between Moravia and Bohemia, reaches the friendly village of "Rothenkreuz", which belongs to the German-speaking island of Iglau [today Jihlava, Czech Republic], stands an ancient gray stone column carved out of gneiss, which in its beautiful ancient form, like a reminder of long-lost times, towers over into our days as an apparently silent hieroglyph. It shows neither picture nor writing, but clear characteristics that it once carried such markings. But at what time this stone pillar was robbed of its markings is difficult to fathom, although it can be assumed that such mutilation was not accidental. But that is why it did not fall silent, because it bears the ancient, Aryan name "ruotkreuz", which has been preserved in the place name "Rothenkreuz" until today [as of 2023 there is no record of this town or monument; further research using pre-1919 maps is required], and therefore speaks a very eloquent language to those who know it, especially when this venerable admonisher is not only a reminder of the past, but also a reminder of the future, especially when this venerable admonisher of old-Aryan wisdom calls upon the highly significant place names as well as the mysterious

(1) First published: Deutscher Volkskalender des Bandes der Deutschen Nordmährens, Olmütz 1905.

architectural monuments of his surroundings and not least the much beloved Frau Saga to bear witness in order to corroborate events of the most distant prehistoric times, in the possibility of which farsighted men of the present time try to prevent the advancement of our German people with all means of sophistry and occasional falsification of documents.

And so, in spite of all German enemies and opposition, what this ancient "Ruotkreuz" (today Radkreuz, in English the Wheel-cross) announces to the knowing, may be recorded on the following sheets as tidings of the prehistoric times, as a testified wisdom of the faithful rule of the skalds of Wuotan on our primordial holy Aryan-Germanic Ruot-Art-Land (wheel-way-land).

One of the most terrible periods in the history of the German language island of Iglau was near its creation. In the battle of Lipau and Bohemian Brod, on May 30, 1434, the Hussites were defeated to the point of annihilation by Meinhart von Neuhaus; most of the army covered the Walfeld, and since the two Hussite commanders, the Prokopes, had also fallen, the Hussites split up and dissipated, although a remnant of them remained on Mount Tabor until 1455, from where they besieged the country. Their power was broken, however, and gradually peace returned to the hard-pressed German community in the country. The German area of Iglau with its eighty-one German-speaking communities emerged unbroken from this race war raging against Germanism, and that is why July 5, 1436 was a day of joy for all the inhabitants of this language island, when the Diet, meeting in Iglau, declared the Hussite war over.

A band of well-armed men had marched down the road from Iglau in the most joyful mood and had split off from a few of their comrades at every country road that led to the individual villages or farms, likewise in Pfauendorf, and had now arrived at the Radkreuz, where again a band separated to take the country road to Schrittenz, while the others followed the road to Stecken. Only two men, after saying goodbye to the other hikers, remained at the Wheelcross stone column.

These two, fundamentally different in their clothing, otherwise resembled each other like brothers; both were giant warrior figures, blue-

eyed with flowing blond hair and just as broad beards. But while the one wore the costume of the rich, free peasant, the broad hat and the leather knee breeches with the red gusset, the other seemed to be a monk, for he wore a capuchin habit, without the usual insignia of such a monk, for neither the rosary hung in front of his belt, nor was this belt a rope, rather, it was a dignified belt made of brown leather, on which, next to the pocket, a short broadsword - a so-called ox tongue - made itself known in a threatening manner, so that it must have been clear to everyone how this "seltzsame Münnich" man would certainly not voluntarily turn his right cheek to anyone who would strike him on the left.

The surroundings of the Wheelcross and the monument itself presented a very different picture than today. Dense forest stood on both sides of the narrow, unkempt road, but just next to the Wheelcross column stretched a considerable farmstead, in which diligently cultivated fields enclosed a spacious courtyard, the Ruotkreuzhof, or Wheelcross estate, while on its borders a few small cottages appeared almost built into the forest for the workers belonging to the farmstead. The wide courtyard was surrounded by a solid wall, made of quarry stones, in which a very peculiar symbol was walled in by eight bricks. Five bricks stood side by side in intervals of brick thickness, which were edged on two horizontally laid bricks, while the eighth brick stood vertically again at the bottom and seemed to carry the upper seven.²



This brick symbol was called the "Donnerbesen" or Thunder-Broom and it meant that the owner of the farm was a "throne lord" of the "Holy Feme", whose sign was the "Wheel Cross", which was therefore also called

(2) See G.-L.-B No. 5, "Pictorial Writing of the Ario-Germanic People," pp. 267 and 334, Fig. 798.

the "Wheel-Land- Column" (Ruotlands-Saule)³.

This stood therefore also at the border of the Wittek homestead, who sat as "proprietor" on the "Wheel Cross Estate" he was entitled to inherit and therefore was also the "inheritor" of the Castle on the Hohenstein,

(3) When the Saxon duke Widukind was defeated by the Frankish king Charles in the thirty-three-year struggle for German faith and German law, the followers of Odinism, among them primarily the Armanen as the Odinic priests, withdrew, and took the now outlawed German faith and law into the "secret eight" of the "fem" (five) fingers of the sword hand closed into a fist, which secret connection was therefore called the "holy feme". Their most sacred sign was the "guerel" (whorl), also called "ruot cross" or "wheel cross", which was not a Christian sign of the cross, but an Odinist sign of salvation. This Wheelcross was an isosceles cross, whose arms with rim-like bent hooks within a circle represented itself, symbolically designated the ancient tool for fire production, the whisk.



It was the symbol of religion and law, and in the Peasants' War it was the flag of the rebellious peasants. In order to protect themselves from persecution, they had secret signs and gave words a different meaning and spoke in such a way that only those who should and were allowed to understand it could understand it. One such sign was the "thunder broom", which in the secret language meant: "thunar besen" ("do right the wicked"), namely "judge the wicked". It consisted of two signs, namely the upper five (fem) bricks (tegel), and meant as 'Fem tegel' = "Fem secret". The lower sign from the three bricks symbolized a "hammer" and meant in the secret meaning: "ham ar", namely the "Heimatsrecht" or "Landrecht", which was called again "Ruotland" or "Roland" with secret meanings. Therefore, the old German "Irminsul" or "Irminsäulen" later became Ruotkreuzen or Ruotkreuzsäulen also Rolandsäulen, which were markers of the secretly cherished and maintained land rights, and have nothing in common with the legendary paladin Roland of the Frankish king Charles. They were the signs of rebellion against the forcibly introduced Roman law and were therefore furiously persecuted. Therefore, when a city or municipality lost its independence, the first thing to do was to overthrow the Roland pillar and deny the defeated their own jurisdiction. The Ruotkreuz pillars - since they were Roland pillars - were also overthrown or at least deprived of their markings. The people of the country, however, who clung tenaciously to Germanism and its rights, knew how to help themselves. They erected wooden crosses in Christian shape, even crucifixes, in place of the fallen old wheelcrosses, and painted them with "red color" to remind those in the know of the old "Ruot cross" through this color sense. The "red color" had already long since become the color of law, precisely as a result of that color sense (color symbolism), since "Ruot" (red) meant "law"; just think of the red coat of the executioner. Thus also the "Ruotkreuzsäule" to "Rotenkreuz" kept exactly in this way forcibly lost its old marks, which consisted just in that "Ruotkreuz" and possibly in still other Fem or signs. In the square panels above the capital of the Rotkreuz column, which, as said, do not show any writing and no picture, one can still clearly see the bracket holes in which those pictorial signs were once embedded.

which lay hidden deep in the forbidden forest, whose Fem- and Fraisszeichen meant just the "Wheel Cross".

So the two of them stood together, talking about the events of today, and hardly noticed how the shadows gradually lengthened and the sun's glow reddened, announcing the imminent onset of darkness.

"You shall never go home to the holy grove on Hohenstein⁴ today, Kalawiß, it will soon be night; you shall spend the night with me." Thus said the Ruothof farmer Wittek, pointing to the sinking sun and looking over to his yard, from which a female figure was coming towards the two men. Therefore he added: "There she is already, my Marget, she will forbid you to go home".

Then the hermit laughed brightly and said: "Is something done simply because your landlady Marget commands it?"

"You should know them better, the power of women, Kalawiss," said the Ruothof farmer laughing, "you know how the old mountain man himself ducks when Frau Holle lifts her woman's shoe."

"But I am Hagestalde!"⁵ returned the hermit, laughing again; but by then the Ruothof farmer's wife Marget had approached the two, embraced and kissed her husband heartily, then faithfully held out her hand to the hermit and, shaking his right hand vigorously, said to him: "Happy welcome, hermit! - Come to the mead hall and tell us about the Thing⁶ at Iglau."

But the hermit refused and said that he had to go home to the garden on the Hohenstein. But the Ruothof farmer's wife did not want to accept this. Therefore she took the hermit by the right hand and quickly pulled the short broadsword out of his scabbard, which she quickly hid in her clothes, laughing and saying: "This is woman's right, I have seized you; now come in and win back your fencing iron with 'etun jah drungkun'⁷

(4) "Sacred grove," which surrounded the "Halgadom (sanctuary, temple site) of Wuotan," and still today, next to Wheel-Cross-Hof, surrounds this well-preserved ancient healing site.

(5) or , Hagestolz (a holy man)

(6) Landgeding, Landtag, modern "parliament", or law-making meeting.

(7) "Essen und Trinken", simply "food and drink"

with good news and old tales. Come in!" And with that she dragged the laughing struggling man laughing into the courtyard, followed by the no less happily laughing hof owner.

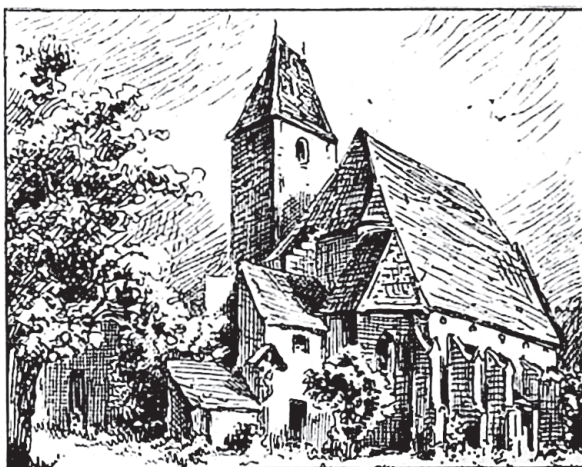
Inside the parlor, where the benches and chests and the large square table stood against the walls, the children, farmhands and maidens of the Ruotkreuzhof were already gathered, waiting for the returning farmer to take supper. The Ruothof farmer's wife led her guest to the place of honor next to Wittek's armchair, whereupon she thrust Einsiedel's impounded broadsword into the wainscoting above her seat, saying: "When the sun was setting, I captured you, Einsiedel; when the sun is rising, I will give you back your freedom with your sword; now be at ease as our dear guest." With that she handed him a kraussen⁸ full of mead to drink, and in honor of him she gave him the first drink of it, saying: "Wohl bekomm's trinkt Heil!"

The hermit raised the kraussen to his mouth and made a deep drink from it, after he had spoken to Marget that he wanted to consecrate this drink to her as his prison guard. Now Wittek broke off a large piece of bread from the loaf, which he also offered to his guest, who also enjoyed it under mutual greetings and blessings, after which everyone sat down at the table and eagerly ate the food that had been served.

After the meal was finished and the cups - in honor of the guest - were filled again, he began to tell about the Iglau Land-thing and soon everyone was full of joy that the Hussite war was over and peace had returned to the country. And when the back and forth talk about it had reached its end, Mrs. Marget reminded Einsiedel how he knew how to tell such beautiful fairy tales, and asked him to tell such a tale before the "Eheholden"⁹ went to their sleeping places, so that they could fill themselves with the story before going to bed. She herself and her dear landlord would then like to have another drink with their dear guest and

(8) A large jug with four to six mouthpieces for drinking; of which the rim had the appearance of "krause" (beer foam); hence the name.

(9) Servants and maids.



Illus. 21. See page 96. The church at Sievering.

probably even more, if it pleased him.

The hermit was happy to do so, and after he had taken a good sip, he began to tell this little tale:

"It was a time long ago. There lived in a beautiful country a rich, wise woman, who was as rich as a queen, had many cows and other livestock and so much flax and hemp that she was not able to spin and weave all of it, and also her storehouse could hardly hold all her riches. Once she went out into the forest to get some sweet berries, and when she had eaten enough of them and filled her basket, she got tired and lay down under a dogwood tree to rest and sleep a little. When she awoke, it seemed to her as if the bush had grown larger around her, and more densely intertwined, for she had to free herself from its branches, which had wrapped themselves around her like bands, but she hardly thought she had slumbered longer than an hour. But the sun was already low, so she hurried home. When she got home, however, she was not a little surprised to find her farm completely changed. Strange people were working in it, all the wealth had disappeared, and bare poverty peeked out at her from every nook and cranny. After she had recovered from her initial fright and asked the people who were working in her yard for an explanation of this incomprehensible turn of events, they gave her an answer in a foreign language, laughing mockingly, which she did not understand, and finally threw her out of the yard gate. Thus the rich woman had become a beggar, who finally died somewhere of hunger and misery."

The hermit had finished his fairy tale, but it remained quiet in the parlor, because everyone had expected a nice funny fairy tale and had only heard a gloomy story, which they did not know how to interpret. Mrs. Marget noticed this, too, and therefore she asked the hermit:

"You know how to say beautiful things, my dear guest, and what you have told is certainly instructive, but tell us also the lesson that should illuminate it, in order to make it useful."

The hermit, however, smiled to himself, then he spoke: "Do you want to know, then, who the rich woman was? Do you not realize that you yourselves are the woman, all of you, our people? - Do you think you can

sleep peacefully now because of the Iglau land-thing? Do you still not know, or have you already slept through it, that the whole land once belonged to you, and that the Slavs ousted you from it except for this forest district and some other similar small forest areas? And do you think that he will grant you these mountains and will not wait to drive you out of them as well? Therefore, take advantage of the victory of the brave Meinhart of Neuhaus, be on your guard and do not sleep! Our old God still lives, who has neither name, mouth nor ears, but who leads us as the mightiest champion, if we let ourselves be led, therefore watch and use your swords!"

This made sense to everyone, and the men beat the tabletop with their fists and stomped the floor with their legs. But the Ruothof farmer Wittek had jumped up, offered Einsiedel his right hand and said: "God's richest reward, Kalawiss, for this word. Reinier door Feueri!"¹⁰

"Mit Strick und Stein, mit Gras und Grein" / "With rope and stone, with gras and grein!"¹¹ said the hermit emphatically and struck at the offered right hand of the Ruothof farmer, pressing it in a special way.

Mrs. Marget, however, had risen and pulled the impounded broadsword out of the panel in order to return it to the hermit before the appointed time of the rising sun; this was to express her applause. She looked at the weapon with a curious eye, and on one side of the blade she saw the sign of the wheel-cross and the runes: "S. S. G. G." engraved, and on the other an isosceles cross in a circular arc and on the cross the sign:

(10) "Reinigen durch Feuer"; "Purify through fire"; a slogan and exhortation of the holy Feme (secret), which figuratively meant: "roden" or "clear"; i.e.: "right".

(11) "Strick (rope)" from willow braid = willow = wyd = law. "Stein (stone)" = "ziegel" (brick) = tegel = schweigen (silence) = geheimnis (secret). - "Gras" = geras of thunderstorm, thunder = tun ar = recht tun ar = recht/right). - "Grein" = greyen = receive. So the meaning of this secret saying (femruf) is: "Keep the law alive by silence and doing right". On the fem swords this saying was indicated by the letters: "S. S. G. G." or in runes: (S S G G runes). [In Germany, there were famous secret courts called "Fem- or Fehmgerichte, Vehmgerichte" with secret passwords and sayings, etc. There is some research on these courts available.]

More details about the Feme in: G.-L.-B. No. 3. "The Rita of the Ario-Germanic". [New edition Verlag Edition Geheimes Wissen, Graz 2011]

"V"¹² The hermit noticed her action and smilingly gave the Ruothofbauer a furtive hint, which he answered in the same way. Mrs. Marget, however, returned the sword to the hermit with holy awe, saying gratefully, "You always know the right thing to say and to interpret, but the signs on your sword are unclear to me."

"Unclear?" said the hermit, and was about to take the weapon, but Marget still held it, saying, "I was about to release you from my bailiwick, but you still have to interpret the signs for me!"

"The signs?" said the hermit, smiling, "the tuesse tugege. - ?¹³ two S's and two G's? They make you, Mrs. Marget, wonder? These are my dear patrons above in heaven, the holy Siegfried and Siegbert, Gerhold and Gerbert along with the holy sign of the Godhead."

Mrs. Marget smiled in amazement and looked over at her smiling husband as if in silent questioning, then she pretended to be satisfied with the explanation and handed the weapon to the hermit with the words: "Take back your pledge, hermit, you have solved it honestly, but now it has also become clear to me that you are not a Roman monk! You are someone else than you seem to be, and as such someone else you are even more welcome to me than before.

Outside, night had fallen completely; the pine shavings illuminated the parlor with a dull light, and it was time for the servants to find their sleeping places. Mrs. Marget prepared new shavings to renew the soon burned out ones, filled the Kraußen with fresh mead, while the servants left the parlor with a "restful night", after which Frau Marget also took her children to bed, while the Ruothof farmer and his guest remained alone in the parlor, awaiting Mrs. Marget's return.

"Reinier door Feueri!" called the landlord, after they were alone, and toasted with his kraußen to that of the guest, who smiled meaningfully and lifted his mead jug with a "Tuesse tugege!" to toast with Wittek to a common deep drink.

(12) The signs of the fem sword: "Ruot cross, rope, stone, grass and Grein", the V on the cross = Femrecht (V = Fem, cross - Rod = right).

(13) Another secret phrase: "tuesse tugege" (2 S, 2 G) = "present in secret, pronounced in english as two-ess-uh, two-gay-guh"



Illus. 22. see page 67-71. St. Michael's Church of Heiligenstadt.

But they had hardly lifted the jugs to their mouths when the farm dog made a noise and then ran with furious barking to the yard gate, from where the barking of another dog also resounded, namely from outside, whereupon three powerful blows at the gate came as a sign that someone outside was asking to be let in. Soon Wittek's servants stood well-armed in the yard, waiting for the Ruothof farmer and his instructions.

Both of them quickly put down their steins to look into the courtyard to see what was happening. Kalawiß, however, said: "Thing-judge (Dinggreve)¹⁴, that was well done by your dear Marget, that she freed my Dag (sword)¹⁵ for me, it seems that it may be useful here. "It may well be," said Wittek, and hurried out to the gate with his guest.

"Who desires admittance?" cried the Ruotkreuzbauer (wheelcross farmer), swinging himself with a firebrand onto the wall beside the gate, where outside the "Donnerbesen" was walled up, and shined the light out to see.

Outside, however, stood a woman who had led a howling dog on a rope beside her, and held up three straws with her right hand, while she cried out in lamentation:

"Mordio! Mordio! I am justified, Wheel-cross farmer, help me find my justice."

"Who are you?" asked Wittek.

"Kunzens' widow," sobbed the woman, "they have slain my husband; help me to justice, Ruotkreuzhofer, let me in." -

"So you are the wife to Herr Kunzen Walburg? - Come in, and tell me how it happened. Open the gate!" he shouted to the servants, swinging himself from the wall to calm his farm dog, which obediently fell silent, but snarled around his master.

The gate creaked open, and the farm-wife, leading the dog by the rope, entered and was led by Wittek into the parlor, while the gate was closed and well locked. Kalawiß followed the two. The servants went back

(14) Presiding Judge of the secret court (Vehmgericht).

(15) Dag = Vehm-sword; from which the word: "Degen" (rapier, dagger).

to rest.

Frau Walburg reported to the Ruotkreuzhofer that after darkness had fallen and she and her husband had gone to their sleeping place, suddenly the dog had started barking, whereupon Kunz hurried out to have a look. Some men had already driven away her husband's only cow and steed, and one of them then killed Kunz in a scuffle. In her desperation, she threw herself at the robber with a hatchet and knocked him to the ground with a single blow, and she hit him so well that he collapsed without a sound and never moved again. Since she lived alone on the farm with her husband Kunz, and could no longer get help from her husband, she took the farm dog and three stalks from the thatched roof of the farm as witnesses to the truth, in order to seek justice and help.

"That was well done by you, Leitenhoferin," said Wittek, "the court guardian, who watches over the people of his property day and night, the faithful dog, bears witness like the cat, who sits at the hearth, like the rooster, who watches over the hens, and also the three stalks from the roof offer surety; the goose with stretched out neck, the crane with the stone in the claw, are also interpreters of the meaning of the watch, but they do not have witness power like dog, cat and rooster. But tell me, Frau Walburg, how is it that you two have been living without a guardian-servant?"

"How is that, you ask?" answered Walburg, sobbing. "Wasn't our farm burned and robbed twice last year, weren't all our farmhands and maidens slain or dragged off, so that we could save nothing but our poor lives? Cow and steed my father gave us over at Simetshoff¹⁶ to help us out a bit, but where to get servant and maiden for whom we lack food? And now all is lost!"

"And who were the peacebreakers? tell us?" asked Kalawiß urgently.

"Who else but Taborites," wailed the Leitenhoferin, adding, "Do you know this wretched people; does not one look like another, these Everywhere and Nowhere?"

(16)Today: Simmersdorf.

Then Kalawiß had jumped up excitedly and hit the table with his fist, shouting: "Dinggreve, now is the time, let the Kraianfyr flame, strip all the men and drive with the thunder-broom into this gang, and whoever falls into your hands alive, hang him by the legs on the nearest scrawny tree, for a gallows would do these murderers too great honor!"

"Go on, go on!" the Ruotkreuzhofer called calmly, but firmly, and looked the Kalawiß firmly in the sparkling eye, then he continued, speaking the mysterious-sounding words, understandable only to the initiated: "Rohand Hofut ege Sola!"¹⁷ This was meant to be a warning, but it resembled a threat.

"I understand well, Dinggreve, what you mean; the resting head on the column could mean mine, if it were placed on the executioner's block? - Wasn't that what you meant? But I will bet my head, and let the Kraianfyr flame! Do you think that those from the Inglaue Landgeding, or the king without a country, or even the German emperor would help you? What about the Hussite crusade? - Hey?!"

But unmoved, unexcited, the Dinggreve remained, and said only in an apparently indifferent manner, almost smiling: "Your zeal, Kalawiß, is good, I commend it, but drink one to cool your fire, then listen and advise, then consider, and then, only then act!"

Kalawiß had first looked into Ruotkreuzhofer's blue eye, then smiled quietly at himself, grabbed the Kraußen to take a cooling drink, as he had been told, and then held out his hand to Wittek, shaking it vigorously: "You're always the smart one, Wittek; let's hear how and what you think."

Then Frau Marget came and had the Leitenhoferin tell her about the attack and had offered everything to comfort the weeping woman, to

(17) "Rohand Hafut Ege Sola"; "Resting head on angular column". An ambiguous fem formula. Resolved: "Ro" = right. - "Hand hofut" = hand has. - "Ege" = sword. - "Sola" = solar right = court; i.e.: "The right hand has the sword of the court". The art to unravel these word formulas was called "Kala", therefore the hermit was called "Knower of Kala". "Kalawiß."

(18) The court day that this breach of the peace required, and which had to be immediately "conditioned", i.e. convened.

promise her the willing help of her husband, and also to offer her hospitality for this night and, if necessary, also for a longer time, at least until a judgment.¹⁸ Since it had already become late, the men postponed their consultation for the coming day, and the guests were bedded down, the lights were extinguished, and soon the Ruotkreuzhof was once again quiet.

A few days had passed in the country, there the road by the Ruotkreuzhof again the Einsiedel of the Hohenstein walked, this time however coming from the other side. He seemed to be in a great hurry, for he walked at a good trot and was very dusty; he must also have been a bit warm, for thick drops of sweat stood on his forehead and trickled down into his mighty broad beard.

Then he met a band of horsemen, who were probably coming from Iglau on the road to Prague. He carefully hid his broadsword in the folds of his robe, pulled his hood lower over his eyes and, assuming a humble, stooped posture, slowly strode along the edge of the road, pretending to be modest. When the foremost of the horsemen had reached him, he offered him the pious greeting: "Praise be to God in the highest!" "For eternity, amen," returned the horseman, then he asked: "Tell me, pious brother, how far is it to the city of Brod,¹⁹ belonging to those of the Teutonic Knights?"

"The poor hermit can't tell you that; what does he know about what you are asking? He only knows his forest, and there only mushrooms, berries and herbs", Kalawiß answered with a silly chuckle, and continued to answer all the other questions that the horseman asked him, until the horseman, half annoyed, half amused, handed the hermit a large piece of silver, which the hermit apparently looked at curiously, but then returned it with the remark that he could not use it, since it was not for eating. The horseman and his comrades laughed heartily at this, and Kalawiß thought he could go on his way, when the horseman had something else to ask.

"Tell me," forest brother: Why did you greet me earlier with the

(19) Today: Deutsch-Brod.

words: Praised be God in the highest! And not, as is the custom, with: Praise be to Jesus Christ?" the horseman asked. But the hermit gave - as it seemed to the questioner - the simple answer: "The poor hermit thinks like an honest farmer: As long as the old God is still alive, he will not hand over the rule to his son; a wise farmer does not do that, and our Lord God in heaven will not be less wise than a farmer, strict sir?" Then the horseman, laughing loudly, had muttered something into his beard, put spurs to his steed, and had ridden away, and with him his followers. But the hermit had looked after him with a sly smile, beaten them with his hand and thought to himself, how good such an earth-brown robe is, even better than the famous camouflage skin of Siegfried the Horned.

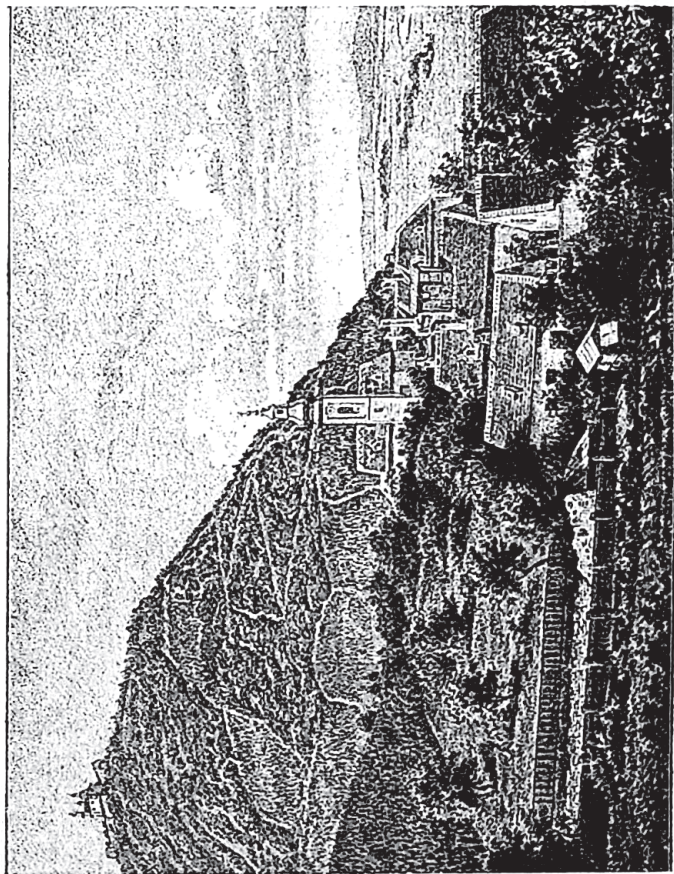
Soon Kalawiß was sitting behind a well-filled cabbage in Wittek's parlor, engaged in serious conversation with him.

"So you think, Kalawiß, that this was the Terzky of Cipa, whom you saw and spoke with his horsemen?" said Wittek thoughtfully and still doubtfully.

"I don't just mean that, I know that! I have heard enough to know where I stand. Terzky has acquired the town of Brod from the German lords, which he is now going to make Czech. That's why our farms are burning and are being robbed to make room for the Unkenbrut. That is why Karhofer is no longer safe, because he is in league with the fiends, and he thinks he can get protection from Terzky. That is why he gives shelter to the Slavic robbers, and that is why we could not arrest any of them. Karhofer must be ostracized, because he is an unfaithful man! Now you know why the Leitenhof had to be burned to the ground so that the Karhofer could take it from Terzky as a fief. Before the Thing²⁰ with the traitor, still better, however, immediately at the gallows with him!"

Wittek thought for a long time, then he said, "The Terzky won't stay here long, the Greveding (judgement meeting) comes at full moon, so in six nights to the Freistuhl am Hohenstein, there Terzky is gone and the Karhofer without umbrella -"

(20) Ding/Thing = Court. Dingstätte = Thing place = court place.



Illus. 23. see page 91. the Leopoldsberg with the Kahlenbergendorf. (Drawing by Gustav Zafarek).

"What are you shying away from, Dinggreve, the Terzky? Charge him, too, and hang them both!" Kalawiß had spoken excitedly and added: "The five fellows who follow him are soon thrown down, and then you shall only look where their bones bleach."

"I command right and forbid wrong, and that would be against law and custom!" said the Dinggreve firmly.

"But that doesn't apply here!" the other interjected just as firmly. "Right against right, but violence against violence! Consider! Forseti,²¹ the most just and wise of the Aesir applied the law to the enemies of the gods and men against his blood brothers the Aesir, and the world of the gods began its' twilight. If he had slain the giants like father Donar, met violence with violence, we would not have to cower before the foreign god at the cross today! Consider this and give lawful rights to the ones who are worthy of it, but violence to he who challenges it, so you will do wisely and justly at the same time, otherwise the Slavs will grow even more over our heads than they already have, and we will be like the berry seeker I told you about only the other day. Is it not sad and shameful at the same time that I, the God-front²² of our old Gods, have to live my existence disguised and concealed in the dress of a Christian monk, and am hardly respected as such by my own people? Do you all want to deny your nationality and disguise yourselves as Slavs - as Karhofer dares to do openly before your eyes? - To the gallows with him and his seducers, but above all with Terzky!"

"I know too well what evil times are now," replied the Dinggreve, "but I also know that we both have to think and act differently. You, the God's-front, the truthful and the champion of our old ancestral doctrines, you point to our old, banished God, but I, the knowing Schöppe, the

(21) Forseti, the son of Baldur and Nana; the judge in Asgard.

(22) Gottesfronde = Gods' front = Odin priests; these were skalds and bards, the poet-singers, who later Christianized as "minstrels" spread their old teachings again according to the rules of the "Kala". "Minne", means: "commemoration"; they commemorated the doctrine of the Wuotans Time in Christian disguise; to interpret "Minne" as "love" is a later lack of understanding.

Erbdinggreve, I must point to the right, come what may! Do you, Kalawiß, know your oath?"

"Do I know it?" asked Kalawiß, rising and solemnly beginning to recite it as follows: "I swear by the Urfyr²³ to keep and help to keep the sacred feme, to conceal it from father and mother, from sister and brother, from wife and child, from fire and wind, from all that the sun shines upon, from all that the rain mists over, from all that is between heaven and earth. - And because I know so well this oath to keep and to help to keep the holy feme, so I challenge you, Femgreve, by your and my oath to rebuke 'misdeeds'!²⁴ Therefore to the gallows with the Terzky!"

"It is safe to deal with Karhofer," said Dinkgreve firmly and calmly, "but Terzky I cannot condition or keep, my Ruothand²⁵ is not enough for him, for I am rightly wise!"

"But are not the Gods and the Right the same thing, and if I point to the Gods, do I not also point to the Right? And isn't your chair, Dinggreve,²⁶ set up to find a new judgment after the creation of new misdeeds. Isn't our old Rite²⁷ the tree that always produces new fruits when the old ones have long since been consumed, but whose new fruits resemble the old ones as one apple resembles another, for the consumed ones have fulfilled their purpose, but the new ones must serve new purposes, which again resemble the old ones. Therefore, chair your Thing, find and create new laws for the new danger." This was said with glowing eyes by the Godsfront, but the Dinggreve could not be brought out of his calm; without showing any agitation, he only asked the

(23) Urfyr = the divine fire, God. The heavenly fire was the sun and the lightning; the earthly fire was the flame; the human fire was love.

(24) Urtat = (Urted) = a deed which causes subsequent deeds, here a root cause which causes other problems.

(25) Ruothand = right hand = judicial power.

(26) Chairs - The Thingchair or Freechair (chairman) led the Thing (court session).

(27) Rita = Rites = the oldest, unwritten laws of a people or tribe; hence the derivational words "Rita gemäß" or "Rita according to". "rituals", etc.

counter-question: "Am I then the Council (Greveding) or the Council-chairperson (Dinggreve)? Bring this before the Council, and what the council says, both will do. Today, however, I can and may only command that Karhofer be summoned before the Thing; the rest is up to the Gods to handle."

"The Karhofer has already been marked,²⁸" the hermit returned and took out a wooden stick from his leather bag, which he held out to the Ruotkreuzhofer with a smile; "the splinter there has already been hewn out of his farm gate; the charge is in the gap. I had to walk hard, because it is not too close the Karhof to my Haingarten"; then he put the marker back into his pocket.

Now the Ruotkreuzhofer saw the light and said, making big eyes: "The Terzky won't ride far, but will stay to protect the Karhofer; so the Terzky must also be killed?"

But Kalawiß answered laughingly, "Just for that reason the Terzky would ride on as quickly as possible and take the Karhofer with him, if I had not seen to it that they had to stay; the Terzky with his five horsemen and the Karhofer too. They are safe for us!"

"You didn't talk to them at all!" said Wittek with growing amazement.

"Am I not called Kalawiß?! Otherwise I would have had to discredit my name if I had not been able to do so. I was inside at the Karhofer's and caught up with him, his wife and his Czech servants, and there I learned everything, including that Terzky himself was expected, and the Karhofer was full of arrogance, because he already sees himself as a Czech baron or even as a count, and thinks that the Karhof must become a fortress like Spielberg in Brno. Then I acted very surprised and said that there was no room to stable six horses. Then he made very big and showed me the stable, which he had already prepared for Terzky and his horses, and how the hay was already lying in the stalls and the oats were already piled up.

(28) As a sign of a completed charge (similar to a subpoena), a chip or splinter was hewn out of the gate of the charged man, this was called "spahnen" (splinter); he "splintered" when he saw what was in store for him.

But then I fetched a miracle herb from my pocket and mixed it unnoticed under the hay, and also put some strong grains under the oats, so that Terzky will not be able to go on as soon as he would like, because the horses will probably not be able to walk again so easily when they have my herbs in their bellies. When I had done that and said goodbye, I left by a different route, then secretly and stealthily went back to the farm to spy on it, and then again just as secretly through ditch and moss and only further out of his farmyard back on the road to see the Terzky, so that I know him and his riders and can recognize them. But then I ran to get to your Kraußen, Wittek, for the slog through bush and moss and sand and dust was truly not a 'mihilawunni'²⁹, for it was sweat-inducing and thirst-producing at the same time."

The Dinggreve dared to look behind his right ear and then behind his left ear and did not look very funny, because he felt a bit sultry because of the daring game, which once started, also had to be finished. To summon Terzky, who was outside his Greveding jurisdiction, his hand did not reach that far; but if he did, he put himself and his chair in the wrong and became a peacebreaker himself.

"Kalawiß," he said after long consideration, "your action is good in case of war, and necessity may excuse it. You may work it yourself as you think best, but I must not violate law and custom, and therefore I must not appear before the Femstuhl of Terzky. Do with the Terzky what seems good to you, I know nothing about it and will know nothing. The Dinggreve has to deal only with the Karhofer, know and remember that, and also only to him the judgment is sought and found. With the other it is about force and not law. I cannot prevent you from using force, but I cannot and must not and will not encourage you in it, indeed I must not know, and only because it is you whom I trust, only for that reason I know nothing of what you told me of Terzky;" and with these words Wittek poured the rest of the mead that was still in his kraußen over his armpit behind him, as a sign of forgetting.

(29) "mihilawunni" = a great delight; festive mood.

Kalawiß was frozen; he had not expected that. In a clenched voice he uttered the words, "But necessity is above these commandments; force requires force and not justice! Consider what you owe your people!"

"True spoken, Kalawiß!" replied Wittek softly but firmly. "Truly spoken! All we owe to the service of our people; all! - Only - conscience and honor not! My name is Wittek, that is, the forest dweller, and I am namely a lawman and must abide by that."³⁰

With that, this conversation was concluded and Kalawiß left the Ruotkreuzhof.

High above on the star-spangled, deep-dark vault of the sky stood the full moon in a calm glow, like the leader trusting himself and his right in a crowd of uncertain comrades who are only able to find their own order, their own apparent calm in the compelling force and moderate power of their ruler. Like gloomy clouds, the dark masses of the forests lay on both sides of the silvery road, while the gray Wheelcross column, bathed in moonlight, stood out from the forest gloom, visible from afar, and the shining gold Wheelcross on it flickered ghostly in the moonbeams. But today the Ruotkreuzsäule bore other signs as well. On the iron hook under the Wheelcross hung a triangular shield, divided four times into red and silver, and a broad and long battle sword with sheath and hilt that was the sign of the secret court, because the Dinggreve, who strode to the Freistuhl, hung up his shield and his sword at the Rolandssäule, before he armed himself with the Dag, the "Femschwert". The coat of arms pictured on the shield, however, says to the knowing meaningfully: "Fyr Thel ruoth an de wit", which means in the secret language of the Kala: "God begets right and laws."³¹

Then, slowly and hesitantly, a man came walking towards the

(30) Wittek, actually: Willing. "Wil", wid = wood, forest, law; "ing" = derivational syllable; thus: "descendant". Witting (Wittek, Wittik, etc.) in the proper sense "forest dweller"; in the non-proper sense of "Kala" however "law keeper", i.e. "law knower", "judge" (wetten = to judge.)

(31) The heraldist says: "Four times divided in red and silver"; thus: Four parts red and white. "Vier/Four" = Fyr (Urfyr) - God. - "Teil/Part" = tel = beget. - "Red" = ruot = recht/right. - "Weiss/White" = wyd = law. - This is how all ancient, real coats of arms can be "read", because they are all "hieroglyphics", which can be shown by many thousands of examples. The secret interpretation is again the "Kala".

Wheelcross, who often stopped and kept a lookout and - according to all appearances - would rather have run away than to continue walking. Slowly, but nevertheless, he approached the Wheelcross, in front of which he stopped and looked around again. Suddenly, without knowing where the figure might have come from so abruptly, a hooded man stood in front of him and gruffly shouted the words: "Why are you so late, disregarding the deadline? I would never have waited much longer. You would have been spared the Thing meeting, Karhofer, because there are enough trees here to hang you on. Come and follow."

"Where shall I follow you?" asked the Karhofer in an uncertain tone.

"Over the two 'Wihistani to Halistan'³² in the Haingarten waiting at the Hohenstein, the old Halgadam. Come!" was the answer of the hooded man.

Sighing, the Karhofer, who did not suspect anything good, but who knew only too well that there was no escape for him, submitted.

Without speaking another word, the two men walked into the forest. Soon they arrived at the first "Wihistan"³³. This was a huge block of stone, over two men's height, surrounded by a crowd of smaller stones; it marked the boundary site of a very important man's territory.

"Do you know this mark?" asked the hooded man, and when Karhofer was silent, he said, "Your ancestors helped to pile up this mark over the ashes of King Ruothari, and at that time they placed the heaviest curse on the head of a traitor. You will do well, if you are blameless, to ask the spirit of Ruothari for succor."

Then there was a rustling through the beeches and, startled, the Karhofer, without speaking a word, hurried on at the side of the hooded

(32) "Wihistan" = votive stone; mound grave. There are two of them next to Rotenkreuz. "Halistan" = holy stone, free chair. It is still standing near the Halgadam at the Hohenstein next to Rotenkreuz. Today, the three stone settings are called together, the "Kappelei" (three chapels).

(33) The following descriptions of the localities - as well as the old preceding ones - correspond exactly to the condition of the same, as they still present themselves to the observer, and are, as far as they are described here in undestroyed existence, conscientiously completed on the basis of scientific research. Whoever wants to visit the venerable Halgadam at Hohenstein next to Rotenkreuz, it will be easy for him to find and recognize those localities.

man through the darkness of the forest. Soon they had reached the second "Wihistan". Piled up like a pyramid, mighty boulders towered over one another, leaving an empty space at the top that almost resembled a pulpit. "This is the mark of Wittig, the royal blacksmith, the son of Wieland," the hooded man said again and added: "He was also a Ruotwart³⁴, as his descendants at the Ruotkreuzhof still are today, and our Erbdinggreve, the Wittek, is his descendant. If you are not a traitor, Wittig's spirit will shield thee; call upon him!"

Stray moonbeams swirled around the "Wihistan" and in the forest it roared and rustled like the distant sound of a harp, and the Karhofer was shaking like a feverish chill, but defiantly strode on. Soon they both turned left. Steeply it went up the height. The sweat of fear stood on Karhofer's forehead as the hooded man stopped, took Karhofer's hat off his head, threw a leather sack over his head, which hung down to his chest, and then tied his hands behind his back. This happened wordlessly, because the hooded man did not have to tell him that the person who had been brought with a debt was only allowed to enter the "holy Ruot-Art"³⁵ tied up.

On the slope of a steep surface, the "Halistan", which was much larger than Wittig's "Wihistan", rose from the centuries-old beech forest. Silently, about a hundred men surrounded the ancient sanctuary and, forming a wide alley, softly moved aside as the hooded man led the bound man through to the judgment chair, the Freistuhl.

Through the artfully layered mighty boulders, which were again piled up to a rock pyramid, a narrow path wound its way up to a circular plane surmounted by mighty stones, in which the open chair stood. The same

(34) Ruotwart = ruot, recht, right; wart = ward, so ruotwart = legal guardian: a guardian of the law. [Modern Asatru might use the designation "Lawspeaker" here.]

(35) Ruot-Art = red earth, i. e. "legally possessed hereditary earth". In the narrower sense, the Halagadom and the Mal- or Dingstätte; in the broader sense, the entire earth inhabited by Germans and legally possessed by inheritance. Hence also "Ruotland" = legal land, and the "Ruotlands"- or "Rolandssäulen", the marks of the "German law" in contrast to the "Roman law", as the ancient inherited land and people's law.



Illus. 24: At the Agnesbründl (after a painting by the Vienna painter Zafarek in the author's possession). See pg. 95.

rose under the "hanging stone", a hemispherically hollowed rock, which vaulted over the Freistuhl like a niche. On this Freistuhl sat the Dinggreve, to the right and left of him, on brick, semicircular stone seats three Freischöffen each. In front of the Freistuhl stood a table-like, square stone tablet, called the "Fyreg" (fire eye, God's eye), and on the same lay the "Dag" namely the fine sword, and the "Wyd", a noose, woven from thin willow rods. A red silk thread was stretched around the fyreg, the Freistuhl and the Schöffensitze, while on three corners of the fyreg torches burned and only the fourth, northern corner of the "fyreg" remained unlit. The witnesses, among them the Leitenhoferin with her dog, stood outside the red hay thread at that corner of the Fyreges, which was lit up with a torch, the Karhofer at the unlit other corner.

After all the awkward questions and answers, which ancient custom tied to the "cultivation and care of a free Greveding", the Dinggreve rose from his chair, pressed with his right index finger on the spring of the Dag, whereby its blade split fork-like into three blades, and spoke, while the Dag opened: "Open Dag!³⁶ I command right and forbid wrong! Whoever has a complaint to bring against Raffo, the Karhofer, a free man of his own, come forward!" Thereupon the Dinggreve Wittek sat down again on the free chair and, sitting down, asked the Femfronden to call up the plaintiffs and to present those who had come forward.

These were several free proprietors who sat on their hereditary farms and complained about how the Karhofer favored the Slavs everywhere, how he concealed them, kept Slavic servants himself and harmed the abutting properties and neighbors³⁷ for his own benefit as well as for the benefit of the Slavs, by threatening their farms with fire and murder and robbery, and also by having had a hand in the double burning of the

(36) Dag, therefore "Dagun", "Degen" is the Femsword with three blades, which opened by a spring; therefore "upen Dag" = "open Dag"; that was the meaningful sign for "open day", i.e. for "opened court day". Hence still today "Tagen".

(37) "Nachbar/Neighbor", originated from: "nahren bauer" or nearby farmer, at that time often referred to distant occupants, because precisely their mischief - as the closest - was nevertheless often hours away.



Illus. 25. see page 9. the giant barrel of the canons' monastery of Klosterneuburg near Vienna.

Leitenhof and the murder of his own man Kunz of the Leitenhof, and all this for the disgraceful end purpose of taking the thus deserted farms from the new Slavic lords for fiefdom, not only to enrich himself, but also for the sake of his own temporal advantage to betray his people to the enemies and to hand them over when defenseless. The men were sworn in by touching the Dag with the right hand of the oath and sword, namely with the three fingers, and saying the oath formula.

Now Frau Walburg from the Leitenhof stepped in front of the Fires'-Eye, the Fyreg, with her farm dog on the rope and put the three stalks of roof thatch on the stone slab, whereupon she also gave her testimony. When she had finished, the Dinggreve asked her three times whether what she had said was true and whether she could swear to it. When she had answered this three times in the affirmative, the dinggreve placed his "wise staff"³⁸ on her left breast, but she loosened one of her two braids from her head, wrapped the same several times around her right hand, and placing this on her left breast, she solemnly recited the staff oath which the dinggreve recited to her, swearing her testimony by breast and braid.

Raffo's leather cap was now removed from the Karhof and he was placed in front of the Fyreg, whereupon the Dinggreve asked him whether he had heard the complaints and what he had to answer to them, and whether he could call witnesses under the "Centschaft" present in any case to prove his innocence. But he was not able to refute any of the accusations and all his denials were rejected from all sides with sheer indignation, indeed there was not one from the Centschaft who wanted to accept his excuses, and much less even a sworn witness, of which he needed seven in order to be absolved of the charge. So he soon recognized the hopelessness of his days and asked in a trembling voice for mercy, for saving his life, declaring himself ready for any penance, for any

(38) The judicial staff was called the wise, actually the, pointing staff, and was of white color according to the "Kala". It was a symbol for the law pointing to the right, is therefore from wood, because wood is Wyd (Weidmann, willow, etc.), and Wyd is law. One sees, wherever one may look in the Germanic antiquity, symbolic images arranged in a purposeful way.

atonement.

But the Dinggreve told him that he could only exercise justice and not mercy, and put the question of guilt or innocence to each of the magistrates, one by one; the eldest first, the youngest last, they pronounced him "guilty" and raised their right hand as "speaking document" by touching the little finger with their thumb, but holding out the middle three fingers, saying: "I damn³⁹ him".

After all six aldermen had thus damned him, the Dinggreve placed his right thumb on the Dag, saying:

"So be you, Raffo the Karhofer, damned and ostracized and your rights will be those of one who put himself outside of the law."

Again Raffo begged for his life, but again the Dinggreve rejected him by saying: "I may only give you the just punishment, no more and no less, and that shall be yours, for I enjoin right and forbid injustice!"

And turning back to the jury, he asked about the extent of the atonement.

'Death by the Wyd!' cried one after the other as before, whereupon the Dinggreve said to Raffo: 'So you are damned and ostracized and the sentence is Death by the Wyd.' With that he raised his wise-staff and broke it in two and threw the two pieces at Raffo the Karhofer's feet, saying: "You have broken the law, so the judiciary should also be broken over you."

Broken, with a pale face and trembling knees, the ostracized Raffo stood in front of the silent judges and let it happen with dull indifference when the Femfronde, the bailiffs, threw the noose of willow rods over his head.

Then the sound of a violin sounded down over the heads of the Thing. High above the niche under which the Thing chair stood, on the top of the "Halistan", stood Gothi Kalawiß strumming the strings of a fiddle; and when the song was over he sang these verses:

(39) Hence our expression: "damn". Otherwise, the down-turned thumb was also used for "to damn" (damn), and the up-turned thumb as a sign of pardon.

"It would have done him good
If he had not been up to mischief
And not been arrogant;
And if he had stayed honest.
But he left all the goodness to others
So he went much too far
Until all he got out of this -
The Court judgment."

Playing the strings came up again and then the whole Centschaft sang the skaldic song so that it rustled through the beeches like a bardit⁴⁰, with which they all in chorus applauded the judgment of the Greveding.

The folk song died away and silence fell again, but the fiddle continued and seemed to draw nearer. Kalawiss descended from the Halistan mound playing his violin and entered the peace of the cherished Greveding, crossing the stone circle, past the Fyrege, and leaving the curve on the other side. He had scarcely entered the narrow, downward path on the other side when two court bailiffs, the Femfronde, seized the trembling Raffo and forced him to follow the Gothi. Now the lesser judges got up and followed in pairs, the Dinggreve at their head, who carried the "open Dag" in his right hand, whereupon the witnesses joined and went to where the decision of the Centschaft would be carried out.

This strange train then moved to the right of the Halistan up through the mountain forest to the grove-garden. This was soon reached.

It lay in the middle of the forest's shadow as a clearing surrounded by a low wall, in front of which thick hedges of roses formed a second enclosure. The train turned into this peaceful place. The Gothi walked up to a strange building that stood in the clearing, near the edge of a precipitous cliff edge, from which one had a wide view of the surrounding mountains which were gradually beginning to stand out against the pale gray of the dawning morning. Still playing the violin, the Gothi marched

(40) "Bar" = vocals; "Diet" = people; "Bardit" means: folk song.



Illus. 27. See Chapter 18, "Das Höllental". The Author in Year 1871.

towards the building, which stood there in the shape of a hemisphere and had an entrance that neither door nor bolt closed. He entered this building, followed by Raffo and the two bailiffs, then the Dinggreve with the other judges, and finally the witnesses too, while the Centschaft remained silent in the enclosure, awaiting their return.

The room in the dome was a spacious hall, in the center of which stood an altar on which a mighty fire burned. Around the vault like a ledge, densely crowded skulls of cattle, horses and sheep, while above them human skulls grinned out, between them rusted weapons, helmets, hats and some other jewelry, such as chains, horseshoes, horse bits and the like. Here, one of the bailiffs took the sword from the ostracized, while the other of the two put his the hat on the altar next to the sword, whereupon the procession, under continuous playing of violins from the second door of the dome building, which was opposite the entrance door, moved back into the open.

Also here - like the other clearing behind - an open space, which was separated from the other one by a strong thorn hedge of roses and which could be reached from there only by going through the dome building, which both separates and connects the two clearings at the same time, just as "now" separates and connects "past" and "future" at the same time. This clearing outside was, so to speak, the beyond, while the clearing behind symbolized this world.

Entering this clearing, which was much smaller than the first, those who entered saw three strange round buildings. The first was a stone circle encircling three stone seats; the second was a circular hollow on which a mighty fire burned in a stone basin, while the third circular structure was completely similar to the second, except that instead of the fire basin it had three upright poles driven into it, connected at the top by crossbeams forming an equilateral triangle, which made themselves recognizable as a gallows destined to receive those whom the sacred Feme had damned. These were not executions in the modern sense, but the outcasts were considered as human sacrifices consecrated to Odin, who,

consecrating their failed life to the deity as an expiatory sacrifice, returned to the Urfyr atoned. That is why their skulls, after they had fallen from the gallows, were kept in the Halgadam together with their hats and weapons, and that is why their heirs were not allowed to suffer any evil consequences from their misdeeds, just as they were not supposed to be accused of anything evil beyond the grave, although the latter may not have been observed to the full extent. Also at that time the "Wihinei"⁴¹, in spite of all its strength rooted in the people, was able to achieve this only in the very rarest cases when hatred and vindictiveness burned at the grave's edge and all evil gossip was silenced. People were only people at all times, and will remain nothing more and nothing less than the people in the future.

In anxious silence, those who had stayed behind in the Free area awaited the return of the Thing-men through the door of the dome building. Continuously the fiddle of the Gothi sounded out of the hall. It became brighter and brighter, and at last the first rays of the rising sun glided over the tops of the giant trees to the distant mountain heights.

Then again, under the playing of the violin of the Gothi, the crowd of the fine jurors and witnesses went out through the mysterious gate of the round building back to the Free-clearing, but the outlaw was not among them, for he had gone to Odin, while his mortal part hung on the three-footed scaffold between heaven and earth in the air.

Silently they all retreated back to the Thing thrones under the "hanging Halistan", where the Thing-lords took their places again, and the Dinggreve closed the Dag, whereupon the red silk thread was rolled up amid awkward questions, counter-questions and answers from the Thingfronds, after which the Greveding council dissolved and all the Centmannen withdrew to their homes.

(41) "Wihinei," the forgotten old German term for the concept: "religion."

In the Karhof there was sadness and confusion, for not only had Raffo, the Karhofer, disappeared since yesterday without anyone knowing where he might have gone, but Lord Terzky of Lipa was also in the courtyard with his five servants, ranting and raving, for his horses were lame and stupid, and no one knew how to advise, still less how to help. Then all at once, nobody knew who brought him, the mutilated body of the Karhofer lay in the middle of the courtyard, but his head was missing, and there was a dagger stuck in his chest, and when one pulled it out of the wound, one noticed on the blade the dreaded signs:

"S S G G"

This was a clear message, and an eerie horror came over the stern Lord Terzky of Lipa. He calmed down and thought of fleeing to Brod with his five men, but then it occurred to him that Brod had been a safe place but recently had been plundered and burned by the Taborites, so that he could hardly get horses there and would have to stay in the Karhof until his horses would recover. He therefore went once again to the stable to check, but the horses stood there with hanging heads, without moving and all efforts to rouse them were in vain.

Again he went to the courtyard, past the corpse of Raffo, and noticed that the dagger, which he wanted to see again, was no longer lying with the dead man without a head. He inquired who might have taken the dagger, but everyone claimed not to have touched it because they were afraid of it. This was even more sinister, and the desire to get away from here soon became more and more alive in Terzky's chest; if only he had known how and where to go.

Indecisive and angry, he was standing under the gate of the courtyard, looking down the street with uneasiness, when he saw the hermit slowly walking along, leaning on a staff. Soon the hermit stood in front of him and greeted him as then with the words: "Praise be to God in the highest," whereupon he seemed to want to continue walking.

Terzky returned the greeting with the usual "In eternity, amen," and already the hermit had moved away several steps, when Terzky remembered that the forest brother had recently mentioned that he knew

only the forest, its mushrooms, berries and herbs, and he thought how it might be possible to use the hermit's knowledge of herbs for his silly horses. He called back the departing man, who, standing thoughtfully still, turned and walked slowly towards Terzky, looking at him questioningly with a stupid cackle, without speaking.

"Tell me forest brother," Terzky addressed him, "you know the herbs of the forest, can you also heal horses?"

"That can he whom you ask, if he sees the horses and if they are still to be helped, my lord," returned the hermit, chuckling; "yes, my lord, he can do much more than that, he can warn you of danger and death! He also warned the Karhofer, but he laughed at this simple-minded hermit, and now he is dead and headless, and can ghost about as much as he likes to find his head, which he must have on the last day, the day of the resurrection of the flesh." And chuckling, the hermit confirmed what he had said with a, "Yes, yes, noble Lord, yes, yes!"

Terzky felt uneasy and would have liked to hear the warning before he asked about the horses, but he did not want to show it and therefore said briefly: "Come, forest brother, to the horses," whereupon he walked ahead of the hermit to the stables.

But he smiled smartly like one who knows what he knows, and hid this smile behind his seemingly stupid cackle by following Terzky.

After the hermit had looked at the horses and shook his head, chuckling worriedly, he said: "That's what the poor Hermit tells you, that he doesn't want to be in your shoes, in spite of your gold and your power, because you're riding towards death, and on top of that on such tired mares, who are hobbled by shin splints."

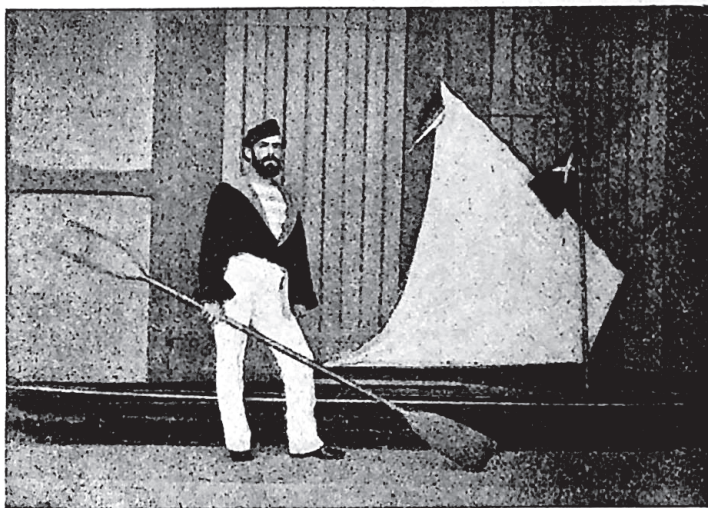
Then Terzky was forced to laugh, and asked only in passing what Einsiedel meant, and where and from what side danger threatened him, whereupon the other said that he did not really know, but could only say how he had seen him bloody dead next to five slain men, looking to the future; by the way, he wanted to see what could be done with the horses. He then fetched water from the well, washed the horses' nostrils and rubbed them vigorously, breathed into them and murmured

incomprehensible words, and handed them some leaves, which they ate greedily, and in a few moments they already showed life and were able to move their limbs. He then had the horsemen lead the horses to the watering place and told them to pour as much water as possible over the horses' heads for as long as possible, then to give them a good night's rest so that they would be ready to ride tomorrow. With growing amazement and increasing confidence in the miraculous power of the hermit, Terzky now asked more urgently about the cause and occasion of the danger threatening him, and not least about how he might be able to escape it, for he was beginning to feel anxious. But with deliberately confused speeches and mysterious insinuations, Kalawiss, under the appearance of simplicity, knew how to confuse Terzky's senses to such an extent that he, driven by vague fear, asked whether the horses would not be able to ride to Iglau before nightfall, since he felt the urge to go home and abandon the intended journey altogether. Kalawiss did not want to promise too much, and therefore he thought that this would be possible, if the strict master wanted to grant the horses a rest day in Iglau, provided that this Iglau was not too far away, which he was not able to say, since he only knew his forest and its mushrooms, berries and herbs.

The hermit had achieved his purpose and prepared to leave the Karhof. Herr Terzky of Lipa, however, wanted to show his gratitude and offered the hermit a gold piece, but he did not want to take it, since it would not be food and he did not know what to do with it. And so he left, thanked by Terzky with heartfelt words, and soon disappeared from his sight in the nearby forest.

Herr Terzky of Lipa, however, had nothing more urgent to do than to go over to the pond himself to look after his horses, and was delighted when he saw them romping about in the water, fresh and lively, as if they had never been ill. He quickly had them led home, saddled and everything made ready for departure.

Raffo's son, now Karhofer, was crushed by Terzky's unexpected departure, since he had hoped for his protection and aid, but now only heard fleeting words of little consolation from the fear-struck man, who



Illus. 28. See Chapter 9, "Der Venusberg bei Traismauer." The author with his canoe in year 1875.

put him off until better times, and then ran off like mad into the dawning night.

It became darker and darker on the forest road, for the moon had not yet risen, and the flickering stars on the narrow night sky, which stretched between the forest masses, hardly showed the direction of the path and made the darkness seem all the more palpable. But driven by indefinable fear, Terzky gave his steed the spurs, and at a sharp trot his mounted boys followed their master on a night ride.

A clearing was reached and ridden through, the courtyard of the Wheel Cross estate, and the forest closed again, and again impenetrable darkness of the forest took them in, but at the edge of the darkness stood the Ruotkreuzsäule, the Wheel Cross column, half noticeable like a ghostly admonisher. Terzky put spurs to his steed and with his servants made to gallop past; but - there the steed shied away. Next to the column suddenly stood a fiery man without a head, holding his head by the hair in his own right hand, and fire seemed to stream from his eyes as if they were two lantern lights. "Beware of the Swastika, of gallows and wheel, of sword and dagger!" cried the terrible apparition in a thundering voice. Driven by frantic fear, the horsemen spurred their steeds and struck them with everything they had in their hands. Then Terzky uttered a cry, for his steed had fallen, as had the steeds of the pursuers, and soon they lay in a tangled mess, one on top of the other. Terzky rose limping from the ground and seized the nearest steed indiscriminately, helped it to its feet and, after swinging himself into the saddle, sped senselessly away without caring further for his own. These did the same as far and as well as they could, and more or less quickly, as well as they could on limping mares, and they followed their master in senseless, mad flight.

The fiery man without a head shouted: "Good luck on your journey home, never to return!" Then the fiery man without a head threw back his hood and using the hollow pumpkin, which represented the head, as a lantern, he laughingly rolled up the rope over which the horses had fallen, whereupon, extinguishing the light, he took the path to the Grove-garden the Hohenstein, in order to seek his home up there in the old Halgadam.

The next morning, the hermit returned to the Karhof to speak to Randmar, Raffo's son, and to give him comfort and advice, if he wanted to be advised. He found him more docile than he had hoped, especially since he had already heard through servants of the Ruotkreuzhof the gruesome news that his father, as a fiery man carrying his own head in his hands, had frightened and brought down Terzky's horsemen.

Randmar, the new Karhofer, promised to chase away the Slavic farmhands, to be loyal to his people again and to help to build up the Leitenhof, also to give the Leitenhofer woman livestock and to support her as much as he could, so that she would become prosperous again.

Often the hermit of the Hohenstein was still a guest on the Ruotkreuzhof, as on the other farms of the Centschaft in the sphere of influence of the Hohenstein, because he was a dear guest to all, because he knew how to offer as a guest gift his beautiful fairy tales, which were heard with pleasure especially in the spinning rooms. But when he told the spooky story of the fiery man who carried his own head in his hand, he always smiled in a peculiar way, and the Ruotkreuzhofer Wittek no less, who then always drank a special drink from his Kraußen and said to Kalawiß: "It is better to have gone like that than to have reached over the Wyd with too short a hand." Kalawiß then also drank a good minnetrunk and said the words: "You were and are always the clever one; "rohand Hofut ege Sola!" Then they both laughed heartily and shook hands faithfully.

Mr. Terzky of Tipa, however, never rode this way again, and only when he lay among the dead had his son - that was in 1443 - resumed his father's plans and acquired the town of Brod, which was thus lost to Germanism.

Only in the course of the centuries the Greveding at the Hohenstein lost its power and validity. Sad times came for the German language islands, and in such times also the Wheelcross was struck down from the Wheelcross columns (now known as Rolandssäule), to make them silent, but this did not succeed.

For centuries, under the disguise of hermits, the respective Gothis

lived up in the Grove-garden, (also called the Haingarten or Weingarten), until the last of them also went home to Odin's army, and the Halgadam together with the Halistan and the Wihistan were forgotten in the forest's shadow, until a new generation remembers them and makes new life arise from the ruins.

But the legend still knows about the Hermit, the fiery man without a head and many, many more, and if we succeed, we will tell about them once again. The descendants of Wittek have grown up to a tribe far beyond the scope of a family, but many believe they smell a Czech origin behind this name, but it is bravely hoped that this story may teach them better.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Ad Pontem Ises¹

"A part of the Suevians also serves Isis. What occasion and origin the foreign service had, remained mysterious to me; only the image of the goddess herself in the form of a liburne (ship) points to a cultus introduced from abroad."

Tacitus, Germania, chapter 9

The Roman had not yet soaked his horse in the waves of the Danube, nor had the Danubian people suspected anything of the fierce she-wolf south of the Alps, nor did the "Limes" run along the blue river, and yet the Donau already carried ships and cities flourished on its banks, cities of which posterity thought that the Roman had built them, and that the Romans had given them their name.

There are also some who think that the name of the river, the name Donau, is Celtic; - "Dan - oba", "thundering water", the Celts would have called out to the first Germanic tribes, when they admiringly pointed with questioning looks at the roaring river. This is correct as far as the interpretation of the name is concerned, but it is incorrect that the name-word is Celtic, because it proves to be a genuine and right Ur-Aryan-Germanic word formation, because it means: the sound of booming water

(1) First published as: "Der Deutsche Nixenglaube," Vienna, Heimat, 1884; Zurich, Bund, 1884; and as "Die Schifffahrt auf der Donau," Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, 1889 in three installments.

of the mighty river, which nobly surges through the land as the thundering Nau!²

What a different picture the proud river might have presented in pre-Roman times, before the modern cultivated forests came into being through the displacement of the primeval forests, which supplied the river with more than twice its present amount of water. What a different picture the Danube might have presented when its beauty, still undesecrated by artificial roads, water regulations and buildings, sat in its proud rock temple under crowns of stone!

If one follows the geological formation of the Danube valley on a good map and compares this thus gained clear impression with the observations of the landscape on the spot, one recognizes without much effort that the Danube valley as well as its northern river valleys (Kremstal, Thayatal etc.) are definitely erosion valleys, which the water has washed out of the soil of the plain in several hundred thousand years of digging work. Seen from a Danube steamer, the heights of the banks appear like mountains: but when one climbs one of these mountains, one will be surprised to find that one has not reached the expected summit, but has climbed the edge of a plateau, which shows a hilly formation and only at the next course of the river sinks again to the depths like a gorge, in order to form there - in a smaller proportion - another erosion valley.

(2) The first syllable "Don" leads back to "Thun", "Thon", "Dun", thunder, the second "nau" = water, stream, therefore "Naufahrer" = skipper, which is why in a figurative sense the word "nau" also referred to the ship, as a watercraft. In a Bavarian legend, the bridge leading to the castle of "Sybilla Weiß" is called the "Thonbrücke", which is reminiscent of the Thunder Bridge, which leads to the realm of Helias as the counterpart of the rainbow. The name "Thonbrücke" now points to the lake "Dunum" named by Fredegar, into which the Anda pours; this is the Thunersee in the Bernese Oberland. On Lake Lucerne there is an area called "Thun", and on Lake Hallwil there is also a "Thunfeld": likewise the place name "Thundorf" occurs very often and always at the water. The 1519 renewed fishing regulations of the imperial city of Esslingen forbids fishing "in the Thonauen", also the whirlpools under the weirs and sluices of the mills are called "Thonauen", namely: thundering waters, whirlpools, eddies. - "In the Thonen under the mills, since the water is called Thonau according to old custom". - "Donen", "dunen", "aufdunnern" is still dialectally used for noisy state, door Sunday pompous clothing. The origin of the river's name wants to express the mighty glory of the powerful river, and this with good German - not Celtic - words.

On these plateaus there are villages with arable pasture land and only there, where the forest begins, the ground lowers again to the river valleys, which are seldom crossed by roads, because the roads run on the plateau, which explains the peculiar scenic charm, the often almost primeval forest-like wildness of those river valleys, e.g. the upper Kremstal, the Thayatal and others. But if one consults geological maps, one will soon see the riddle of this phenomenon solved in the post-glacial inland seas and lake basins; for there, where the Danube was forced to run its course by means of such a washed-out valley, there was either a shoal in those pre-glacial sea basins or possibly even a narrow strip of mainland, which had to be broken through in order to serve the waters as an outlet. Depending on the fact that the enormous run-off waters of these post-glacial seas, formed by the rapid melting of the enormous glacier masses that covered Central Europe, burrowed through such obstructive shoals or made their way through the sandy seabed, today's Danube valley shows its proud, often gruesomely beautiful rocky gorges or its idyllic, many-branched alluvial forest courses - the so-called Prater - in constant alternation. Such a rock and mountain pass is always a self-contained whole, which is followed by a long flight of floodplain forests, until a new section of a bottleneck comes, which announces itself from afar by a mountain-like elevation on both banks, crossing the stream direction mostly vertically, into which ground elevation the stream then enters, making its way through it.

If we now first consider how a stream or river bed developed, then the mass water development by the melting of those gigantic large inland glaciers of Central Europe is to be considered in the first place as the cause³, where water quantities which today are hardly conceivable, created massive floods (deluges) as a consequence. These melted glaciers created seas which sought, following the law of gravity, an outflow. After such a lake basin had far exceeded its banks, the water mass fell with a mighty gush - far stronger than even today's Niagara Falls - over its rocky banks

(3) Guido List Library No. 4 (Völkernamen), page 3 ff. -Nr. 5 (Rita), page 58 ff.

into lower-lying soil depressions. This might have been the case with our Danube in the area of the Kasan Pass or at the Iron Gates. This lasted until the water mass had washed out the rocky pass and the sea, which had now found an outlet, had drained away. The former seabed turned into marshland, which soon covered itself with swamp forests and thus became habitable for man, who descended from the heights, settled on the seabed dried by the sun and gratefully took possession of the newly won ground as a gift from the sun god. The cataract, which had disappeared at the outflow point of the inland sea, now reappeared where the next higher inland sea basin found the narrowest and lowest rock bridge, which formed the partition between the still full upper and the now emptied lower basin; in our case, therefore, the narrowness between Hainburg and Theben (today Hainburg an der Donau and Bratislava), the boundary between the Hungarian lowlands and the so-called Vienna basin. Now the same process was repeated between the Kahlenberg and the Bisamberg, whereby the so-called Tullner basin dried up, which was then followed by the Wachau and later by that river pass between Persenbeug and Ardagger, and so on, until all the river passes were opened, the last inland sea was drained and the river bed of the Danube, as well as the river and stream beds of its tributary network, were completed in their main lines. The lake basins of Lake Balaton and Lake Neusiedl, as well as the Bavarian mosses (marshes and swamp forests) are the last remnants of those water basins which in primeval days kept almost the entire continent flooded, while the glaciers in our European high mountains form the last, ever diminishing remnants of the former ice shield which girdled our continent during the Ice Age.

From the foregoing it follows that the Wachau was already free of water, when in the area of today's Persenbeug an enormous waterfall was still roaring, while the upper part of the Danube country was still slumbering underwater⁴. Undoubtedly, however, the Wachau was already inhabited by people; for it might have taken thousands of years until the

(4) Just as the Niagara Lakes still exist today above Niagara Falls, which - according to calculations - will collapse after about 170 years, whereupon the Niagara Lakes will empty and new land will emerge.



Fig. 29: Mrs. Anna von List, née Wittek, wife of the author. (From an oil painting by E. O. Braunthal in Vienna.)

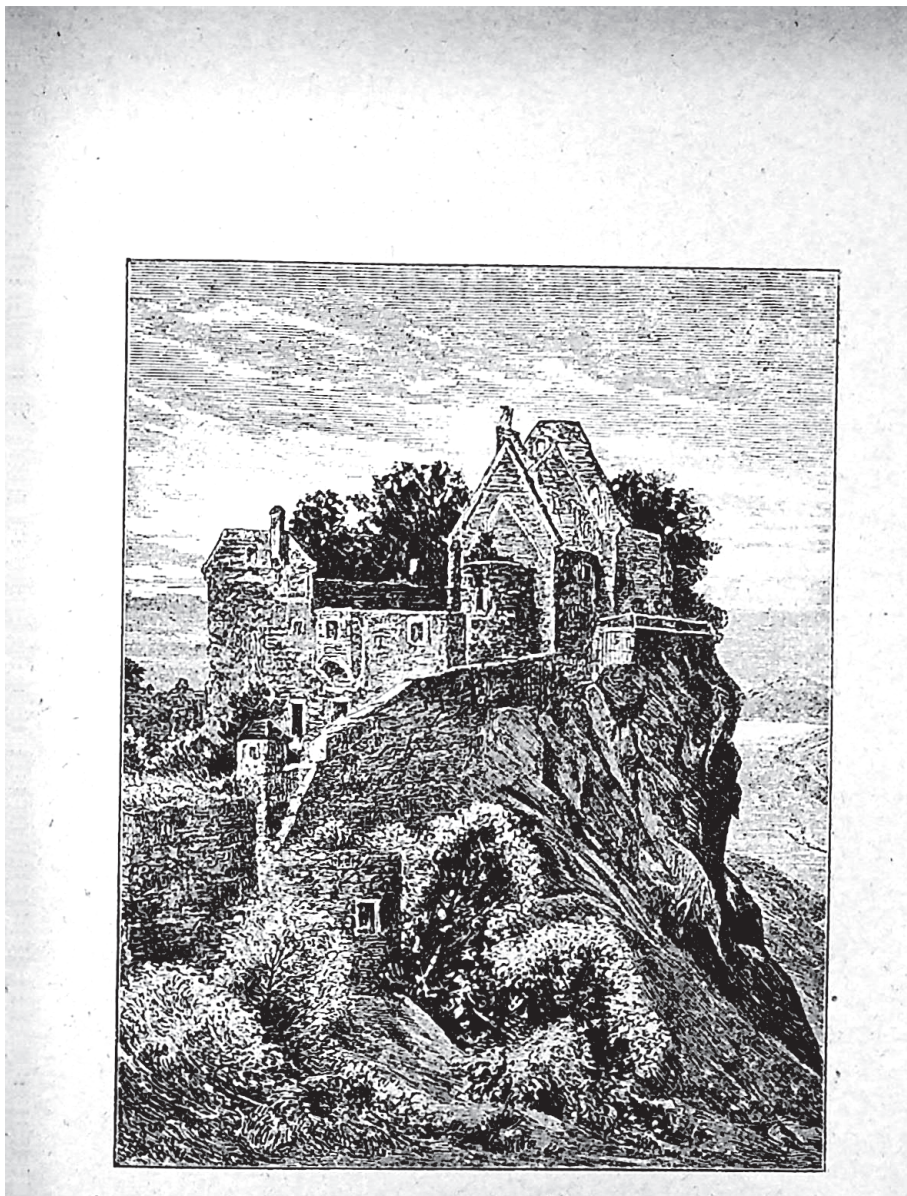
waters had hollowed out that gorge which today represents the Danube valley between Persenbeug and Ardagger. The name Ad Pontem Ises testifies to the cult place of the woman Ise, the Germanic mermaid mother, and the name Persenbeug (- which was erroneously interpreted as the evil bend - (pösin Poigen) - is explained by Pison = water, stream, river and Poigen = arch, fall, thus waterfall, waterfall, cataract; admittedly also an evil bend. This waterfall, which we want to put in the Edda to the side of the torrent Söckwabeckr for the myth-historical comparison, is of great importance for the determination of the name; because in the Grimnismal 7 is proclaimed:

Söckwabeckr is called the fourth⁵, cool tide
Always surprises them;
Wuotan and Saga drink every day
There blissfully from golden bowls.

With reference to this Eddic passage it results - as shall be indicated here only briefly - that from the third aggregate state of the matter, the liquid (element of the water), the fourth aggregate state of the matter, the solid (element of the earth), was produced by the ruling sun spirit (Wuotan). Therefore that cult place of the female, birthing primal being, while beyond the cataract the inaccessible sanctuary of the male, begetting sun primal spirit was believed.

Gradually the waterfall collapsed, the rocky gorge opened up, but it offered all conceivable terrors to the bold intruders, and today we still marvel at the Greiner-Schwall and the Struden as the last remnants of this great transformation, while even up to 1858 the whirlpool that has since disappeared still loomed. No wonder, therefore, that the primitive man of these regions, who thought that the female deity, who was closer to him and seemed more sympathetic to him, was ruling in the Wachau, thought

(5) It is the fourth of the twelve gods' castles or sun houses, which corresponds to the sign of Aries (T) of the zodiac. More about it in Guido-List-Bücherei Nr. 5: Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen.



Illus. 30. See pages 185 and 219. Ruin of Aggstein on the Danube. (After a hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.)

that the secrets of the begetting, forming deity (the world creator Demiurgos) were hidden there in that valley of horrors, and therefore consecrated that part of the Danube valley to this male creative power of the deity.

The Wachau is named after the Donaunixe Wachilde, who bore the son Wieland to the giant Wate (Wuotan). In the torrent Söckwabeckr Wuotan drinks with Saga from the golden cup of abundance; i.e. Wuotan, who receives half of the dead (the wal), the disembodied souls, unites in Söckwabeckr with woman Saga (Freya), to whom the other half of the Wal, the disembodied bodies, fall, souls and bodies to renewed form in eternal regeneration and rebirth, to defeat the giant Death. Therefore, before the torrent Pison-Poigen stood the healing place of the woman Isa, the old Ib-Isa (Ybbs, Roman corrupted in ad Poutem Jses) namely: bow (Yb = yew = bow) of Isa, thus: Pison-Poigen; but Isa or Ise is the receiving, birthing principle of the water, as Gerda, Hertha etc. means the same principle as earth. As Wachilde she is exactly the same female primordial being of water, because: Wach = nach = ach = to come forth and hild (child = kind), thus: birth-giver, who brings forth children. Therefore, the same myth and legend has the small children from the water, the Kindleinsbrunnen, brought forth by the stork, because the stork was called Adebar or Athebar and athe = oth = wealth, property, good and bar = be born, carry, bring. Since child blessing was considered as wealth, master Adebar, the stork, was as child bringer also the wealth bringer and was therefore pacified, by attaching a wagon wheel on the roof ridge for nest building. But also Wathe, whose name coincides with Wuotan, was as the begetting elemental force, as creator, as Demiurgos (world builder) the treasure donor and therefore Oski, the desired one. But under this designation he is always the light and sun god and therefore his symbolization must be found as the creating, begetting elemental force of the water to designate the male counterweight to Frau Isa. As such, apparently King Iso, "a good ruler and wise " of the fairy tale would suggest; but just only apparently, because Iso is only one of the numerous secondary names of the great sea and water god, who is in his last

conclusion Wuotan = old father himself.

In the Wachau region we find him as Ögir (Ägir, Agez) in the place name "Aggstein", and in the river pass between Persenbeug and Ardagger he appears as Hnikudr (Nikuz) in the place name "St. Nikola". This is significant, because Nikuz is the lord of the waves, and in the same river pass, downstream from the small hamlet of Hirschenau, next to the farms (Zierhof) (Ziuhof!) and Rottmeyer (Ruothmar!), there is the - Freigericht Hirschenau!!! - This is probably very significant, but still far from being as significant as the closer location of the castle Werffenstein below St. Nikola.

It has already been said above that St. Nikola was an Odinic sacrificial place. Of course, it was also Christianized and the seat of the ruling Armanens was transformed into a monastery. The Armanen "administrative house" became the monastery "Waldhausen". This monastery built a toll house next to St. Nikola, because the voluntary sacrifices of the Wuotanists were transformed into an involuntary Christian tax (toll) and the Waldhausen monastery placed its toll bailiff in that toll house, which in the course of time rose and expanded to become Werffenstein Castle. The name - "uarphenstein" has its origin from the "auswerfen" (rejection) of the formerly voluntary sacrifice and the later compulsory tax of the toll. Still later the toll castle became a robber castle, which was sacked and destroyed as such.

Only in passing it may be mentioned that Dr. Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels, supported by archival research, succeeded in establishing that Werffenstein Castle⁶ was in the possession of Queen Helche, the first wife of King Etzel, and he also proved the historical Ruodezar (Rüdiger) of Bechelaren.

Further downstream, below the castle Werffenstein, ruin Sarmingstein comes into sight, whose old name Säbnichstein (Säbennicha = sun mermaid), similar to Theben (Seben) on the Danube at the mouth

(6) Property of the highly significant meritorious racial researcher Dr. Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels, the modern Ulfilas, who is making the castle the seat of "the Order of the New Temple".

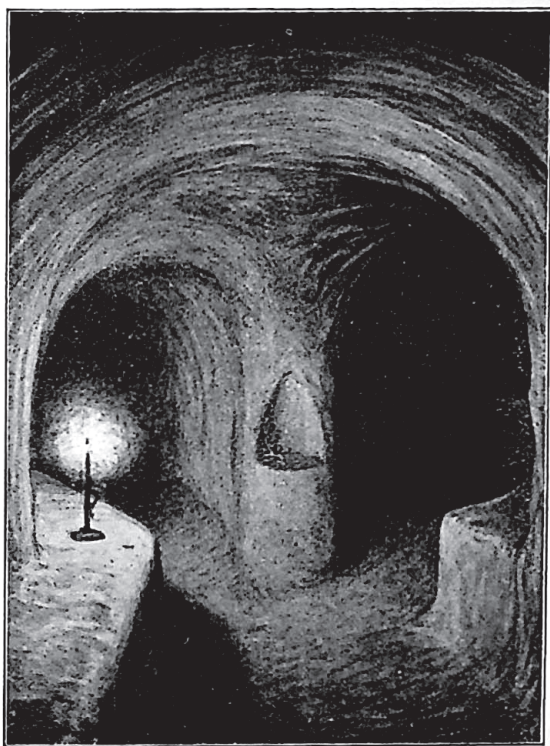
of the Altarch, reminds us of the sun cult at the water. Even further downstream lies Freyenstein, the castle of the sunny Freya, the owner of the swan's shirt, whereby the sun cult with the water kingdom offers itself again in intimate contact to view.

In the Gylfaginning 15 of the younger Edda it says: "At the other (second) root of the ash tree Yggdrasil, however, which extends to the Himnir (ice giants), is Mimir's well, in which wisdom and understanding are hidden. The owner of the well is called Mimir (Mime) and is full of wisdom,"he drinks from the well with the Gjallarhorn every day. Once Allfather came there and demanded a drink from the well, but did not receive it until he put his eye as a pledge.⁷ So it is said in the Völuspá:

All I know, Wuotan, where your eye remained:
In the well-known spring of Mimir.
Their drinks Mimir every morning
Our Allfather's pledge: Do you know what it means?

But the well of Mimir springs there, where formerly was Ginnungagap - the chaos -, thus where the creation began. If now according to the Edda the gods had their court at the third root of Yggdrasil, at Urdas Well, then is it not conspicuous that also here at Ib-Isa or Pison-poigem at the mirror image of the torrent Söckwabeckr, as of the Born Mimir, likewise a halgadome finds a court, a free court; after all, all halgadomes were schools, churches and courts in one, and the names Zierhof = Ziuhof (Tyr' hof), and Rottmeyer = Ruotmar, d. i. Rechtswalter, are linguistic-historical monuments of compelling probative force for it. Since, however, as we have recognized from the above briefly described geological formation of the river pass between Persenbeug and Ardagger, the formation of that river pass took place when the area was already populated, the original inhabitants of the surrounding area

(7) More about this myth: Guido List Library No. I: Secrets of the Runes, page 5.



Illus. 31: Typical scene in a Lower Austrian "earth cave". "Erdstall". Site of a fork in the aisle. In the central pillar a light niche. Right and left sole benches. (Photograph and reproduction of the k. k. graphische Lehr- und Versuchsanstalt in Vienna). See. S. 48-50.

witnessed how the river pass gradually formed from the chaotic conditions resembling Ginnungagap, so it is of compelling necessity that the enormous pictures of the Edda, which were described poetically out of observed natural processes, were at least used here for the same, if we do not want to assume that they originated here in view of that majestic natural spectacle itself.

So in the torrent Pison-Poigen, the arch of Isa (Ib-Isa, Ybbs, ad pontem Ises) the embodied mirror image of the spiritually seen Mimirs-wells can be recognized easily and for this reason the oldest and most powerful embodiment of the creative elementary power of the water as Mimir or Mime is recorded here not only mentally, but also naturally by name.

There, where the ancient market Ardagger stretches, there was already in prehistoric times a Germanic settlement, because still today the pilgrimage church St. Otilie stands above it from a mountain. This was a Germanic place of worship, a healing place of the Norns, the goddesses of fate. And these had every reason to rule there, because all those who entrusted themselves to the roaring stream in the swaying boat from this sport, all these had in those distant days an excellent reason and the right to ask fate a question before the beginning of the perilous journey.

Suddenly, two mighty mountain pillars narrow the Danube valley. The rocky colossi of bluish granite rise rigidly and without beaches or landings out of the foaming waters, and withered pine thickets overgrows the abysses and struggles in the wild fight for air and life.

The last wedding procession of the "Windsbraut" has torn a wide alley in the pine masses, the newly fallen tree corpses, overgrown by creeping weeds, serving other descendants of their type as foundation. There, a broken trunk sways in the greenish-black waters, surrounded by white-foamy spray, thundered by the raging fire of the angry tide. King Petzo is humming his way through the entangled undergrowth, and high above, the mighty Aar, the king of the air, is nesting. -

Such is the view that the bold Ferge casts into the yawning maw of the terrible river pass.

Gone is the play of the glorious blue water, gone are the countless islands with their floodplain forest glowing in the most golden green light, through which the friendly stream meanders in a teasing mermaid mood; gone like the play of youth when the struggles for existence approach. -

United in one bed and this one bed squeezed together to barely half width, the waters roar and roar in the swirling surge into the darkened rock gate, into the gorge closing like a cauldron.

The ferryman might have felt a shuddering horror when he became aware of such a sight; he might have landed and made a pilgrimage to the sanctuary on the "Odiliensberg"⁸ in order to ask for healing advice from the healers above; the crowd of fellow travelers might have cast lots among themselves as to which of them would have to secure "Naumannsheil" through voluntary sacrifice in the waves of the others.

The lot was cast. The Wala had broken the sacrificial cake into as many pieces as there were sailors standing before her, but one piece was blackened in the charcoal of the sacrificial fire. One after the other, facing away and with a throbbing heart, grabbed a piece of the cake from the Wala's apron. - One of them had drawn the sacrificial lot. -

There the others had stripped him, bound him by hands and feet, but flower-wreathed, and thrown him from the ship into the gurgling tide. His robe, his weapons and his hat were nailed to the front of the ship's beak amid murmurs of blessings. These had become signs of salvation, protectors of the journey, they vouched for "Fergenheil".

Now the terrible was over; now a sharp carousing began and many an offering flowed into the treasure of the healers at the Odilienberg.

The next day the journey began. - The mooring ropes were thrown loose, the oars creaked, and slowly the clumsy vehicle pushed its way from the shore water into the foaming, roaring stream. - The sun is still low behind the blue mountains, but the morning sky shines golden

(8) The rune Odil or Othil: belonging to the third rune group, gives the name to that healing place, and designates it as the Forgiveness or Death-norn (Todesnorn), consecrated to Helia.

through the densely overgrown forest.

The stream is still clothed in its serene blue, but the rocky gorge approaches darker and more threatening, opening up more and more like the prey-hungry maw of a ravenous lineworm.

A muffled roar from afar. Already the ship begins to sway. Churning and gurgling, a chaos of waves rushes toward the ship, as if it itself were afraid to plunge into the thundering bottleneck, but in the onslaught of surges pushing after it, the struggling crests of the waves roar together in milky spray and surge in raging fury against the damp and dark rocky reefs.

Nightingale and cuckoo from the forest-dark mountain country answer the many-voiced wave song and above it floats coarse indeterminable roar and noise song of the forest like the sounding and ringing of the winds around the individual rock spires from the broken stone piles which stand there like the giant pipes of the primeval world organ. -

Then the ship shoots into the whirlpool, it rears and sways, the rudders creak, the frames groan, the men shout the call of the oars, but all this can hardly be heard against the thunder of the waters.

There the black-green tides roar over fallen rock debris, between which masterful tree giants wedged themselves, there the waves roll foaming and rumbling into the self-drilled small openings of the rock bays, from which they roar back again and again in order to swing again white-grey wreaths of waves in the eternal wave dance.

There the gray-green tide turns again in the vortex like the squinting eye of a living water giant and above it the foam ruffles like a bristly brow. There the green net of the predatory river rushes and the nine women of the waves seem to throw the moaning ship to each other like a ball in a grim game of catch.

The rocks pile up higher and higher, the tide rages ever more roaringly, and it seems to come to a complete boil.

Ahead, a jagged rocky islet stands midstream, pounded by the roar and rage of the terrible surf. A deep, dark funnel opens up, surrounded by

a horrible ring of white foamy spray.

Then the Ferge hurls a white goat, gilded at the horns, into the vortex with tremendous momentum, while the men tug at the wooden oars to get out of the area of the all-devouring vortex. The ship's dance is terrible, but the most dangerous spot has been conquered. The sun already glances in mildly over the jagged rocky crags, the thunder of the surf is already echoing in the back, and only a sharp roar and whirring accompanies the ship as it passes the rocky cliffs.

Here and there, the foam-like hawsers of the waves are still rearing up, but their fury is broken, and the heavy ship glides calmly, almost without swaying, along the hermitage on the banks. Once again, a rocky bar pushes across the bed, and the water roars in a sharp "evil bend" to the right. Now the mountain man breathes a sigh of relief; the rocky alley opens up, the rocky valley disappears behind him, the green of the laughing meadows and the bluish-green alder bushes crown the again blue-happy waves like a bell, and a wide country spreads out before the eyes of the joyful mountain man in a breathtaking beauty. The friendly sanctuary of the fair Lady Ise, "Ip-Isa" is reached.

The picture has become different today. On board the "Ariadne", one finds the river pass from Ardagger downward "really quite nice", at Grein even "romantic", at Struden "picturesque", then one finds St. Nikola "very lovely" and is disappointed at the eddy, because one sails with the steamer there, where in former times the rocky reef of the "Hausstein", blocking the current, had created the eddy. This was blown away; the Danube was deprived of a dangerous rapids, but also of one of its most charming landscapes.

Now the steamer sails along through the further, naturally "romantic" rocky alley and finally arrives at the "Persenbeug" castle at the evil bend. The steamer circles the "Ybbser Scheibe". With a bored yawn, the tourist goes through this now friendly trip, and goes to the restaurant to enjoy a beefsteak with fried egg as a reward for the effort of admiring

nature.

Like Ardagger above, Persenbeug (Bösenbeug) below is, so to speak, the waiting place at the entrance or exit of the long river pass. Like Ardagger above, the gloomy "Odilienberg", Ybbs shows the serene mermaid sanctuary of Frau Isa. Both, however, are located at a gate to the sanctuary of Donau-nix and Donau-nixe, who dwell in the never-freezing eddy and whirlpool, where we properly meet a St. Nikola again, just as on the Rhine a Nikola chapel follows the Bingerloche. But as Nikuz the mermaid father appears christianized here as "St. Nikola", so he also appears with his other name in the stream name Ister, as in the song of: "Iso dem vischer guot und wise"; the female however in Nehalania, Nicha, Nichse, Ise and Isa. These two names separate into generic names Nix and Nixie, as into the personal names Iso and Isa.

The service of which Tacitus now speaks was by no means that of the Egyptian Isis, but that of our good German woman Isa, whom the people still know today as "Danube woman (Donauweibchen)", and who had one of her main sanctuaries in Ybbs. Perhaps it is to our Ybbs that the Tacitean report refers, which is the motto of this treatise.

The Romans called the place "ad pontem Ises", the oldest spelling of the place in German is: 1075, Ipsburg, but of the little river: 837, Ipisa fluvius; thus Ip-Isa.

The "Tabula Peutingeriana" thus corrects the report of Tacitus by saying quite correctly Ises instead of Isis.

But, as already said, the people has not forgotten its "Danube woman" and Vienna possesses even in its city park a charming statue of the Danube female, which is admittedly no "Frau Isa", but can be considered close enough.

Let's have a closer look at the "German mermaids", because here we are in the middle of the area of the mermaid belief. Also here we find local deviations from their Nordic essentials, as the Edda preserved such for us, just as retained mythical figures. -

The German mermaids are never dwarf-like, but in shape and size equal to humans, and therein lies their main difference from the Nordic



Illus. 32. See page 184 and 249. The Benedictine Abbey Melk on the Danube. (Wachau. - Photography by Hatlanek in Vienna.)

alps, which, by the way, are not always, although mostly, thought of as dwarf-like small. Predominant among them is the female sex. Only main rivers usually have a male mermaid; so the Rhine, the Danube, but to which a female mermaid is added, and the tributaries are considered the children of the mermaids. But also this rule shows exceptions, as e.g. the legend of the water sprite (Nix) of the Pulkaubach and others will prove.

The female mermaids are consistently of radiant beauty and are recognizable as mermaids and distinguishable from humans by only the most insignificant external features; namely, they have green teeth, strikingly large, green or water-blue eyes, and - fish blood. If they are seen out of the water and then clothed, they are recognizable by the always wet hem of their clothes or the wet tip of their always dazzling white apron; they are also said to differ most advantageously from their warm-blooded human sisters in that they are said to be less garrulous on their walks than the latter. Admittedly, they lack the most stimulating topic of conversation, which provides our ladies with so much material for the most witty conversations, for they are - according to reliable news - not allowed to keep servants; this probably explains a lot.

But if they join the people, they are very confidential in their dealings; they come to markets to buy food, where they often put fish scales instead of silver coins on the pay table. They also visit people in their homes and let them visit them again in theirs. Thus it may be recalled how a farmer once, visiting his friend the Nix of the Pulkaubach found he was not at home, and used this opportunity to free the souls of the underwater captives held by the Nix under glass bells. Quickly the farmer threw these glass bells over and in the form of air bubbles the "poor souls" rose.

The young female mermaids come in the evening at moonlight to the spinning rooms or under the village lime tree, also to the church dances, and spin and tell and sing and dance like other girls.

But people have to be very careful in dealing with the mermaids, because almost all mermaid legends have a demonic trait of malice, deceitfulness and cruelty. And it cannot be otherwise; they are, after all,

the humanly shaped characteristics of water in all appearances in the life of nature. The male mermaid has its vigorous and wintry qualities, the female mermaids as representatives of a cheerful, laughing, summer character. That is why the merman is depicted as old and gray-haired and bearded, that is why he is christened by St. Nicholas, who makes his entrance on December 6. He may be a grumpy old man, but he is good-natured, because he brings the children the joys of winter, the last fruits of the year: apples, nuts and "Kletzen", namely dried pears, and the like. But he puts it in the "dead man's shoe".⁹ What a gentle, kindly reminder of death, without scythe and rattling leg! He has left the frightening to the Agez and the Ran. But even the friendliest, most dallying brook with its often pond-like wide ponds, how vicious, how cruel it can often become when it suddenly swells and rolls raging across the fields. All this is reflected in the myth of the mermaids. Moving from the general to the particular, it should be mentioned how many an unsuspecting fisherman fell into their nets, and how many a bold ferryman, embraced by their foam-white arms, was kissed to death by them. This is their man-stealing quality.

The very fact that sacrifices, even human sacrifices, were made to the mermaids and are perhaps still made today, proves how much one feared their treachery and wanted to reconcile through sacrifices.

However, in order to be able to fully explain and justify this perhaps exaggerated word, it may be permitted here to look back at that time which immediately preceded the introduction of steam navigation on the Danube. This was before the year 1830, in which year the first steamer had sailed from Vienna to Pest. -

All Danube ships - with the exception of steamers, of course, which are built on keels - have flat bottoms, are very long in proportion to their width, and are completely unadorned and unpainted, so that the raw

(9) However, this "dead shoe" is the salvation sign of the rebirth. More about it G.-L.-B. No. 5, "Bilderschrift" p. 337, 342.

wood is visible everywhere, which in no way gives the ship a friendly appearance. Moreover, the Danube ship lacks the proud ornamentation of mast and sail, and even lacks the cheerful pennant flag. Uninterrupted hard work at constant risk to life and limb make the Ferch¹⁰ as hard-tempered as it is weather-hardened, and so the ponderous "Hohenauer", as the ship's train is called, does not at all offer that peculiarly charming sight which a ship under sail or oar otherwise affords. Even on the way down, the heavily laden and frighteningly deep-dived "Plätten" and "Kehlheimer", "Traunerin" and "Wachauer", or "Regensburger" are not exactly of a beautiful appearance. Depending on their size, they always have two to four and often more terribly long rudders at the bow and stern, properly called "rudder trees", each of which is operated by three to six or even more men. This is because the ship drifts downstream with the current, i.e., without its own propulsive force, it continues to move at the speed of the flowing water. Since the ship has no driving force of its own, it naturally lacks steering gear and would be unmaneuverable, a random game, if steering were not replaced in some other way. This is now done with the rudder trees, which are often over thirty meters long, both forward and aft. With the help of these rudder trees, such clumsy ship sinking battles are now infinitely easy and quick to steer, and can admirably weave their way through often narrow and the many-winding and branched watercourses that stretch between visible and overrun, ever-changing sandbanks. Only when one has experienced a descent on such a seemingly clumsy vehicle, which is more like a Noah's Ark than a ship, only then can one understand that all and every artful navigation on the Danube is impracticable and its forcible application a useless and costly act.

In the front of the crane (bow) stands the Ferch, (or Ferge, the person who drew the short straw, acts as a depth reader.), with the "insertion shell", which replaces the "dead" or "sinker". This is a rod over two

(10) The Middle High German Ferge of the Nibelungenlied is still remembered in the shipman's language, in which the ship's servant or shipman is still called "Ferch" today.

fathoms long, which is divided into so-called "G'minde" most peculiarly. A "G'mind" today is assumed to be six Viennese inches, but it has other origins. The erected fist with the thumb held up vertically used to give the unit of measurement of the "G'minde". This "Einsetzschale" (insertion shell, or depth reader) is painted black and shows at the lower end, from this three shoe (thus six G'minde) away, a white ring, which is itself again half a shoe, thus a "G'mind" wide. This is followed by a black ring of the same width and this again by a white ring of the same width. Up to here nine G'minde are marked. Now, measured from the tip, at a distance of five and a half shoes, thus eleven G'mindes, a narrow white ring follows. Accordingly, from the top, the G'mind numbers run as follows: At the beginning of the first white ring 6, at its end 7, at the beginning of the second white ring 8, at its end 9 and finally at the narrow white ring 11.

The ferch now regularly pushes this measuring rod into the water when it becomes shallower, and reads off the "G'minde" monotonously, after which the "Nauführer", the commander of the vehicle, commands its steering aloud.

Under the creaking of the oar trees and the clock call of the oarsmen: "Hö-ruckh!, Hö-ruckhl" the monotonous G'mind reading sounds: "Seven, eight and a half, nine, five, five and a half, six....and so forth. Here and there, you can hear the ship's bottom fail over a gravel bank, but nimble as an eel, the rudder-obedient monster winds its way through the sandbanks until it has a clear run in front of it again, where it drifts on motionless again, and the insertion shell is put out of service.

Even the steamboats have to reckon with the old practice of setting the boats; the high school of nautical science cannot be taught to our stubborn little Danube nixies. - There are splendidly good and beautiful river charts of the Danube, which express every depth, every current speed exactly in numbers, record every sandbank, every gravel bank, every heap as well as every island, but this chart was already incorrect the day after the measurements were taken, and downright wrong the day after it was issued. And this is because the relief of the river bottom is just as mobile as its water, because where today there is a river depth of more

than fifteen shoes, tomorrow there can already be a sandbank, and vice versa. The Danube skipper, whether he is an upstream skipper or a steamboat captain, has to look for the way anew on every trip if he does not want to "land-drive", and this is the reason why also the Danube steamboat navigation had to give in and return to the Ferching practice, which its first captains wanted to ignore most nobly half a century ago and still a little later. Only after they had sailed, landed and leaked innumerable times, to the most outrageous pleasure of the old Ferches, did they take tried and tested Danube skippers, so-called "Naufahrer", as helmsmen, and lo and behold - it worked. Since then, no one can advance to captain at the Austrian Danube Steamship Company without exception, who has not served several years as a sailor - that is, really from the Ferch up, actually and not only allegedly.

As for the shapes of those Danube ships, they are certainly as ancient as their peculiar handling; indeed, they may have been little different long before Roman times. Certainly, the Danubians of those times also mocked the Roman Liburnians in a similar way as they did with the steamship captains several centuries later, and just as certainly, the latter were forced to retreat in the same way as the latter.

The main types of Danube ships, ordered by size, are the following:

"Kehlheimer-Plätte". Kranzel (bow) and aft (stern) strongly raised (upward curved) and pointed. Average 42 meters long, 7.6 meters wide.

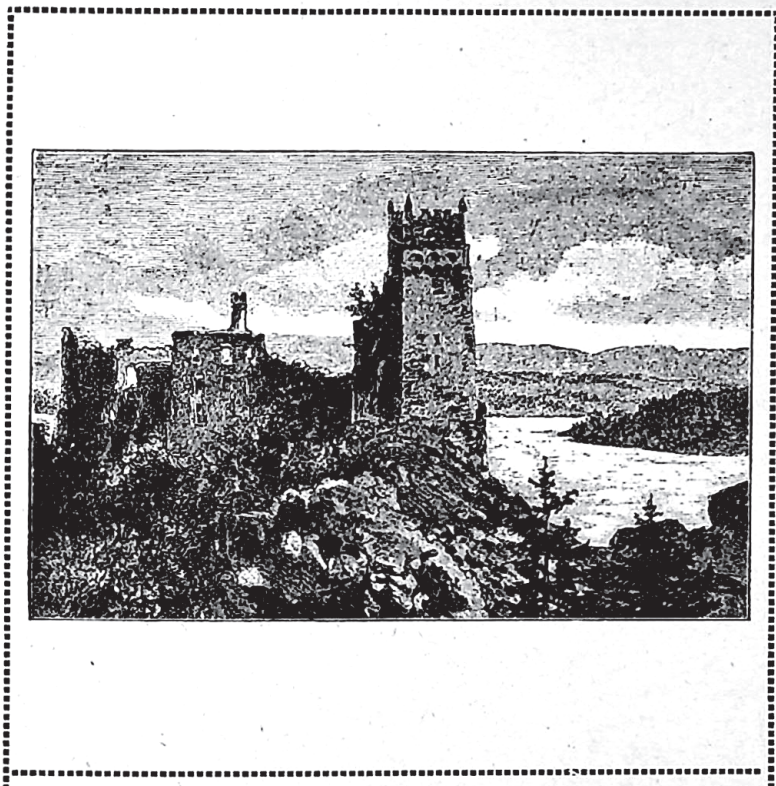
"Wachauer Gams". Kranzel sharply raised, sharply pointed; stern little raised, bluntly pointed. 30.5 meters long, 4.75 meters wide.

"Siebener Zille" (ribbed). Kranzel very much hoisted and sharply pointed; stern bluntly pointed and weakly hoisted. 38 meters long, 5.67 meters wide.

"Regensburger Gams". Kranzel sharply pointed, strongly raised; aft bluntly pointed, not raised.

"Rosenheimer Plätte". Kranzel sharply pointed, little tucked up; aft wide, flat running. 22.75 meters long, 5.76 meters wide.

"Schwaben Plätte". Kranzel bluntly pointed, little tucked up; aft wide, flat running 22.75 meters long, 5.76 meters wide.



Illus. 33. See page 184. Weitenegg Ruin on the Danube. (Wachau).

"Trauner Plätte" (Traunerl). Built like the Rosenheimer Plätte 24.66 meters long, 3.80 meters wide.

"Salzburger Plätte". Previous same, only the Kranzel is also not raised. 22.75 meters long, 5.76 meters wide.

"Essig Waidzille". Built like the Traunerl, 8.85 meters long, 2.54 meters wide.

Apart from these officially determined main forms of Danube ships, rafts are still in use on this river, which are again differentiated into beam rafts and cargo rafts, and differ both in their width and in the number of their wings. If the descent of these ships is also very interesting, this is even more the case with their "Nau-" or ascent, as especially with the "Naufahrt" the old guild ceremonial of the Donauferchen is still practiced today. This, like all its customs, is also ancient, and has preserved many mythical features originating from the Odinic era.

Since the introduction of steamships, the old "Honauen" or "Hohenauen",¹¹ as the ship trains are called in the opposite current, are limited to only one ship, whereas in former times a Hohenau consisted of four ships roped together. The total cargo of such a Hohenau was 6000 hundredweight, divided into four ships according to experience. Each of the ships was submerged 4 1/2 shoes or 9 G'minde deep, and the total Hohenau required an effort of twenty pairs of heavy stallions, so-called "Pinzgauer", which still received a lead of often just as many draught oxen at particularly rip-roaring points, such as in the whirlpool or eddy. In the whirlpool, even the first steamships were still harnessed to twenty or more pairs of oxen; only the newer steamships are able to take these rapids independently without harnessing.

As far as such an old Hohenau is concerned, it was strictly structured according to old custom, and was divided from the beginning into two parts, the horse train and the ship train.

(11) The emphasis falls on the "nau"; thus Ho-nau, Hohe-nau. Nau = large water u. in the figurative sense ship. G.-L.-B. No. 5, "Bilderschrift", pg. 29, 81, 264.

The horse train was subordinated to the three highest horse men, who were called "merigamers"¹² in the language of the ferry. The first one was, or rather still is, called the "forerunner", the second one the "after-rider", and the third one the "marstaller". Each of these three had a servant, called "Bock", which was therefore called Vorbock, Afterbock or Marstallbock. - The Forerunner commanded all the Merigamers, and was directly under the command of the "Hohenauseßtaler", who commanded the Hohenau and was in the crown (bow) of the first ship. The afterrider rode the last steed in the Zwiesel, into which the towing rope was sheared. This was, of course, the heaviest stallion of the train. Since the afterrider was the last one in the steed train and would have all the riders in front of him, it was also he who drove the train and determined its speed. All the other necessary riders were called "Scharreiter" and were divided into "Fähnlein" of three riders each. The first of the riders was (and still is) the "Hundsseilreiter". The Marstaller and his Marstallbock had to provide for the food of the steeds during the journey.

From the Zwiesel, in which the steed of the after-rider walked, the rope now ran back to the ships. Since the rope was too long to avoid sinking into the water due to its own weight, it lay on top of three small canoes before it reached the first large ship. These first three boats (also called "Klobenzillen" or "Seilplätten") were each manned by a "Ferchen", the "Vorfahrer", the "Mitterfahrer" and the "Vornaufahrer". Only now followed the first and largest ship, the actual "Hohenau", which gave the name to the whole ship train.

This ship was loaded with 1,750 hundredweight. In the front of the Hohenau's crane, the Hohenauseßtaler stood with the insertion shell and commanded the entire train. The crew of this ship consisted of the "rope carrier", the "helmsman", the "assistant helmsman", the "cook", the "bridgeman" and the "rope benderman" together with the other not specifically named crew members. The Bruckknecht and the Seilbiegler, however, were in the small ship that ran alongside the Hohenau and was

(12) Meri = mare = horse; gam = man (groom = bride's man) thus: horse man.

called the "Seilmutzen" because it had to carry the rope. The Bruckknecht had to handle the rope, which the Seilbiegler knotted tight.

These two had (and still have) a very perilous job, because especially the "changing" of the rope, namely when the horse train is translated to the other shore, or when the hauling rope has to be laid at a different angle to the keel line of the ship, requires great skill, great caution. When "changing" the rope, it often strikes out erratically, or throws loops, and not infrequently it happens that it knocks off a foot of one or the other, or even hits him to his death.

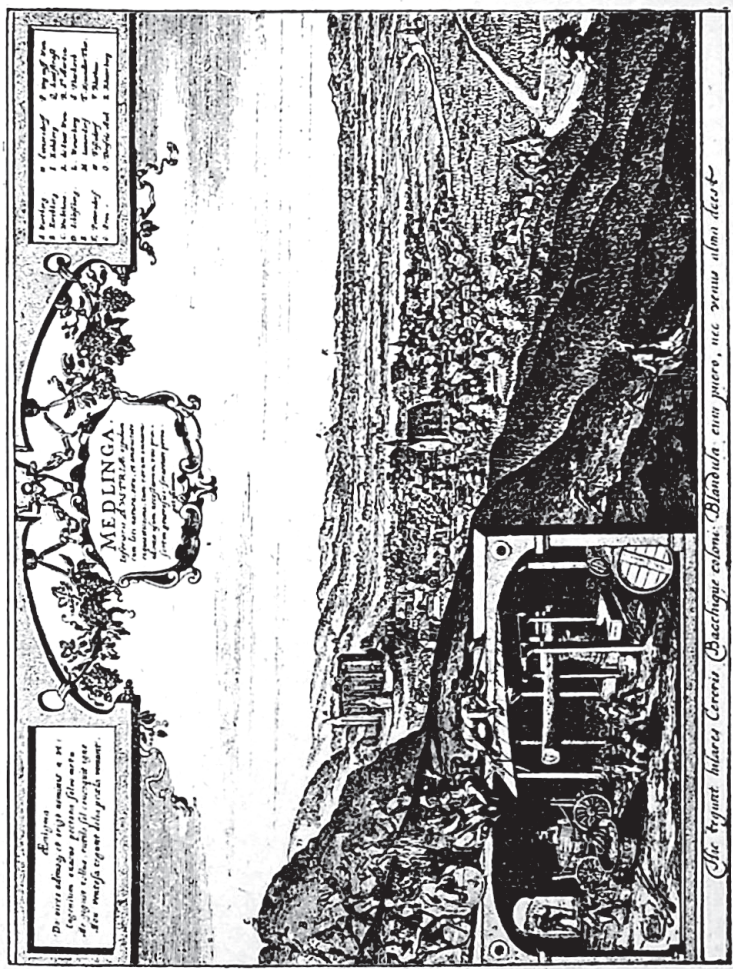
The second ship that followed in the wake of the Hohenau was the "Hohenaunebenbeier", carrying a cargo of 1450 hundredweight. Its crew consisted of the "Nebenbeifahrer" in the Kranzel, the "Hilfssteuerer", the "Hangersknecht" on the rope and the "Wasserer"; on the stern of this ship hung the "Kuchelzille", the vehicle of the cook.

These first two ships formed the front section of the platoon; now followed the rear section on the "Schwemmerseil" (floating rope) whence it was called the "Schwemmer" (floater). This also consisted of two ships. The first of these two would have loaded 1550 hundredweight and was called the "Schwemmhohenauer". (high floater) Its crew consisted of the "Schwemmerseßtaler", the "Schwemmersbruckknecht" and the "Schwemmersteuerer".

The fourth and last ship, the "Schwemmernebenbeier" with 1250 hundredweight of cargo was served by the "Schwemmernebenbeier" and the "Schwemmerhängersknecht", who was also called the "Krümer" or the "verlorne Mann". At the stern of this last ship hung a large barge, the so-called "Hafergaiß", (oat barge) in which the oats for the horses were loaded.

It is self-evident that such a multi-structured train also had to develop a peculiar ceremonial for departure, and this is still in full swing today, even when the "Hohenau" consists of only one ship.

The horses are already harnessed and mounted, when the rope carrier, who comes with the rope guard from the Hohenau, brings a stone jug, the



Illus. 34, see Chapter 13, "Der Brühl". Mödling near Vienna in 1626, from an engraving by Matthäus Merian.

so-called "Plutzer"¹³ full of wine and fills a small cup with it. The outrider stops his steed and the rope carrier greets him with the following words: "Bring you the holy St. John's blessing". He then drinks the cup empty except for a small remainder, which he now pours out backwards by swinging his arm over his head. The freshly filled cup is now emptied by the forerunner, as before by the rope bearer, and the remainder is poured out behind him over his head, as before. Then he returns the cup, saying, "In God's name, the Holy Blessing of St. John." In this way each rider does it, until the after-rider does the last drink of the merigamers. Then the rider speaks, "In God's name we go."

And now the rope is harnessed into the after-rider's "Zwiesel", and the rope carrier, while constantly throwing out the rope, drives back to the Hohenauer with the "Seilmutzen", where he hands over the rope to the Hohenauseßtälér, who in turn harnesses it into the "Schwing" and gives the signal for departure.

Now the rope bearer hands over the wine plutzer to the Hohenauseßtälér, who now drinks the St. John's blessing to the rope bearer under exact observation of the same ceremonial as the rope bearer did before to the horse people. The rope carrier now drinks to the Bruckknecht, the latter to the Seilbiegler and the latter to the other Ferchen exactly according to rank, who all also pour out the last drop over the head to the rear.

In the spring, when the crews of the ship's trains are assembled for the current year, and the first voyage begins, each Ferch takes care not to fall overboard, because the "first" always drowns; his replacement is already on board, that is the lost man. - One is very slow in saving this "first", even today, and always arrives too late. The fact that one gives oneself the appearance of wanting to help has the only reason being able to justify oneself to the authorities; "we have done everything, but it was just not possible!" In former times, when the courts were not as curious as they are today, and it was taken for granted that now and then someone would

(13) This is a very potbellied stone jug with a narrow, short neck, handle and narrow base.

drown from drinking too much water, there was no pretense of trying to save the person; even the hand of the "first" was not extended to help him, he was left to drown quietly, and the words were called out to him as a consolation: "Nandl (Ferdinand) give yourself, the Lord won't have it any other way". This was the farewell salute for the sacrifice that the stream chose for itself, the farewell salute that still resounds today, notwithstanding any uncomfortable witnesses nearby.

The others, however, shout: "Catch the hat and let the rogue run!" The hat of the drowned must be had, even with danger to life it is taken out of the water to be nailed to the front of the Kranzel of the "Hohenau".

The call "Nandl" or "Jagkhel gib dich!" has therefore become a teasing word towards the Ferchen, which in former times was bloody seriousness and even today has not lost much of this seriousness.

This can only be judged by the one who has sailed the Danube in a rowboat for a long time, who has caroused with the Ferchen in the Ferchen hostels, who has been there with the Ferchen to rescue Ferchen, who has been rescued by them from water distress, but not by the one who yawns on board the "Ariadne" and calls out his "wildly romantic!", while looking up in the "Danube Guide" whether the next river point shows one or more asterisks, so that he can then measure the degree of his "admiration of nature".

This only in passing.

If the Hohenau has the three Danube rapids, the eddy, the whirlpool and the Greinerschwall, happily at its back, and if a newly picked up Ferch, a so-called "Stinker" is on his first trip, then it is baptized by the "Nauferch", the leader of its train, and receives its "nickname", which remains with it permanently. Who does not think here of the Neptune baptism at the equator?

At the next "Lände" the Nauferch must pay the Stinker to be baptized by him with some glasses of wine, of which he must pour, however the first one for the confirmation of the baptismal nickname goes over the head, whereupon the waitress puts a bouquet of flowers on the hat of the

baptized. Also in Bavaria similar custom prevailed after passing the "storm" next to the monastery Greiffenstein.

From all these customs of the Donauferchen, as from still other less clear features, quite undisguisedly old-wuotanistic sacrifice and consecration customs look out, which hardly need the interpretation.

To whom will it appear strange, if "Frau Isa" was worshipped in the shape of a ship, which ship is still unforgotten by the people today? But of it later.

Such a drowning of the "First" is historically mentioned from the year 1759, in which year Elector Karl Albrecht of Bavaria did his "most pleasurable raid", as the diary kept about it reports:

"Important to note is also the 17th (17. July 1739) between the city of Passau and the High Diocese of Passau: Schloss Neuburg am Inn, a forerunner of the penultimate train with 2 ship's horses fell down from a steep, high gorge into the Inn River and miserably drowned, without any help possible. The remaining horses and guards assigned to this train would have to be saved from the imminent danger, and the train would have to be stopped quickly: By the fact that the lead ship, praise God, was soon again at the port; thus such, and who of the court servants in greatest fear and little clothing were on it, were brought in security. Therefore, one does not want to refrain from including a message of commemoration of this occurrence". -

Well, the man could have been rescued, but the rope had to be cut off. In such a case, the anchor is dropped, and the ship, wherever it is, stands firmly and safely. Moreover, these very ships were surplus, almost double manned, and there were more than enough idle hands on them to save - yes! if one had wanted to save! The forerunner was the "first" of this train of ships, and according to the old custom, he was not allowed to be rescued.

The court historiographer, of course, did not know this, because no one told him, and therefore wrote in his diary what was considered good to tell him about this case; dictum scriptum.

But as it is already so the kind of the German and therefore also the

kind of his mythology that next to the most terrible seriousness the most impish joke hops along, so the human sacrifice that the Storm-nix relentlessly demands, exactly this sacrifice also becomes a joke, which of course expresses itself indelicately, like a bear.

The main rapids, whirlpools and eddies, are considered the dwellings of Donau-nix, and these tolerate nothing impure, nothing sinful. Whoever knew himself to be burdened with guilt in former times, left the ship there and boarded it again only after these rapids were at his back.

Still today it is a main fun for the Ferchen, just there to question the girls in the ship about their innocence; if the girl has not preserved such, then she must redeem herself by a coin or leave the ship. The folk song: "Schwäbische bayrische Dirndeln - Juchhe - muss der Schiffmann fahren" covertly alludes to this ship custom. That such exams, however, treat this delicate matter far less discreetly than the song, is probably understandable; the Ferch has just no idea of what one calls glass-gloves.

If here also never of the Nix particularly, but always only of the "river" one spoke, then nevertheless always the Nix or the Nixe is meant, and only the punishments of this ineradicable and cruel Ferchen superstitions by church and court made the Ferchen cautious. He speaks therefore of the stream and means the Nix; - also this is "Kala".

The dwelling place of the mermaid is always thought to be in the rapids - in the Danube especially in the whirlpools and eddies - which is why fishing is also forbidden in them, as many fishing regulations testify. The sanctuary of the god must not be desecrated by man's desire for gain, and as the sanctuary became a sanctuary for the fleeing man, so also the fleeing animal, which sought protection at the sanctuary of the deity, should be pacified there from its persecutors.

That the eddies and whirlpools of the Danube must have been a highly sacred place of healing is attested - as already mentioned - by the place of pilgrimage of St. Nicola, which is held in high esteem by Ferchen, and of which Merian already writes in his topography of 1677: "After one has passed through (the eddies and whirlpools), St. Nicolas' chapel stands on a mountain, and a house near it, and a man in the image of St. Nicolas

drives up, to whom each one gives an offering at will".

But the "sacrificial St. Nikola" is the pre-Christian Nikuz, the mermaid father, from whose name Nichus, Nichusja, thus Nix and Nixie was formed. This mermaid father, however, touches again with the father of the gods Wuotan, yes, even merges into these, as all sub- and secondary deities lead back again and again to the highest pair of gods Wuotan and Frouwa.

For comparison and confirmation of this word it is only necessary to be reminded of the similar results of the treatises about "Aggstein" and "St. Christophen" of this book.

But also as a ghost this Stromnix is not forgotten and even documented. The "gray monk", who in 1045 threatened the bishop Baturich of Würzburg (according to others the bishop Bruno of Regensburg), when the same with the emperor Heinrich III descended the Danube, from the Hausstein ob dem Wirbel so terribly, was just that Nikuz, the old Donaunix.

We also remembered the Lorelei legend of the Danube already at Aggstein, where we showed the complete agreement with the Rhine legend and only complained that the people forgot the name of the mermaid and called her "the madwoman of Aggstein" for short. Like the Lorelei, she sits on the rock, combing her golden hair, singing her enchanting songs, while she weaves roses into her hair. Woe to the skipper who listens to her lust-breathing love song; he forgets steering and current and sinks with his ship in the gurgling surf, embraced by the white arms of the man-stealing mad mermaid and kissed to death.

The weeping mothers brought by the male Nix to assist the Nix women in labor have to be very careful that they do not lust after the accumulated treasures which the Nix offers them. Woe to them if they take more than the people tend to pay them for such services. The girl who dances with the mermaid must be very careful that the "green-tooth" does not kidnap her, just like the man who turns the mermaid in the round dance. As charming as the mermaid damsels are in the moonlight as well as in the sunshine bathing on the shore or veil-scented on the nearby

trees or rocks, the young man must guard his heart, for rarely does such love lead to a happy destination. He must either give up his life when he allows himself to be pulled beneath the waves, or the wave-girl will be killed by her own mermaids when they discover the sweet secret. The mermaids are no less cruel to their own kind than they are to humans. Many legends report how then a jet of blood rose and reddened the whole water; there the lovers or one of them had to forfeit life; rarely instead of the blood milk, an apple or a flower rises as a favorable sign.

A flattening of the belief in mermaids from Christian times is the view, often heard in popular opinion, that the mermaid women were seduced human children, which is why they often, even at the risk of their own lives, try to save people before they are carried away to the depths by the nix. However, this opinion is a misunderstood development of the mermaid myth and has no mythological basis.

As well as the myth of the male Nix in Nikuz touches itself with that of Wuotan and merges into this, likewise the female Nixenmythe leads to Frau Isa, the Nixie Queen, to that of the sky queen Frouwa. Just as Tacitus describes the cult of the goddess Nerthus, whom he expressly mentions as earth mother, just as he speaks of the cult of "Isis", just as the cult of the woman Isa was celebrated here in the country. And the most outstanding place of the cult on the Danube and most probably even the one mentioned by Tacitus was our Ip-Isa, the Roman "ad Pontem Ises", our present Ybbs.

The symbol of the goddess was a vehicle, half ship, half chariot, with which she passed through the lands at the time when the ice cleared the stream, and the snow cleared the road. She was honored with festivities, music and dance, feasting and revelry, all metal, namely every weapon was locked, no war was started or continued, only happy people wanted to see the goddess and make her happy. Under her protection, engagements and marriages took place, and her festival was named Carnival after her symbol¹⁴, the Car-Naval, still to this day.

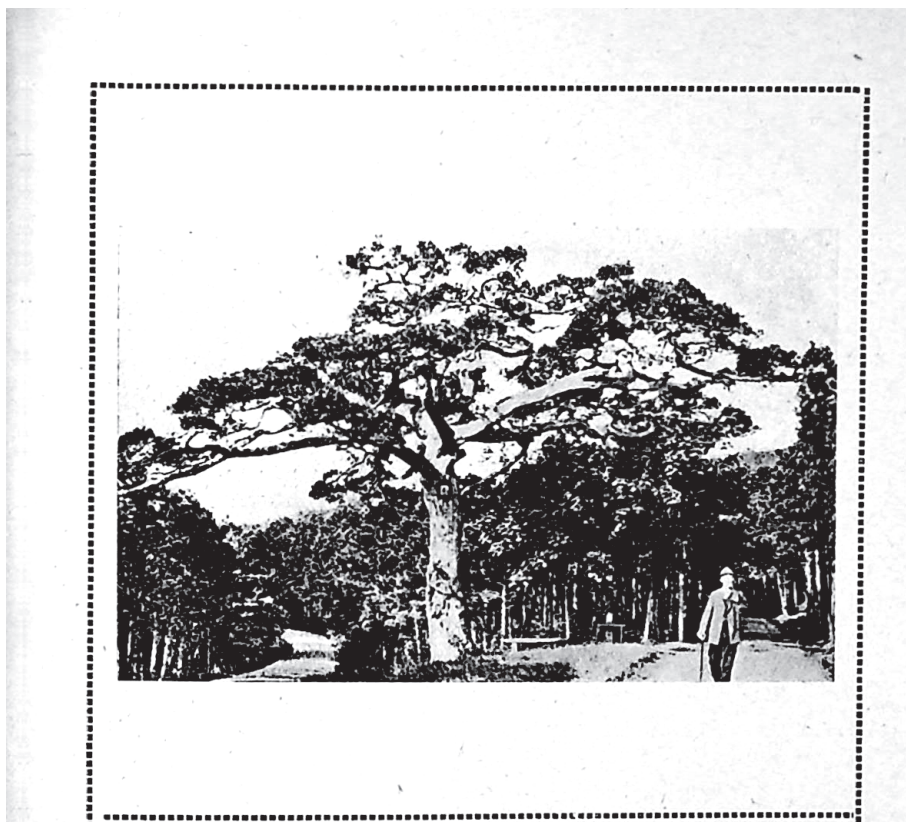
(14) Car = cart, wagon; Naval = navis, ship.

This procession of the chariot ship, however, is still common in many places of Austria, namely in the Austrian Alpine countries, where here and there even several places celebrate a common celebration since ancient times and do not deviate from form and ritual.

The vehicle of the goddess is always a chariot in the form of a ship, on which sit masked people, behind whom, however, only distorted images of old folk memories are hidden. By the way, it should be mentioned that it was precisely this chariot ship that Sebastian Brandt had in mind when he wrote his "Ship of Fools". The folk tale preserved the memory of the celebration of the goddess more clearly than the folk custom.

From the many folk tales that commemorate the procession of the goddess with the ship, only one of the most characteristic may be mentioned here to show how the people still remember the procession of the gods today.

It is said that not far from the high "Thor" or Dachstein, the so-called Hartkogel, half an hour's walk from the village of Mitterndorf, a mountain consisting partly of bare rocks and partly of dense forest, is the abode of the wild Gjaid or the wild hunter. These evil spirits ride through the air on a kind of ship-shaped sled, which has a sharp edge like a plowshare. As draught animals, evil servants are harnessed, who took more liberties against their rulers than is proper, but the load consists of true devils, of bad people and such servants who died during the year and could not yet be harnessed, because they can only be shod on Christmas Eve. At the end of the 18th century, a blacksmith called Stomer lived in Mitterndorf, an old, fat drunkard. Every Christmas Eve around eleven o'clock, the wild Gjaid came to him, unhitched there and now the blacksmith worked with the windows covered. There was howling and shouting, because he was repairing the hoof- or leg-irons of the maidens who were already in the process, but he was measuring the new ones. They howled and whimpered pathetically while he was doing this. - When everything was ready, the devil held out a bag full of money to the blacksmith and told him to take his wages; but the old Stomer was careful not to take more than he deserved, for he knew that otherwise the



Illus. 35. See Chapter 13, "The Brühl." The broad pine tree in the Thuringian area near Mödling. (After a photograph by Weingartshofer in Mödling.)

wild Gjaid would have taken him away immediately.

Very significant here is the ship-like shape of the vehicle and its relationship to the plow, as well as the share of lazy maids.

Even more significant is another local legend of Ybbs, which Father Reginbald Möhner preserves for us in his *Wandertagebuche* through Austria at the time of the 'Thirty Years' War. He writes:

"August 9 anno 1635 .

. . . and arrived at Ips (Ybbs) in the evening. Ips is a shipping port and there is a toll. Out of town on the water lies a Franciscan monastery, where I met Father Friedericum di Soli, my old acquaintance. We spent the night together in the tavern. After midnight and completely dark, I heard a great shouting, as if a Hohenau (ship's train) was going up. I asked in the morning whether they were also driving in such a dark night, but I got the answer that they were ghosts.

So we see here in Ybbs the ship of the goddess proven in terms of legends, namely as "ship train", so we saw in the legends, which go more inland, the chariot ship predominate, even entering into mythical relations with the plow. This may serve as a proof, how the service of all female (as well as the male) deities flowed into each other and finds its climax again and again in the supreme god-trinity, from which it had started, serving a special essentialization.

Not to be overlooked is a highly significant feature, which Tacitus reports to us of the procession of the goddess Nerthus and which in any case will also have taken place in that of the woman Isa. The goddess drove through the countryside in a chariot covered with cloths and when she was tired of her procession, she was driven back to her sacred lake. There the goddess was bathed, but the slaves who served her were devoured by the lake, for the sight of the gods was not granted to mortals.

This tradition, so far too little appreciated, offers the key to the solution of many questions in mythological relation, but especially the guideline for the determination of the divinity of one of the most famous of the legendary heroes, namely for the explanation of Lohengrin.

Melusine was a mermaid and commanded her husband not to see her

on certain days, otherwise she would have to separate from him forever. According to the well-known legend, he violated the commandment and the separation took place. Only years of penance reunited him with the beloved Melusine at the hour of his death through - the mermaid's kiss of death.

Similarly, the fairy tale of Cupid and Psyche. The latter had also transgressed the prohibition to see her invisible lover; she surprised him in his sleep and he passed away. Only in death - for this is represented in the fairy tale, even if concealed among the many penances and purifications - only in death was Psyche reunited with the divorced.

A goblin legend tells that in one house there was a house spirit, who helped the maid in all things, but always remained invisible to her, despite her most urgent requests. Finally he promised her to show himself if she would come to the cellar with two buckets full of water. She came, and saw a naked child lying there, with two knives thrust crosswise into its chest. With a cry of terror, the curious girl collapsed. Then the goblin laughed and poured the two buckets of water she had brought over her head for encouragement.

These few examples show that humans - as the service of Nerthus expressly states - were not allowed to see gods in their real form, and that the sight of gods was granted only to the deathless. So the slaves of Nerthus were swallowed by the holy lake, so only in death Cupid could reunite with Psyche and the count of Lusignan with Melusine. In the later goblin saga this trait is still recognizable in a weakened form.

Lohengrin, too, had to divorce Elsa after she asked him about "Nam und Art". This move shows his divine descent, which Richard Wagner knew very well or at least suspected. That Lohengrin thus steps out of the framework of the Grail saga is quite beside the point; it is quite the same case as with Siegfried and Brunhilde of the *Nibelungenlied*. Lohengrin, too, came as an older mythical figure into a newer poetry as a legendary figure; he was historicized like Tannhäuser.

Now, however, the very swan that accompanies Lohengrin points to the water kingdom; he is thus a nix, just as Melusine is a mermaid. Both

appear to the human children who love them in an assumed illusionary form and may only enjoy the brief happiness of love with humans in this form; if the stipulated condition is transgressed, then they must part. This condition is not always linked to sight alone.

So once a man dreamed of a girl, Trude. He woke up and saw a downy feather lying on his chest. Knowing what this meant, he quickly decided what to do, and jumped up and plugged the keyhole of the parlor door. There sat a beautiful, naked woman crying on his bed and begged him not to deny her the exit, because it was the law with ghosts and spirits that they had to take exit again where they slipped in. But the man liked the woman, he gave her clothes and lived happily with her for many years. Once he wanted to test whether she could take on her feather form again, and pulled the plug out of the keyhole. A sudden gust of wind drove the downy feather so quickly through the keyhole that the astonished man didn't have time to close it. She never came back and left him and the children she bore, never to be seen again.

The downy feather reminds of Freya's swan hair and will certainly have taken the place of Trude of that legend. - Also in this saga the contact of the swan - in the downy feather - with the Lohengrin saga is recognizable.

But as a swan virgin, Freya also contacts herself again with Frau Isa, the representative of the water kingdom, whereby Lohengrin's relation to it becomes more and more evident, for he, too, has already been recognized as related to the water kingdom through the water bird, the swan. Lohengrin is recognizable as a divine being who has relations to the water kingdom and therefore falls into the genus of the Vanir.

Since Frey is a son of the Vanir Njord, thus a Vanir himself, who was only later admitted to the line of the Aesir, one may think of his bridehood with Gerda. Gerda is held captive by the winter giants; Elsa, too, is in the greatest distress through Telramund, from whom Lohengrin frees her. She marries the swan knight, just as Gerda takes the sun hero as her husband; both marriages are short. Frey is killed - as Balder; Lohengrin has to leave the beloved because she asked for "Nam und Art".

The fates of both are thus the same, only the divorce is differently justified. Now, however, it is to be emphasized that Elsa, contrary to all other Gods' brides, is not a divine being, but a human child and as such is considered the human progenitor of the Counts of Cleve, as Melusine is considered the divine progenitor of the Counts of Lusignan, whereby the Cleve progenitor is of divine, but the Lusignan progenitor is of human descent.

In spite of this difference in the contrast of divinity and humanity in both family sagas, they are mythically founded in the same way and form another form of the family saga of old royal families, one of which we got to know with the counts Wurmbrand. As there the first Wurmbrand had turned out to be the Ostermann, Zeizzo the Beautiful, namely Balder or Frey, who took a human-born woman as his wife in order to beget a noble "Kotings dynasty", so in these two sagas, likewise for quite the same reasons, a divine being appears paired with a human one. By the connection of a god, no matter whether of male or female gender, in love or marriage with a humanly born of another sex, for the purpose of the production of a higher tribe, naturally a group of legends deviating from the other myths is caused, which can be brought only loosely in connection with this one, since just the humanly born spouse must enter here in the further development of the myth of unity and rebirth.

Since one was not able to establish perfect correspondences and similarities, so the Melusinen- like the Lohengrin saga had to be of Celtic origin, of course, in order to get rid of the inexplicability more easily.

As one now naturally expects the end of the ancestor in the Wurmbrand saga, because the first Wurmbrand in the saga is conceived in human terms, but the saga immediately appears incomplete, if one recognizes the mythical ancestor as a god, because precisely the myth tells us nothing about his parting from the wife, while one otherwise tacitly assumes his death as a matter of course, so in those tribal and heraldic legends, which still emphasize the divinity of the ancestor or the ancestress, also the parting of the immortal side of the ancestral couple had to be thought of, which had to take the place of the human-necessary death.

Thus these myths allow to draw conclusions only concerning the nature of the divine being, the immortal part of the ancestral couple, while the development of the love for marriage as well as the solution of the alliance between God and man is a very different one, not bound to any mythical model.

The Saga of the Worm (dragon) does not know the human progenitor and since she forgot that the ancestor had divine nature, she forgot also the solution of the marriage alliance. According to the nature of the legend, this might have been an earth rapture, to which assumption the name of the mountain behind the Wurmbauer, namely the "Hutberg", justifies.

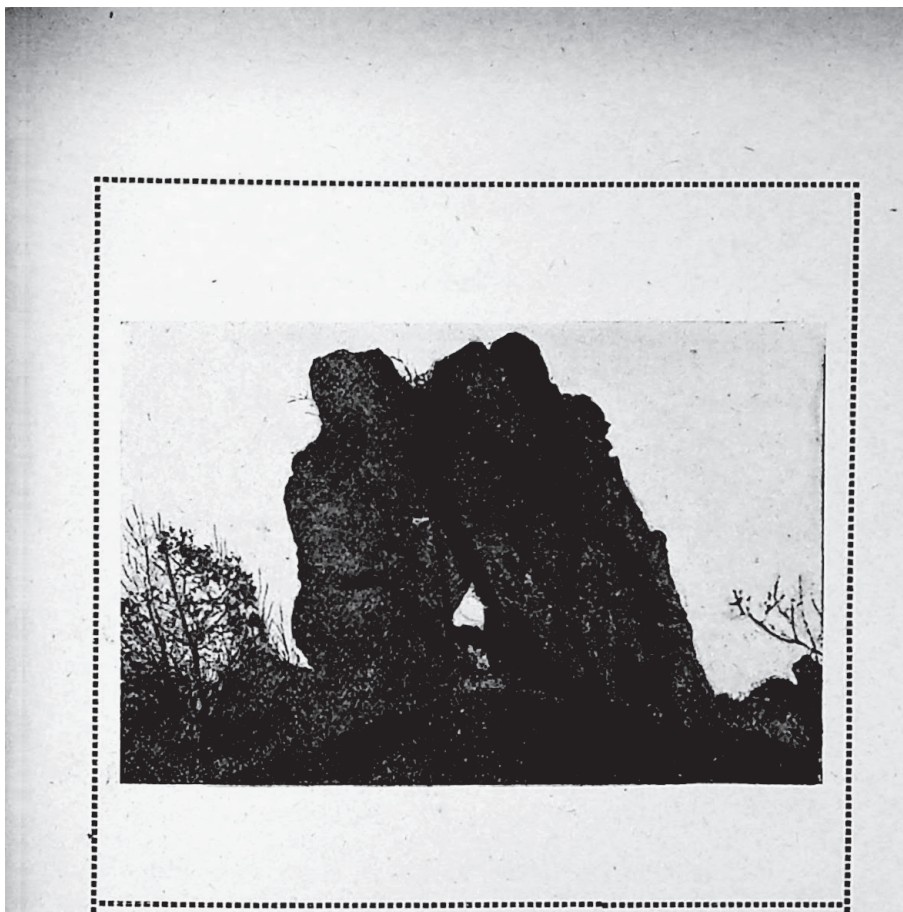
This is different in the Melusinen- as well as in the Lohengrin saga.

In both, the divinity of one of the two spouses is unforgotten, in both, the love relationship expands to a marriage covenant. Since such an alliance may not be dissolved by death, it must be brought about by a justifying cause, which naturally can only be the fault of the mortal part.

In this circumstance now lies, as already said, the cause of the actual un-mythical conclusion of the saga.

If we have mythically recognized in Wurmbrand the son of the sun (Balder, Ostermann, Zeizzo), then we find Lohengrin as Vanir, as the sun god who has risen from the sea, thus explained as Freyr, who rises from the sea pulled by the swan and submerges again with the same animal. Since, however, according to the mythological rule, all the derivations always lead back to Wuotan-Frouwa, so here again there is no real difference and all these ancestors prove to be rejuvenated figures of Wuotan-Fruowa in their conceptions as progenitors and mothers of famous royal dynasties of the Germanic prehistory.

Thus Lohengrin is in the first place a Nix, rising a Vanir, finally the northern son Freyr, as the young sun god rising from the sea, and in the further course the youthful Wuotan himself; since he is immortal as such, his parting from the mortal woman had to be a justified one, because otherwise he would have had to deify her, that is, to give her immortality, for which German mythology knows no example. Exactly the same result



Illus. 36. See Chapter 13, "Der Brühl." The "Matterhörndl" or the "Pfennigstein" in the Anninger area near Mödling. (From a photograph by Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels.)

in opposite sex relation offers the Melusine legend, which in mythical extension the mermaid Melusine develops into the woman Isa, this to the guardian of the fountain of youth Frau Holda and beyond this to the god mother Frouwa.

Therefore, the correct conclusion of the Melusine saga is the forbidden eavesdropping on Melusine and that of the Lohengrin saga the question of "Nam and Art", (name and nature) as Richard Wagner correctly emphasizes.

Now we would have arrived at the conclusion of this "German-mythological landscape picture" dedicated to the belief in mermaids and the cult of the woman Isa. Especially in the characterization of the lower mermaid people, which is made possible for us by countless mermaid legends, a perfect picture of the materialization of the water in the flowing or standing state is offered, executed up to the smallest features. It shows itself friendly, inviting to the pleasure, ready to serve and kind, but capricious, even irascible and cruel. With admiration we survey a highly developed poetic conception of a certain area of nature, see a rich poetic creative faculty flourishing here to the most fragrant bloom; With joyful amazement we survey this richly articulated picture, which may serve us as a confirmation of the unattained inwardness of the mind of our Germanic forefathers, to whom in this respect only one people of the old and the new world can be placed on an equal footing, and this one people is the ancient Ario-Indians, who are of one tribe with us, who are Aryans with us.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Aggstein on the Danube¹

Iduna had sunk from the world ash tree; the green-gold veils were stolen from the friendly goddess and in the frosty ice dungeon Gerda languished, trapped by the terrible winter giant. A thick blanket of snow lay over the forest. Tree and bush bore the winterly load bent and like frozen tears as the icicles hung down into the gnarled snow. These were the ice shackles with which the terrible one put nature under winter's spell. Down at the river lay the many-pronged ice jam in a blue-green glimmer; these were the "ice chains" with which the terrible one had bound the fair "Isa", the dear Danube woman, this was the giant wall with which he had wanted to dismantle the river. A harsh north was sweeping through the forest with long-drawn notes like the plaintive sound of a harp, like the mourning song of the prisoners in the terrible ice dungeon. But up in the air, a flock of hungry ravens circled the rubble-crowned stone head of Aggstein.

The snow crunched under the footsteps of the ascending ravens and the icicles splintered from the trees into the snow. Then the forest thinned out, a sharp gust of wind drove sand-like snow into our faces, and to the left we saw some broken masonry; the Aggstein had been climbed. The key turned screeching in the rusty lock, the heavy gate creaked open; we stood in the gate hall. It looked gloomy enough. To many who entered, the creaking of the gate hinges might have shrieked something similar to

(1) First published: Vienna, Heimat, October 6, 1882. Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, March 7, 1889.

what Dante's poet's eye read above the gate of hell: "You who enter here, leave all hope behind!"

But even if the ancient vultures once nested here may have done badly enough, the curse of terror that surrounds Aggstein's ruins is older than legend would have it, and goes back to far earlier times than those in which "Herr Jörg Scheckh vom Wald" robbed knights up here.

Although the castle was built only at the beginning of the twelfth century, although the seal of "Bertholds von Acxstain" shows a boulder (stone) with an axe hovering above it, the name itself is older than the existence of the castle, and also to be interpreted differently than the seal (axe-stone) seems to want to say.²

The rock Aggstein lies in the Aggswald, which the Aggsbach rushes through; only from this rock the name went over to the castle, which grew out of its head. In the same way, the Aggsbach was the godfather when the Carthusian monastery, the village and the market of Aggsbach came into being and were named after it. Of these three place names, however, only the name "Aggsbach" comes down to us in a document from the earliest times, namely as: "Achispach locus" in a document from October 6, 850. The basic word "Achis" (pronounced Akis) is the Gothic "agis", the Old High German "akiso" and means terror; thus the name Aggstein correctly means Schreckensstein and consequently this Schreckensstein lies in the Schreckenswald at the Schreckensbach.

Now, however, the rock in the sea, on which the terrible water giant of the German myth, Aegir, lives, is called "Agstein"; this is the magnetic mountain often mentioned in the fairy tale, which pulls out the iron from the ships, so that they sink disintegrating. This terror stone in the sea, the magnetic throne-stone of the water giant Aegir, fits very well to the terrible one, who also possesses the Agis stalk. Here now the terrible Aegir carried the local name Agez, with which he still appears in the fairy tale attenuated to the "master thief"; because also he had to tolerate it, like

(2) About the meaning of such heraldic images, better said such heraldic language, compare the author's: "Die Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen", G.-L.-B. Ur. 5, Verlag der Guido von List-Gesellschaft. Vienna 1910.

the other humanizations of the German myth, that he, stripped of his divine qualities, became more and more humanized, the more Christianity took root in the soul of the people and the Odin-spirit sank in constant development from "overarching faith" to "superstition".

Thus we see that the name Aggstein is a pre-Christian one, which reaches far back into the pre-Roman time and is closely related to a feared elvish being.

The naming, however, falls into a time in which there was still no arbitrary naming. The high sense of our ancestors, who still thought of nature as animated in a completely different way than the times of a Humboldt, populated forest and floodplain, sea and river, air and earth with supernatural, spiritual beings, and this, depending on the impression that the landscape aroused in him, with friendly, benevolent gods or with the hostile, evil forces, with which their good gods were thought to be in constant battle.

Thus the Danube valley from Melk to Spitz bears the name "Wachau", which was first mentioned in a document on June 23, 823, and a rocky mountain near Dürrenstein is called "Watstein". The Wachau still holds many old-mythical place names, but only these two except Aggstein may be mentioned today.

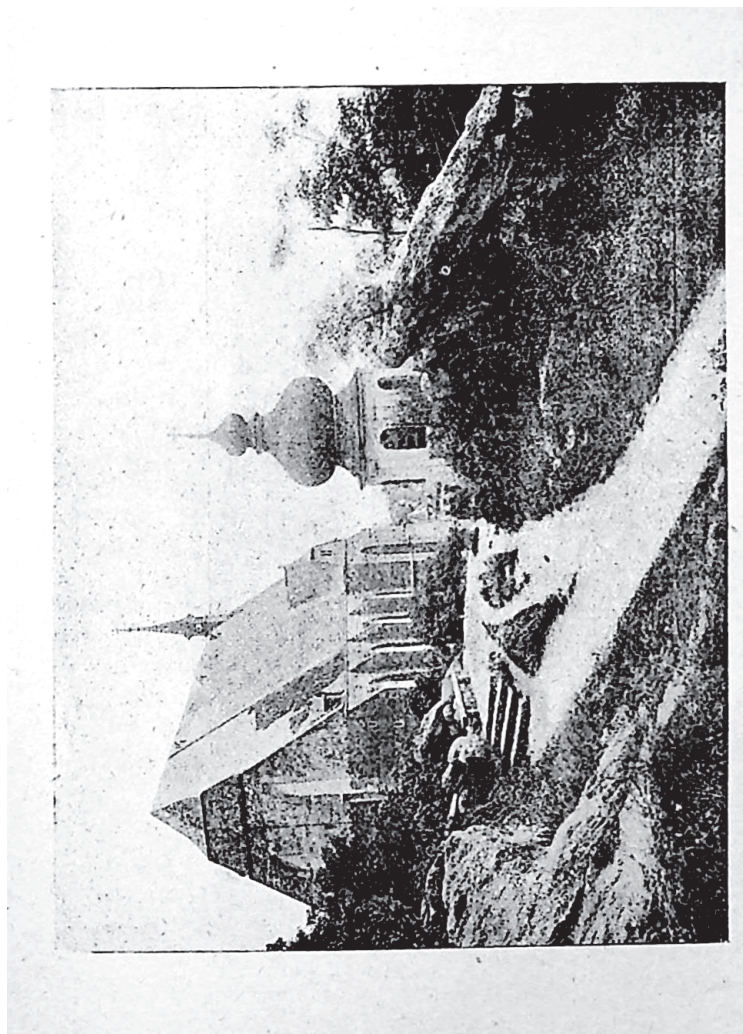
"Wachhilde" was a mermaid, a sea-wife, and the giant "Wate" begot his son Wieland with her. Wate carried this son Wieland across the sea to the sword-forging dwarves, so that he too could learn the art of sword-forging. Later, when he had become a master of the art and the dwarves did not want to release him, he outwitted them and slew them. Now it is by no means to be assumed as a coincidence that here in the "Au Wachhildens" (Wachau) the "Wat stone" stands. - But for centuries the Germanic tribes north of the Danube strove for the Danube crossing; at last Wate carried his son Wieland, namely his people, across the river to the dwarfs, to the sword-forging midlands in the Alps. Once the Teutons had crossed the Danube, they pushed the Midlanders and the Romans more and more southward, so that today they dwell only in the most hidden corners of the Alps. In the Traisen valley as well as in the Pielach

valley, however, there is one Wieland village each, and these are proven to be ancient forging sites.- But this Germanic migration had already taken place in pre-Roman times, at a time when the exodus took place in a different way than at the time of the so-called migration of peoples.

But the crossing of the Danube was not so easy, although Wate carried his people across the stream. They had waited until the winter giants had built the ice bridge, that is, until the floating ice floes had accumulated and frozen together to form an ice cover. Now the people could cross the river. Such ice bridges were still frequently used by the Germanic tribes, even the Romans did not disdain them, and even today they have not been forgotten.

At that time, however, people believed that they had to thank an evil, demonic being for this benefit and feared its deceitfulness. Following from this, what was more natural than the idea to make such a capricious being lenient by sacrifices, to buy his favor. Especially here on the Danube, numerous legends indicate the nature of these sacrifices. According to the legend, the devil built bridges, castles, even churches, for which he demanded the first or even the first three souls of those who would enter the building. Mostly the "stupid" devil was cheated by chasing a wolf or dog, cat or rooster first over the bridge, into the castle or church. Yes, even today it is customary that the farmer who moves into a new or newly acquired house, before he himself enters it, chases dog, cat and rooster over the threshold. This is an ancient Germanic custom and a reflection of the old sacrificial customs.

In those times, however, when the Germanic train crossed the giant ice bridge, faith was not yet smothered in misunderstood formalities, one did not yet dare to practice such fraud, the first, or the three first, who reached the other side of the river, were actually brought to the terrible Agez for sacrifice, namely on his sacrificial site, the Schreckensstein in the Schreckenwald. How these sacrifices were held, that tells us again the legend. The robber baron "Schreckenwald", who for a long time was thought to be the historical "Jörg Scheckh vom Wald" because of the similarity of his name, but who is none other than Agez the Terrible, the



*Illus. 37. see Chapter 13, "The Brühl". The Templarweg in the Brühl.
(After a photograph by Hatlanek).*

master thief himself, is said to have hung the prisoners, hung by ropes, over the overhang of the rock, or pushed them into his "little rose garden". This is an inaccessible, narrow rocky plateau, where the "victims" either starved to death or fell into the depths. The legends of the "robber knight of the horror forest" therefore refer to the "sacrificial site in the horror forest", while "Scheckh vom Wald" came quite undeservedly to that extraordinary distinction before his "professional comrades of the saddle food", because he did it neither milder nor wilder, but just as the others all did. Strange and noteworthy at the same time is the fact that from the castle "Schreckenstein" on the Elbe near Tetschen exactly the same legends are in circulation, as from the Aggstein on the Danube, whereby it is to be particularly noted that both names coincide by the same meaning.

But two other moments are worth considering, that is the "Aggsteiner Mauth" (Aggstein toll) and the right of the "Grundruhr". It is known that all the revenues of the ancient pagan sacrificial sites and sanctuaries had passed to the benefit of either the church or the sovereign after Christianity had displaced paganism. The sacrifices of the Agez lessened in the course of the centuries in the same measure as the rising culture removed the terrors from the crossing of the river, with which it was more frequently undertaken. Those who had been relentlessly sacrificed in the past were now able to redeem themselves with "defense money", similar to the ancient Germanic fine, and so the toll came into being all by itself. With the emergence of the toll in general also the so-called "Grundruhrrecht" (land-rights) is connected. This also has Odinic origin, namely in the sanctity of the ground of a place of the gods. Admittedly, it was badly abused in Christian times and the sacrifice went from being impromptu to a known tax. Already Tacitus (Germ. ch. 9) reports about the sacred grove of the Semnones³ that the one who stumbled and fell in the same was not allowed to rise, but had to roll out lying on the ground.

(3) Semnonen is corrupted from Semann, i. e. "Se" = sun; "manen" = men; thus: sun-men or "Armanen". - For more details see G.-L.-B. No; 2 and 2A, "Die Armanenschaft der Ario-Germanen".

"He had touched" sacred ground, he had been brought down on it by the deity himself, and therefore was not allowed to rise again until he was outside the boundaries of the sanctuary. This extended in the interest of the greedy landlords to such an extent that all property, which fell on their ground by "Grundruhr" (touching the ground), e.g. by fall of a carriage horse or by wheel breakage, passed "in all form of rights" into their possession. The knight who camped on the road often "accidentally" brought about such a land ruin by shooting down a chariot's horse, and - he was no longer a robber, but merely exercised his "well-inherited landlord's right". Hence the nobility's fight against the sovereign decrees against their rights, against the stupid conception of the towns and town unions, which put such "noble right to saddle food" on the same level with quite common highway robbery.

By the way, it should be noted that the "Grundruhrrecht" is a twin brother of the "Strandrecht", which, however, enjoyed a longer life.

This also shows that the noble and strict Lord Jörg Scheckh vom Wald was well within his rights and was by no means driven from his property because he had perhaps done it too much; the cause of his expulsion from Aggstein lies only in the customs of that time of the conversion of state bonds. In the absence of bonds, cities, castles, and often entire provinces were given in pledge in exchange for loans. Since the pledgee was not able to separate coupons beforehand, as is customary in our highly cultivated modern times, he sought to extract the interest and possibly also the capital from the subjects and to exercise the Grundruhrrecht in the most emphatic manner in order to preserve the sovereign rights that he now represented. But now the state needed money again and had nothing more to pledge; what to do? Soon a pretext was found to declare such an inconvenient pledgee a "partisan" and to deprive him of his property. A new pledgee, who lent a certain sum, was soon found, who chased away the first one and robbed until a third came along, who did to the second what the latter did to the first, and so it went on happily, and everyone had to be glad if he did not suffer the same

fate as the Baumkirchner in Graz, whose head - like a coupon from the bond - was cut off and laid at his feet. This is what happened to Jörg Scheckhl vom Wald on Aggstein, and after him to Hans von Stein, whom Ulrich von Gravenegg replaced, only to lose it again soon. But this actually belongs to the field of national economy and not to a mythological study.

If we have now recognized Aggstein as the rock throne of the terrible Agez, as a counterpart to the Magnetberg, the fabulous island of Agstein and others of the same interpretation, then, apart from the already touched causes of its naming and dedication, the question still remains to be answered, whether the scenic view would actually meet the requirements to have such an effect on the receptive soul of a nature-people, to evoke in them the feeling of terror, of horror, to become what Aggstein was and, albeit weakened, still is today. Even today, the locals shy away from the ruins, even during the day, and nothing could make them spend the night in front of a "heated rooster" up there. "Not for a castle!"

Yes, the area is effective in awakening the feeling of terror in the sensitive mind of the nature child. When Agez the Terrible is overcome, when the fair Lady Isa is freed from the ice shackles again, when the blue-happy waves resume rolling along the Danube valley, then everyone may try what impression the Aggstein evokes on his mind. If you feel called to do so, try the Danube trip from Melk through the Wachau in a rowboat; you will see it better than from the deck of the "Ariadne" and it feels different in a narrow sculler or canoe.

How the Danube, the unstructured daughter of the German Alps, rushes through the river gate at Melk into the golden Wachau, the floodplain of the mermaid Wachhilde!

Narrowed by dark forest mountains, the dark foaming waters wind their way into a gloomy, crater-like cauldron; the inflow and outflow of the stream is hidden from the eye, which imagines the Danube trapped, transformed into a wild high alpine lake.

In the middle of the dark forest mountains, out of the blackish floods, a sinister rock colossus suddenly rises against the clouds, threateningly

raising its crenellated stone head. This is the Aggstein. -

Even when the sun is shining brightly, there is something peculiarly gloomy about this view, which, however, increases to an oppressive level when dusk folds its mysterious veil around the mountains. However, this scenic character image appears downright eerie when the thunderstorm atmosphere oppresses the air, when those peculiar color and light effects play around the cliffs, lightning flashes through the cracked walls, and the old pine trees groan and bow to the weather storm. At such moments, even the man of culture has a faint inkling of what once forced our ancestors to devotion with unconscious power, what forced them to firmly believe that an enemy of gods and men resided here, what forced them to call the rock the Schreckenfels in the Schreckenwald.

When the storm rushes through the forest, so that the trunks groan, the rocks whimper and the waves rush, then it sounds through the valley like a mighty harp sound and the poetic mind of the people's soul in its childhood dream thought to hear the mermaids singing.

And truly, here the sentient human being, who still calls something of that his own, which the others do not understand, is haunted by a quite similar mood as in front of the Lurley rock on the Rhine. But this is also not a coincidence, because from the Aggstein the Lurley legend applies train for train, only the people have forgotten the mermaid's name and call her the "Madwoman of Aggstein". Also this Danube mermaid sits above in bright moon nights, probably also in shining sunshine and combs her golden hair and sings songs of love's sorrow and love's lust. But when the infatuated Ferge forgets to row, she laughs wildly and plunges into the tide, whirling the drowning man down with her into her ghastly water palace to hold his soul captive under a glass bell. This mermaid, however, is none other than the predatory wife of the terrible Agez, the dreadful Ran.

She, too, has given her name to a brook that foams and pours into the Danube; it is the Ranna, the Ran-Ache, the brook of the Ran.

While she sings her magic songs on the top of the rock, her nine daughters dance their seductive round dance with flattering songs on the

waves of the river. It is true that the people have also forgotten the names of these nine wave girls, but elsewhere they have been recorded, and it may be at liberty to freshen up the native picture by foreign comparison. These names are significant enough.

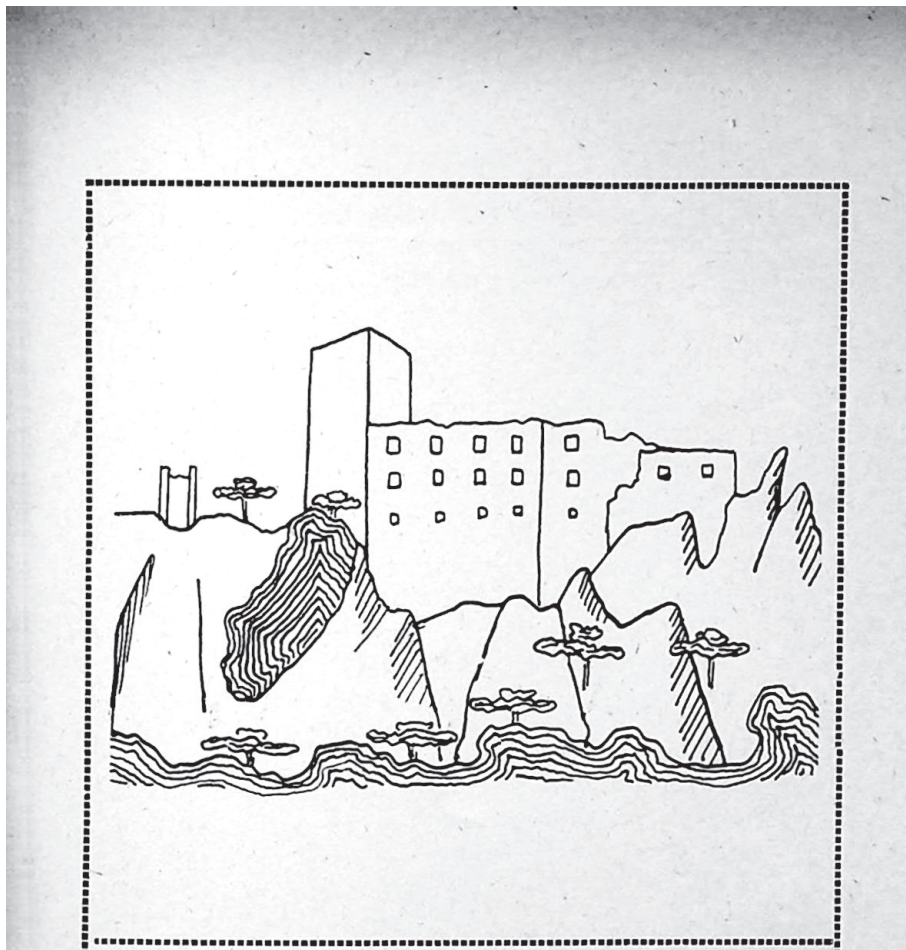
The round of the nine opens "Himinglaffa", the "sky-rushing", which follows "Dufa", the "sinking to the depth"; as third "Blodughadda", the "blood-thirsty", follows and this as fourth "Hefring", the "rising". In the further round the fifth: "Udur" (downfall), the sixth: "Raun" (murmur, noise), the seventh: "Blygia" (storm), the eighth: "Dröbna" (the threatening), and as the last of the terrible nine: "Kolga" (the flood, inundation). (From well-attested Norse mythology, see the Jotun Aegir, his wife Ran, and their nine daughters)

These names clearly show the dangers and terrors of the sea or the stream. But the water is not always frightening, often, even mostly friendly and reflective, but the slightest breath can cloud the mirror. Therefore, the people thought the mermaids beautiful and gentle in appearance, but capricious, malicious and mischievous in character.

But Agez is not always terrible, he even knows how to make himself pleasant to the gods and humans at times. He visits the gods in Asgard and invites them again after three months to an enormous drinking party, at which it goes highly. With gold light he illuminates his hall, in which the merry Donar drinks the master drink. The golden light, however, is the sun, which now dwells in the depths of the sea or the earth, it is a seed, which hibernates in the earth under the snow cover, it is the Nibelungen hoard, which Hagen sank into the Rhine, it is the Amelungen hoard, which rests not far from Aggstein in the floods of the Danube, in order to rise from these in the gods-morning-dawn to the shining sun of Arahari! -

But how the people transformed such treasure myths into treasure legends and thus arrived at the richly structured treasure digger superstition, this is to illustrate other landscape pictures.

But we wanted to pay a visit to the old Agez at the time when he is holding the Danube, weighed down with his ice shackles, the much-favored wife Isa imprisoned in the ice dungeon of his castle, at the time



Illus. 38. See Chapter 14, "The Helenental." The Rauhenstein Ruin near Baden in Lower Austria.

when he is attempting to mine the river with his "Devil's Wall".

The gate⁴ closed behind us almost unwillingly, its creaking sounded threatening, as if it wanted to object to our walking away, as if it wanted to raise the question of where Agez's sacrifice was. In a wide arc, the path led us through the gnarled snow under the gloomy, dark pines (Föhrendunkel), which appeared almost black next to the flashing snow. Soon we stood at the Danube.

There, between the blue-green glimmer of the ice obelisk in the stream, they appeared, the nine wave girls, and the green net of Ran rushed between them quite gruesomely. Over there, however, the Jauerling rose with its Tyregg, as if it wanted to mock the boastful Agez, because the setting sun made the snowy rocky peak shine like the crest of a fiery rooster. It was a comforting reminder. Tighter we wrapped ourselves in our furs and rejoiced that now soon "Heimdalls" cock with the golden crest will crow, at whose cock's crest the giant building will crumble and our cheerful Frau Isa with her lovely entourage of snowdrops and violets will be able to make her entrance into her laughing, glorious Danube floodplains, into our beautiful Ostarland.

(4) For those who want to learn more about Burg Aggstein, its history, legends, and architecture, we recommend the diligently prepared monograph: "Aggstein Castle in Lower Austria" by Ignaz Franz Kaiblinger, in the VII volume of *Berichte und Mitteilungen des Altertumsvereines in Wien*, page 98 ff, and the excellent latest work on this subject: "Aggstein Castle on the Danube in Lower Austria", research and description of its present condition and design for its construction. By architect Eduard Reithmayer Vienna, Anton Schroll & Komp 1912 - For the present study, the castle as such, as well as its actual history was too far away.

CHAPTER NINE

The Venusberg near Traismauer¹

*But now we want to start,
To sing of the knight Tannhäuser,
And what wonders he has done
With the women of Venus.*

That was a wonderful trip in the little canoe down from Passau along the silver-sparkling Nibelungenstrasse! The "red flag with the white St. Andrew's cross in the upper pole field" laughed jauntily from the mast of the small vehicle, as it glided along as fast as an arrow, lonely as Lohengrin's swan. Then the mouth of the Traisen opened between secluded meadows and the lonely Fergen drew a Scheffel's song through the memory:

*And whispering I hear it rustle through the leaves,
Forfeited man, the dead are dear to you,
Follow this track and you will find treasures,
Not far from here flashes Nibelungen gold.*

In a wide arc, the small boat fell off course and ran into the mouth of

(1) First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, No. 4847, July 4, 1885.

the Traisen. There was good shipman's work; the arrow-quick gliding was thoroughly over. The inconspicuous thing worked hard against the current, but to go ashore and pull or even carry the boat would have been decidedly not "sportsmanlike". After a hard day's rowing, the ancient market town of Traismauer finally lay before the lonely rowing boy, nestled in lovely greenery and illuminated by the most friendly evening sun.

*There it lay, the proud Etzelsburg.
The castle was much farther, much better known,
named Trasinmuore; Frau Helke sat there eh,
And nurtured such great virtues, they truly never disappear".*

What memories were not awakened by the name Traismauer - Trasinmuore! - The place is already mentioned under Charles the Saxon butcher, and therefore belongs, according to the assumption of those who swear only on what has been dragged through the centuries and the archives and handed down to posterity in colorful scrollwork on the back of a dead donkey, to the oldest places in the country. This time they are also right, but nevertheless the place is far, far older than those gentlemen want to admit. Charles donated the place to Passau; also the exiled Moravian duke Privina was received here in front of St. Martin's Church by the border count of the Eastern Mark, Radpot, and induced to baptize him. In 984 the name appears as "civitas Traisma". Under the Romans, however, the place was named "Trigisanum".

And yet Trasinmuore is far older still, dating back to far, far pre-Roman days. -

Further on the little boat passed the quiet green of the floodplain; there an inconspicuous hill arched into the dusky evening shadows, as inconspicuous as a thousand others, which the eye might otherwise glide past, since no special feature makes it stand out noticeably.

And yet - what sweet charm does not surround this hill!

Gentle clouds of mist rose from the softly lapping waves, as if light

female figures flitted above the waters around the light boat. Then they floated upward to the top of the hill, behind which the full moon slowly rose, lonely as the boat and its ferge.

Lonely! Yes, that was his lot; for weeks on end, he often went upstream and downstream in his fancy mahogany boat; his rowing companions laughed at his quirks, and yet he was happy - alone. Alone? Oh no! What a sunlit company, born of fragrance and ether, gathered around him for intimate conversation! Was it his fault that the other eyes did not see this, the other senses did not feel this? And so the others thought him lonely, and yet he was in the most exquisite ring of heavenly spirits. So also today.

*On a quiet floodplain, in a wide stream
I pulled lonely in the swaying boat,
My gaze was lost far away in the thorns
Where moon and star are gazing down.*

*Many-hundred-year-old elms strive upwards
Like pillars up to the stars,
And long deep shadows they weave
Through the meadows, through the waves.*

*And above silver quilts down
The moon's gentle ether tide,
The wisps cast moonward again,
Like the ball game, the pale glow.*

*And how the little sparks spray upwards
In the rich rainbow wreath.
Catching sight of grasses they burn up
In the color-spraying glow of brilliance.*

And like the aeolian harp sounds,

*Elicited by the west wind's pair of wings
The midnight floodplain songs,
So wistfully wonderful.*

*And there!? - Floating there on the waters -
Is it truth? - Or is it a dream?
The fairies light as perfumed weaves,
Shapes soft as the foam of waves.*

*The eyes sweet glances sparkle
Like stars clear in the soft light
And moonlight is what the dark ones,
The weeping curls mildly flooded.*

*In the sensuous lush round dance
They glide like the scent of roses,
As violet scents rise moonward,
They float through the realm of air.*

*And soft song in gentle wings
Whispers through meadow and human breast,
We want to rescue you from suffering,
To which you have fallen, unconsciously.*

*O come to us, to the moonlight brightness,
Where we dance in a merry circle,
Where we, on a clear silver wave
Of mankind's joys and sorrows flee.*

*You rest so gently in Hutberg's bottom,
Deep down in the mountain shaft,
Every wound is forgotten there.
Forgotten in blissful night.*

*And when the little flowers bloom in May
Then you follow us to airy dance,
To ethereal-scented fairy rows
By moonlight and starlight.*

*And when you have swung yourself up
To the light and bright fairy crowd,
And sang your song to her,
To the fair Freya longingly,*

*Then you are happy! Knowing love will come,
You sink back into Freya's dome,
And rise, when again admonishingly
The spring awakens the flowers come come! -*

The oar stroke rippled softly over the waves, and in the full moonlight the "Venusberg" lay in front of the delighted, framed by the night-dark shadow of the floodplain forest.

*But now we want to begin
To sing of the knight Tannhäuser,
And what wonders he has done
With the women of Venus.*

It is not one of the least merits of Richard Wagner that he brought the old Germanic myth closer to the higher classes of society again, which had probably already been forgotten by them, that he brought it back into fashion as it was half a millennium ago, where the minnesingers sang the praises of "Frau Venus" at all courts great and small, as is now being done anew by their descendants on all opera stages, while the lower classes of the people more faithfully preserved the mythical traditions, and today the old Tannhäuser song still flies from mouth to mouth sung

in countless variations.

The legend, which is bound to countless localities, and the still widespread distribution of the song today testify that we would strive in vain to look for a historical background for the Tannhäuser saga, to assume a historical personality in Tannhäuser himself. It has been attempted to connect the minnesinger Tannhausen, who died in 1270, with our Tannhäuser, but he was too subordinate, too insignificant, for it to seem justified to look for the origin of this mythical figure in him. If now no historical basis can be found for the legend, this must be found in the mythological area and then only the question remains open, which gods' figures are hidden behind "Frau Venus", the "noble Tannhäuser" and the "faithful Ekkehard".

That they must be Germanic, proves for the time being not only the deep-rooted legend in all districts of the Swabian-Bavarian family of peoples, but also the numerous place names in their lands. To name only a few, they are listed: Venusberg, a) A single stream, Bavaria, district court Vilsbiburg; b) village and bath near Innsbruck; c) village near Zwickau, Saxony, d) a farm near Waldsee in Württemberg; e) village near Breisach in Breisgau; f) village in Lower Austria near Traismauer; g) village, near Drasdorf (in 868 called Druosinindorf), both in the quarter above the Wienerwald, and finally h) a village near Dürrenstein, also in Lower Austria, in the quarter above the Mannhartsberg. With this enumeration their number is by no means exhausted, all name-mutilations, like Venetsberg, Veniluk etc., are not thought of, as little as those place names, to which the legend seems to be bound, but whose interpretation is based on other grounds. The most famous of the latter, the "Hörselberg" in Thuringia, shall be mentioned here only in passing. A similar list could be compiled of such place names, which contain the names "Tannhäuser" and "Ekkehard" in the most different connections and mutilations.

But not only the people in all its strata knew the "Venus", but this herself lived on in spite of Christianity as an allegorical being until the late Middle Ages. It may be remembered here only of the Styrian minnesinger Ulrich von Lichtenstein and his adventurous Venus



Fig. 39: The "black tower" in the Brühl near Mödling. (After a photograph by Hatlanek in Vienna). See Chapter 13.

procession to show how vividly the old mythical view influenced medieval life.

We find some closer information about the Venus myth in the songs of the minnesinger Hermann von Sachsenheim, who died in 1450, and who in most of his poems deals with Frau Venus, or as he usually calls her, with the "Venussin". In the "Schatz", a "Martinsvogel" leads him to a "Dwarf" and this one to the "Venusberg", where the Venussin gives him a twelve-pointed crown for his beloved, which was worked by her twelve virgins. In the "Altswert" he receives lessons from Frau Venus on how to prefer old swords to new ones, as well as older tried men to the still inexperienced boys. He sings of the new minne of Alsace on her behalf in the "Kittel". In the "Mörin" (Mohrin), he describes the court life of "Frau Venus" and Brunhilt appears as her first lady-in-waiting, the "faithful Ekkehard" as her court marshal and King Tannhäuser as her husband. In this poem, the poet describes how he is forcibly abducted by an old man and a dwarf and is brought before Frau Venus, and is led by her "advocate" (confidante), who is the Moor, before King "Danhauser", where he has to justify himself because of his fickleness in love.

If we go back further, we find in the "Vilcina Saga" the news that Ekkehard's wife was called "Bolfriana", and that after Ekkehard's death she married Wieland's son "Wittich". Wittich's castle, however, was called "Treborg" (wooden castle or forest castle), also "Thornburg" (Dornburg), that is a dwelling in the forest protected by entanglements, and as such also Herman von Sachsenheim describes in the "Mörin" the castle of the woman Venus, the Venusberg.

As one tried to historicize the noble "Tanhusaere", one also wanted to find a historic basis for the "faithful Ekkehard", and soon believed to have found it in that "faithful Ekkehard", whom we know as "Bundschuh" from the "Hohenstauffensage", soon in that Ekkehard II, Margrave of Meissen, whom Emperor Henry III calls "fidelissimum fidelem" in 1041. Both assumptions are incorrect. The most similarity is found with that margrave of the same name, the keeper of the Harlunge, who admittedly also does not correspond to any historical entity and, as

we shall see, is the flower of a common stock with our faithful Ekkehard. His saga is soon told. When Diether, King Ermanrich's brother, died, he appointed the faithful Ekkehard as guardian of his minor children. Ermanrich seized their kingdom and (Harlung) treasure, besieged them in their castle, which he stormed, and had the captured nephews hanged on the castle hill. The name of that castle is Breisach. For a long time the dispute about the geographical question between Breisach in Breisgau, Harlungoburg (Lower Austria) and Brandenburg on the Havel, which in old documents is also called Brisia, terra Briscorum, terra Brisia probably Brennenburg, as the Brandenburgers themselves called the "Brennen". This question, like that of the Venusberg, is not a geographical one, but a mythical one, although above the gates of Brandenburg on the Havel there was the following inscription: "Rex Harlungorum quondam tua moenia cinxit, te rex conuertit Carolus et magnificavit, Otto fundavit, dotavit, pontificavit, pontificem primum statuit ibi Caesar Udonem", and in front of whose gates lies the Hariungenberg, on which Ermanrich's blood council is said to have been executed. All this is found even more often in the German country, and everywhere with equal justification, because the background is not historical, but mythological.

But like Treborg and Brisach, Fritila is still mentioned as a castle of the Harlunge, likewise a geographical bone of contention. One looks for it in Fritzlar, Friedberg on the Rhine, Vercelle and Feltre, everywhere with equal right and wrong, as was just mentioned with Brisach. Fritila is a name formed with the final syllable "thilia", as Fritilo, one of the Harlunge himself, bears the same name with masculine inflection and the first syllable "Fri" is due to "Fria, Bolfriana", as Freitag, Fritac, dies Veneris. Also, the "Vilcina Saga" explicitly notes that the people of Währingen call this castle "Fridsaela" (dead man's home), which is just again a coinciding term.

Just as Berchtana often stands for Berta, Huldana (also Hlodana) for Hulda, one can put "Boi Fria" for Bolfriana, Ekkehard's wife, from which the "buhlende Freya" is explained, since "boul" in Old Saxon means Buhle, "bol" on the other hand in Norse means evil.

The name of Freya's solar house "Volkwang" (Folkvangr) means "People's Angers" and used to refer to the fields filled with people during the harvest.

But this is incorrect, as will become clear from later discussion. "Volkwang" means, however, "Volks-Anger", but in the sense of our today's cemetery, the graveyard of the dead that Freya and Wuotan divide themselves into the fallen from battle; each chooses their half. This division, however, takes place in such a way that Wuotan leads the disembodied souls to Valhalla, while Freya leads the soulless bodies to Volkwang. The hall in Freya's castle is called "Fensaal" (Fensalir). (Modern mythology places Fensalir as the location of the goddess Frigg.) Also this name was misinterpreted as "swamp hall"; by thinking of the Nordic Vennen, swamps derived from "fen". One overlooked that this name is actually derived from German "fan", "fanin", "fen" = Funke (spark), Brand (fire), Feuer (fire), Zeugung (procreation), and therefore "Fensaal" actually means brand-hall, fire-hall, "procreation hall".

As the German mythology is built up on the triple number "birth, life, death", meets itself in the thought of the rebirth after the death, end and beginning (alpha and omega) of all things, therefore Freya unites in the Fensaal as "fire hall pyre, corpse fire of the dead, in order to let them emerge from the Fensaal as "procreation hall" to new life. Thus the ring of the eternities closes, thus new life sprouts from the death.

Since now Freya's necklace is called "Brisingamen", also the "Breisachergold", so this name corresponds to the hall name "Fensaal", which we got to know by ancient local tradition as Breisach, Brisia, Brandenburg and others. If now Bolfriana marries with Wittich for the second time, we find that the name Wittich means the one who lives in the "forest" (Old High German: "Witigouwo, Old Saxon: Widga). As well as the term "forest" derived from Forcht, pine, and formerly only a pine forest, but today generally a forest without distinction of the tree species denotes, just as, only less common, the word "Tann"; this also pointed in former times only to a fir forest, while today it is used synonymously as forest, and thus Wittich is in the "Tann hausende" (forest house), finally



Fig. 40. see page 92 and Chapter 14. Destruction of the Irminsul by the Frankish king Charles.

Tannhäuser. -

But Bolfria is the daughter of King Drasian (Tresian in Wolfdietrich), from where her castle is called Drasinburg (Tresinburg), which was found again in Trechlinburg at the Rhine from already often mentioned errors. In Wolfdietrich this castle is also called Treisenmure and is in the power of Ruodwin, Wittich's nephew.

But now we have next to the one Venusberg in Lower Austria Traismauer, which is called in the Middle Ages "Zrasz/imuore", and lies in the "Trauma fei de", like the "Harlungoburg" in the "Harlungofeld". But the second "Venusberg", also in Lower Austria, is also situated next to a "Drasdorf", which appears in 868 as "Druosinindorf" (Drosendorf).

This cannot be coincidence and is the cause of the naming here as in all the same cases to mythical traditions, to Germanic-Wuotanistic cult places.

Another variation of that saga, which exclusively concerns us here, is bound to Brandenburg soil and reads: Margrave Iron of Brandenburg acquired this margraviate after he had to leave his homeland. He gets involved in a love affair with Bolfriana and finds his death at the hands of her deceived husband, the faithful Ekkehard. Irons' wife, on the other hand, is the faithful Isolde of Brandenburg, who, disguised as a singer, rescues him from the captivity of King Solomon, but in return is accused of infidelity by Iron after his return home.

Just as we saw Tannhäuser emerge from Wittich and the courting Freya, the Germanic "Venus vulgivaga", from Bolfriana, we still have to look for a bridge that leads from this to "Frau Venus". In the Middle Ages and still today in folk tales the "Venussin" has a second name, namely that of the "Frau Fene", which in Southern Germany was also Freya and which resonates in Venetsberg, Veniluck, Veniloch, whereby it must be noted that the "V" of these names is pronounced like "F".

Freya, like the Greek Venus, was also "foam-born". She is the moon goddess who emerges from the waves every night. In the ancient magic belief we find her in connection with the round magic mirrors, by means of which already in the grey antiquity the Thessalian women are

supposed to have pulled down the moon to the earth.

We encounter similar magic art in our witch trials. T. Becker and I. v. Hefner published in the Mk. book of their interesting work: "Kunstwerke und Gerätschaften des Mittelalters und der Renaissance", Frankfurt, 1853, the illustrations of two round hand mirrors from the 14th century, whose capsules cut from ivory, present the woman Venus, and this by no means in antique conception, but in our popular design corresponding to the tradition Magdeburg preserves the memory of Freya in its name.

In the chronicle of Christoph Entzelt von Salfeld (1579) the chronicler writes: "Carolus (the Frankish king) destroyed in putena, in castello putenae phanum et imaginen Veneris, there stood on a chariot an image of a beautiful naked woman, crowned with a wreath of Myrto, on her breast a burning torch, In her right hand she held a round ball (think of the moon and the magic mirrors), in her left hand three golden apples, after her stood three naked megde, with arms intertwined, with their faces turned away, and each of them carried a golden apple, the other one reaching out. The chariot was pulled by three swans or doves. The Saxons called it the Magadeburg."

Since now Frau Venus, Frau Fene appears as "Freya", namely as "courting Freya" equal to the "Venus vulgivaga", thus corresponding to a goddess, namely such from the times of the decline of the Odinsmyth, where this already degenerated and flattened, so naturally both Ekkehard and Tannhauser (Wittig) must likewise hide goddess figures. It is known that Freya's husband Hermut (Hermodr), Odr, was Zeizzo (the beautiful), who was sent to earth to teach the people the song, but was murdered by envious dwarves.

But now the Wuotansmythe knows the "silent forest dweller Widar", because:

*"In Widar's wooded dwelling land grows
Grass, tall and green"
(Edda, Grimnismäl)*

the young sun-god, born on the shortest night of the year, Christmas, and thought to be unproved, which assumption was maintained as long as the twilight of the gods had not yet dawned. When this dawned, when the gods faded to heroes or demons, it was also possible that that unpleasant song of the Edda "Oegisdrekka" could be written, which mocked the gods, similarly as Lucian's "Conversations with the Gods" were written at a time when the Olympian gods had already lost their divinity.

Now in that song the mischievous Loki hurls the following accusation in Freya's face at the banquet of Oegir (Agez):

*"Be silent, Freya, I know you completely".
You lack no blemish!
Every one of the Aesir and Elves here inside
Already took you to sweetheart!
Silence, Freya, seductress you!"
Corruption-provider!
By love potion you bound the bodily brother
To the mockery of the celestials!"*

Freya was her husband and brother at the same time, and so Loki could betray the high secret. Widar, however, is none other than Frö returning after seven² months to stay seven months with her in the "Venusberg", he is her second husband, Tannhäuser dwelling in the "Tann", while her first husband is Odr, Hermut, Zeizzo, the now naturally old sun god, the faithful Ekkehard.

Thus the whole Tannhäuser saga would be traced back to its mythical origin, except for the one circumstance that tells of the irreconcilability of Pope Urban and of the greening of the scrawny staff. But this trait is also

(2) The myth always calculates after seven or nine months or years, whereby the transition months of the autumn are given either to the winter or to summer; therefore seven (or nine) eternal nights, that is winter months or as many summer months or days.

preserved in the poem of the "Battle of the Ravens."

"Again and again," it is written in F. v. d. Hagen's book of heroes, "Dietrich of Bern reconciled with Wittich, only in the Battle of the Ravens he did not, after he had slain the brother Diether and the sons of Etzel. He shot his shaft (throwing spear) after him, and this stands greening still today, that everyone may see it who comes there".

Thus the "Devil's Lady Venus" found herself as Frau Fene and Bolfriana in the heroic saga as faithless wife of the faithful Ekkehard, who now sits warningly in front of her castle, as "courting Freya" from the time of the decline of the Wuotansmythe, finally in the heyday of the latter we recognized in her the foam-born moon and love goddess Freya. Her first consort Ekkehard is the Odr, Hermut, Zeizzo walking among men, while her second is the young sun god dwelling in the "Tann".

But after the young one is again one with the old sun god, so the one who lives in the "Tann", the one who lives in "Widar's woody dwelling land, where tall grass and green grows", is actually "the soulless dead one who slumbers in the grave towards the rebirth". But then, when he returns:

*"To the father's revenge from the horses' back
There rises the strong son."*

Widar is described as the "strongest Aesir" after Donar, which he also is after he has overcome death. Emperor Redbeard, who sleeps in the Untersberg, will also, when he returns, prevail over all enemies, and only the strong one can do that - the strong one from above!

The Tannhäuser legend, taken in its mythological purity, thus means resting in the grave with the hope of resurrection, the transition from death through birth to new life.

From this result it further follows that the saga, based on a purely mythical basis, can be the property of the whole Germanic people and therefore cannot be bound to any geographical area in the historical sense, and that all memories, be they hidden in place names, in documents or other traditions, can only refer to old Wotan cult sites.

The Harlungen or Amelungen saga, so closely interwoven with this

saga, for its part challenges significant comparisons with the Nibelungen saga, in that both revolve around a treasure; but while the Nibelungen signify powers of darkness, the Brisinge or Amelungen are deities of light, while the Nibelungen inhibit procreation like the evening sunset holds back the day, the Brisinge demand rebirth in the morning red. That is why the dragon lying on the Nibelungen gold is called Fafnir (Fa = procreation, nir = never, to end), that is why the hoard of the Nibelungen is the evening red, but the Breisacher gold is the hoard of hope of rebirth, of resurrection in the morning red, that is why the twilight of the gods seems to be bound to the Nibelungen, while the dawning of the gods - the gods-morning twilight! - is connected with the Amelungs. It is not coincidence that those Amelungs are just the Ostar people whose capital was Asturis!

Therefore, at last, in the dawn, the bright sun-gold Brisingamen shines as a radiant collar around the mildly shimmering moon, for:

"You who produce children and fruits - in abundance holy goddess - Ostara, to whom alone is the right to give life, to take it away!"

How did not the Teuton know how to clothe such terribly sublime thoughts in simple charming cheerful pictures! The goddess of death as a friendly goddess of love!

And yet, yet such a sublime image had to shrink, the fair golden-blond cornflower-eyed Freya - according to Heyne - had to become the "Devil's Lady":

*"Frau Venus is a beautiful woman,
Lovely and graceful,
Like sunshine and the scent of flowers
Is her voice, the soft.*

*Her noble face wildly surrounds
The "glowing" "black" curls;
If the "black" eyes look at you-
Will take your breath away!"*

CHAPTER TEN

The Schallaburg¹

A country, which was raced through by the armies of different people for centuries, whose characteristic it was to serve as a gate of people, such a country of necessity had to preserve memorials of this time of storm and stress, which had to pass on imperishable traces up to the latest times. Who followed us up to here, needs no deeper justification for such words except this hint.

We have traveled the "Iron Road" to the south, we have also visited some of the "strong castles" which closed the valley gates of the "Zeizzo Mountains" against the "Vienna-Neustadt Plain"², through which plain, over Carnuntum's ruins, those weapon-strong streams of peoples flooded downstream; but we have not yet taken a look behind this mountain wall, which would have shown us what actually closed those "strong castles" at the valley gates.

The parchment historian is immediately ready to give the answer. He says: "The nameless land, deserted by the migration of the peoples, was won by Carolus Magnus for the German country, colonized and called Ostmark. The plain east of the mountains (today's Neustadt plain in front of the Wienerwald mountain range), however, was turned into a desert, while behind the valley gates the new state formation took its start."

(1) First published: Vienna, Neue Welt, No. 26, 1883.

(2) See: "The Brühl", "The Helenental", "Merkenstein" and "On the Iron Road".

But Charles did not do this: the mountain range of the Zeizzoberge was fortified long before the invasion of the Romans and thus also long, long before Charlemagne to protect the hinterland and this fortification immediately after the Roman withdrawal from the Danube was recently restored in the old layout. Also the plain was not so desolate for a long time as one assumes, although it was in places marshland, even lake level. Otherwise ancient places could not be found on it, and it was too inviting for horse breeding as well as for agriculture. But at least one had more confidence in the mountain country than in the flat country for times of need and therefore one secured the valley gates, behind which the population of the plain could save itself in the approach of enemies.

Already the *Vita santi Severini* of Eugippius offers a hint in this direction.

The Roman Empire was in decline, and the Roman towns that had not yet fallen could only save themselves by taking in Germanic warriors within their walls and placing themselves under their protection. This was a natural consequence, an imitation on a small scale of what the Roman state had done before on a large scale by establishing the auxiliary troops, which corresponded to the modern concept of the foreign legion. For example, in Carnuntum, after its destruction in Vianiomina (Vienna), the prefect of the "Gentes Marcomanorum", the "Marcomanic (auxiliary) people" had his seat.

The abandoned municipalities on the Danube, if they did not want to be destroyed, had to follow this example given by Rome itself all the sooner, because opposite every Roman Danube city on the Germanic bank a Germanic city rose threateningly. This is the cause of origin of all sister cities on the Danube. For example Passau-Innstadt, Urfahr-Linz, Mautern-Krems, O.-Szöni-Komorn, Pest-Ofen, etc.

Thus the king of Rugen, Feletheus, had his seat in Chremisa, today's Krems, and from there he harassed Fafiana, today's Mautern, where St. Severin usually stayed. From Fafiana Odovakar moved to Rome, where he ascended the throne of the Caesars as the first German, as king of Rome. From these sister cities of Fafiana-Chremisa (Mautern-Krems) the power

of the Rugen Empire on the Danube emanated and spread radially across the country to the Zeizzo Mountains.

Thus, the present Krems, as the seat of the king, became the center of the new Germanic Rugen state, which naturally used the mountain wall in the east (the Zeizzo Mountains, today's Vienna Woods, or the Kahlen Mountains) as a line of fortification, without, however, setting it as a national border. Since the following times became very turbulent, when not only Germanic peoples from the north, but also Avarians, Huns and Mongols from the northeast and east attacked, the mountain wall behind the Neustadt Plain proved to be the eastern shield of Germania, as if created by nature, and this part of today's Lower Austria naturally became the real eastern mark of Germanism long before the year 791. Behind the wall of the Zeizzoberge the Germanic life developed to rich bloom and therefore we find rich and important sanatoriums there.

One of the most important may have been the present Benedictine monastery of Melk, which in the oldest documents reveals the same name as Medling³, namely Magilicha. That is why it was the first monastery founded in this area.

Around this ancient Germanic sanctuary there were many of them, such as those of Ostara (Osterburg), of Wuotan (St. Leonhard)⁴, of "Agez" (Aggstein)⁵, and the mighty one on "Schallaburg".

Since at the time of the Roman exodus Christianity had already taken root, although it was not yet able to displace the old gods, the belief in them was already too much shaken to recognize these healing places as post-Roman; rather, the greatest probability is that their foundation dates back to the times of the kingdom of the Noriscans (Noricum), that they continued to exist in Roman times and only later flourished to greater splendor when the Roman yoke was shaken off.

(3) See "The Brühl." [Vol. 2, Ch. 13]

(4) See "The Brühl." [Vol. 2, Ch. 13]

(5) See "The Brühl." [Vol. 2, Ch. 13]

The mountain, which bears the still proud "Schallaburg", dominates far and wide the country around it, the plain up to Melk, while it shows itself as an outpost of a wooded mountain range, behind which, according to the old way of defense, the people together with their belongings could seek protection in case of enemy trouble. For the holy temples were not only places of devotion, not only did the believer find consolation, elevation and justice, but also protection against enemies, because a warlike people could only worship defensible warlike gods.

Also the Romans, who showed such a fortunate eye for the choice of those points that could serve as a support for their rule, recognized the strategic importance of this mountain, which could cover two roads for them. In the first place, the military road itself, which led from "Trigisamum" (Traismauer) to "Namare" (Melk), and in the second place, the reserve or trade road, which connected both of the first-mentioned places through the places: "St. Andrä", "St. Pölten", "Grafendorf", "Hürm" and "St. Leonhard" and sent several road branches southward.

Schallaburg - the Roman name is no longer known - thus covered the fork of the two roads behind Namare (Melk) and formed a triangle of fortifications with the fortification of Namare and that of Mauer (here, too, the Roman name is missing). Several foundation walls and graves of Roman origin at the foot of the castle hill, on the road to Mauer, as well as parts of walls on the oldest buildings, such as on the tower of the castle, which are very likely to be Roman remains, remind us of the times of Roman service that Schallaburg performed. The following history of the castle is irrelevant for our purposes and only the fact that it was in the original possession of the sovereigns since the oldest times is significant, which indicates its ancient sanctification, because it was the sovereign or the church that took possession of the desecrated Wuotan sanctuaries after the fall of paganism.⁶

(6) Just as a millennium later, with the introduction of Protestantism, the Catholic churches and monasteries were abolished and their property confiscated, which profitable activity promoted the spread of the protestantism more than is commonly known.

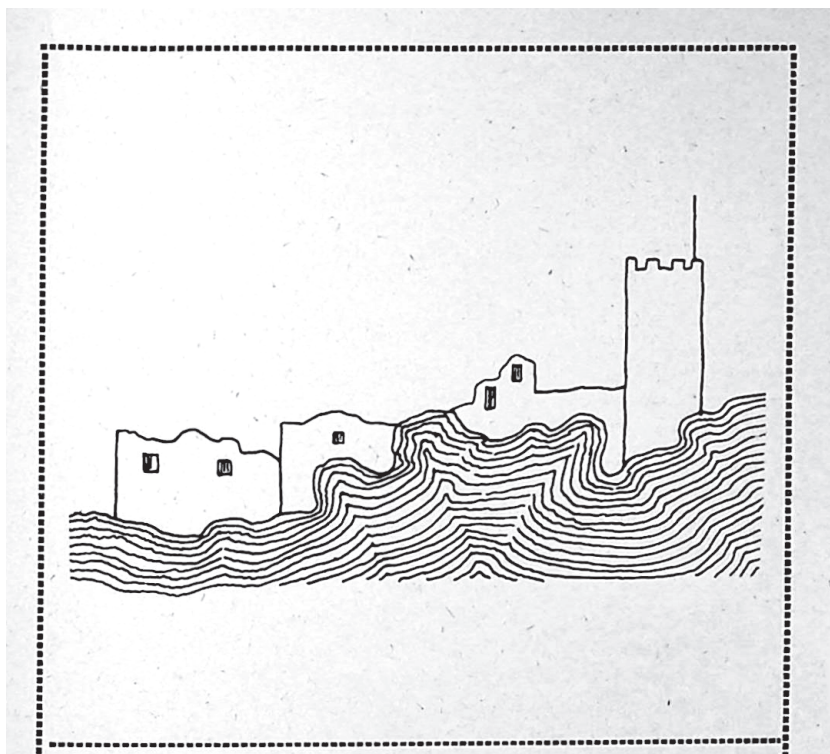


Fig. 41. See Chapter 14, "The Helenental". Rauhenneck near Baden in Lower Austria.

But this belongs to history and what now follows in this history is more and more distant from the goal we are striving for; however, we will come back to what we have said so far about the Schallaburg later.

That was such a separate matter. - It might have been almost twenty years ago, when I came from "Loosdorf" with a dear friend of mine to visit a mutual friend, Mr. Eduard v. H, who was the administrator of Schallaburg Castle.

Since we had planned a hike of several days through the charming, peculiar valleys and forests around Melk, this time the rowboat stayed at home and instead of the boatswain's outfit I was dressed as a hunter. This would have been quite nice if my escort, dressed in the same way, had also grown like a hunter fit for hunting and deer. But this was not the case. A shorter leg forced him to limp conspicuously, although this did not prevent him from running bravely and continuously. Even if the limp was a bad match for the hunter's dress, he knew how to make use of this limp in a certain coquettish way - he was a painter. A pointed black beard gave his narrow, sharply cut, pale face an almost infernal expression, which the pointed hunting hat with the rooster feather, as I said, increased to a certain intentionality.

In fact, we heard smilingly the comparison with "Samiel, the wild hunter", which flattered his vanity not a little.

So we set off on our own from Loosdorf to the old Schallaburg.

Visible from afar, it towers broadly on a wooded hill above the wide valley, which shines in the colorful splendor of midsummer. Wavy fields spread out and the peculiar smell of the ripe grain lay over the landscape, but also the glow of midsummer. We longed for the forest-cool Schlossberg, whose shade would refresh us before we paid our visit. -

After barely an hour's hike along the winding, bumpy dirt road, which ran rather hollow-like and led past a small, inconspicuous "Marterl", we reached the manorial Meierhof. There we could already sense the tree growth, because some thick-headed, disheveled alder stalks were leaning over a half-grown brook, as if they were peering curiously with their shaggy heads into the high foliage, in order to also spy

something of the sparse waters, which had to be guessed there more than looked at.

We laughed at the exhilarating appearance of the trees, which seemed to us like shaggy thugs, especially since a distinguished company of stately lime trees appeared far away from them, behind which two tall poplars rose like parvenus. If the alders stood humbly inclined like neglected beggars next to the calmly proud lime trees, the obtrusive mobility of the poplars that had risen disturbed the picture; it seemed as if they were constantly chattering the most nonsensical gibberish. Thus the picture appeared peculiarly animated and joking about its momentary impressions, we walked towards the dense deciduous forest, which had folded its magnificent green mantle around the castle hill.

Then we suddenly stopped; a simple red crucifix - as one sees so often in the country - stood between the two poplars. The scenery had changed all at once; only now did the strange figure of my companion catch my eyes quite clearly, and half jokingly, half seriously, I said to him:

"Guy, whoever could see you here in the moonlight with the clouds chasing, while the castle clock sleepily snores out its twelve strokes across the land, would have to think you the God-is-with-us incarnate!"

But this forest place was also after that. - Involuntarily, Schumann's charming idyll "An unheimlicher Stelle" from his "Waldszenen" came to mind. I could not help but feel the shivering impression that this very spot had on me, and we silently followed the wide road that leads up the castle hill through the pleasant darkness of the forest. - One does not share such moods with everyone, even if he is a friend and fellow traveler; one is afraid of being misunderstood.

Silently we reached the mighty seven-gated castle, silently passed through the seventh gate and stood in the apartment of our friend. Of course, the second reason for our visit was to see the sights of the Schallaburg, which are as great as they are almost unknown and which were only discovered, so to speak, by Professor Kaiblinger in Melk.

These do not consist of the seven gates, the strong towers and mighty bastions, nor of the Roman wall remains or the castle chapel dating back

to 1313, but of the highly interesting archways of the inner castle courtyard, which are virtually unique in Austria, perhaps in Europe.

This arched gallery, which encloses half of the courtyard, in the most delicate Italian Renaissance style, is supported by an arcade of twelve simple columns. The open gallery resting on it is formed by thirty-six arches, the pillars of which are decorated on the outside with Hermes and allegorical figures and above them with small Ionic semi-columns. The sides, however, are adorned with the most splendid ornaments of the noblest Renaissance. The arch angles between the arches and the Ionic columns are each decorated with a coat of arms, in such a way that the Losenstein coat of arms always faces another one; among these we recognized those of Starhemberg, Montfort, Scharfenberg, Zelking, Volkersdorf, Herberstein, Puchheim, etc. The stylobates of the arcade pillars show the deeds of Hercules in bas-reliefs in delicate niches, while the frieze contains portrait busts in skin reliefs. Inside the arcades, medallions with portraits of ancient Roman emperors decorate the wall and also in relief a woman drawing from a spring with a bowl. This woman and a bust with a dog's head are the emblems of the castle.

The most remarkable thing in terms of art history is the fact that the gallery, which at first sight seems to be carved from red marble, is made of terracotta and was once colorfully glazed. This must have been a splendid sight when the arcades still shone in full color.

Already fifty years ago⁷ J. Fayl wrote about this unique specimen that if it were in Scotland, the whole world would know this miracle in oil paintings and steel engravings, that it must have inspired Walter Scott to another masterpiece, but only because it is in Austria, it is still unknown! - And today, after fifty years, it has not become much better known.

So we went to our friend, the caretaker, with the best intention to enjoy this unknown work of art, but as it sometimes happens, it remained with the intention. We had not yet seen the gallery when dusk fell and the bright full summer moon from the trembling starry sky, mixing its

(7) In 1838 - I have not changed those dates - also in the other chapters of this book - in this second edition and ask to always keep in mind the date of the first edition, 1891, for the same. - The author.

pale rays with those of the kerosene lamp, played in our diligently circling Romans.

Such a drinking symposium in an old castle has its own charm. The paneled walls, the ponderously vaulted ceiling, the doors and windows that are out of all the usual modern proportions, which one can easily see how badly they are in harmony with the modern door leaves and window frames and how mockingly they look down on the antiquating modern "old-German" furniture, all this in its supposedly harmonious discord is as peculiarly stimulating as heavy, intoxicating malt liquor.

These, too, were in tune with the so peculiar chamber; old things were discussed in the light of the most modern conception. How our conversation resembled the notorious "old German" furniture!

"So the red cross is so at all uncanny to you?" asked the old aunt of the steward. She lowered the long knitting stocking into her lap, silenced the clatter of knitting needles, and looked at me with a half-curious, half-fearful expression.

"So the red cross, and in broad daylight!" she repeated, becoming thoughtful. This began to interest me, although my friend grumpily mumbled something like "stupid stuff" into his beard and filled the glasses again.

Then he said half angrily, half jokingly, nudging my Roman. "The spirits you called, you can't get rid of them now! Now you must be silent, because when Aunt Mary's knitting needles stop rattling, it's a bad sign!"

A small war of words began; but since I was not at all averse to hearing "ghost stories" told - for such were now certainly in the offing - I took sides with the worthy aunt, to the obvious annoyance of the steward. He had most likely had to listen to the following several dozen times, which of course was not yet the case with me.

"So the red cross," the lady began again and solemnly shifted in her reclining chair. "The red cross! And did you not see the bullet hole on the side of our bloody Savior?"

"That had escaped me, madam," was my retort, "but -"

"Believe it, believe it," she said eagerly, brushing together the bread

crumbs on the tablecloth. "Who should believe in such outrage! But he was also terribly punished. The knight Georg still haunts this place as a wild hunter, and when it's autumn, the wild G'jaid drives through the forest, so that the yellow leaves fly around like storm clouds - and then only in the twelfth! And did you see the dog-woman outside in the corridor?"

"The dog-woman?!" I asked in amazement and answered in the negative.

"Stupid stuff - with your dog-wife, auntie" - laughed the steward; "that's a man, and the superstitious people there tell around that it must have been a knight of Schallaburg, who came into the world with a dog's head and dog's paws, lived here for twenty-one years. He was so wild that he was kept in his chamber on a silver chain all his life. That's what people say, but whoever believes it will be blessed, and whoever doesn't believe it will also be blessed," he said and drank his Roman empty.

Again a small skirmish arose between aunt and nephew, but the matter began to stimulate me lively. The shot after the cross, the dog's head, whether male or female, the silver chain and the twenty-one years - these excited my interest tremendously. But I did not have time to collect my thoughts.

"I must know better!" said very decidedly the aunt. "The lady, it's the dog-woman, I've seen her myself, in the white brocade dress, - with the old-fashioned fan, the big ruff, and with the lace hood on the black dog's head!"

"So the dog-woman haunts the castle here!? I asked involuntarily excited, because I thought of the eerie impression that the forest place at the red cross gives me; my cigar was extinguished. "And how is it tied to the red cross?" This question had slipped out almost unconsciously and earned me a mocking smile from the caretaker. I felt as if I heard his "stupid stuff," but his lips remained closed; he probably just thought it. For the hint of mockery that my friend had intended for me, however, a look of recognition on the part of the old lady compensated me, and that was of value to me, because now she had gained trust in me and told me

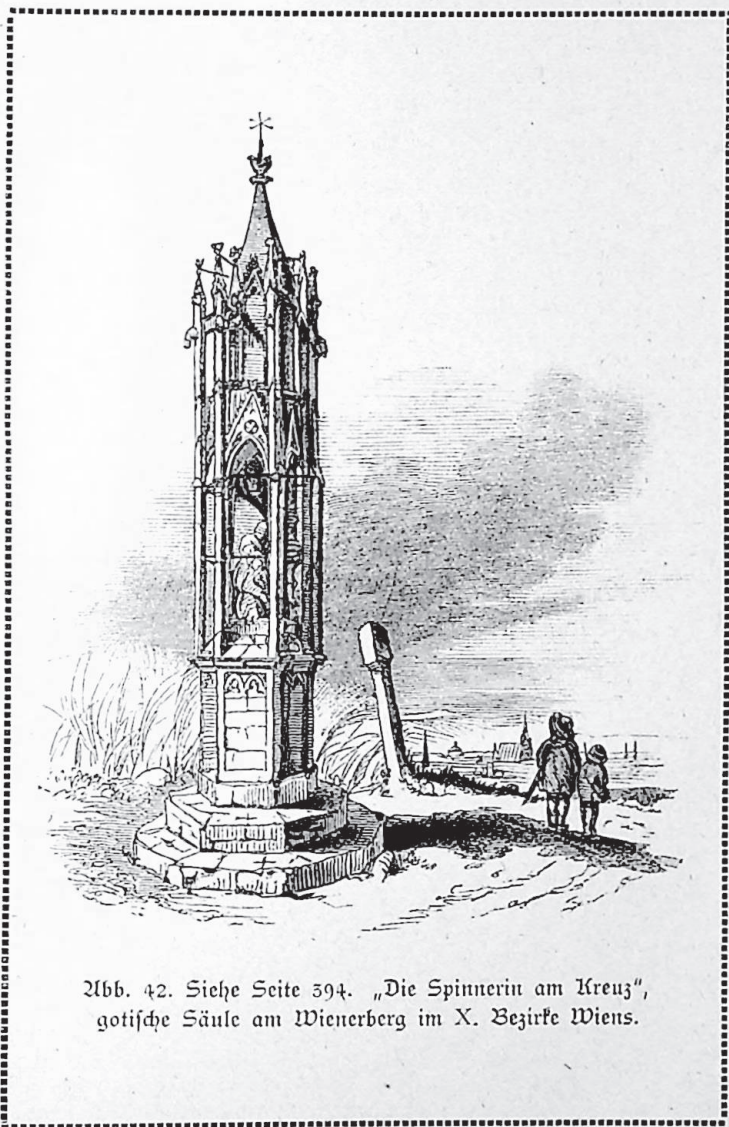


Abb. 42. Siehe Seite 394. „Die Spinnerin am Kreuz“,
gotische Säule am Wienerberg im X. Bezirke Wiens.

Illus. 42. see Chapter 14. "The Spinner on the Cross," Gothic column on the Wienerberg in the X. District of Vienna.

without reserve, because she considered me to be a believer. And such is important for the one who has to get his materials from the people themselves. The mouth of a legend is as shy as a deer; as the latter slips away into the bush at the slightest noise, so the latter inexorably closes immediately if the listener is not recognized as a believer; only trust is able to open it to proclaim its treasure of legends. Mockery, however, irrevocably closes it.

"Yes, yes," continued Aunt Marie, "the dog-woman is quite right for the red cross and for something else too! Did you see the old, dilapidated, round building on the right side of the road when you were coming up? People think it was a pagan temple, others even claim that it was a Templar castle. But they all do not know! This was the second castle and in each of them lived an enemy brother". You can still hear them fighting from time to time. The one who owned the Schallaburg had slain the other, and therefore, when he leaves the Schallaburg, he must enter the ruins of the other, for eternal punishment, to commit fratricide there again and again, until the last day!"

Then the good woman paused.

"Yes, but the red cross, the dog-woman - who is the dog-woman?" I asked sheerly.

Then the storyteller glanced shyly out the window across the moonlit courtyard, as if to make sure that the ghost was not yet walking outside, then she continued:

"Who was she, you want to ask! She was the daughter of the dog-knight George."

And again Aunt Marie looked over the courtyard; it lay quiet in the silver moonlight, and deep shadows were cast by the graceful gallery arches on the old imperial medallions. But not so calm was the old lady; you could see it in her face that she was overcome with creepiness; for where one believes oneself to be in the realm of the spirit, there one does not like to speak of it. And yet this very subject was Aunt Mary's favorite topic of conversation. And again she started:

"So the dog-woman was the daughter of the knight George, the same

one who killed his biological brother down there. Good people had put the red cross on the road, just as they put the "Marterl" over there about thirty years ago, where a rich man had been beaten to death and robbed. - So - that I do not forget - the father of the dog woman, the knight George, was with body and soul hunter, yes, he was it even more than Christian. He was only comfortable in the thickest forest when he saw nothing but the stag in front of him and the dogs around him, when he heard nothing but hunter's cries, dog barking and horn calls. - I can guess why; his conscience must have reminded him too loudly of the fratricide. His seven big hunting dogs always had to eat out of silver bowls at his table like housemates. Yes, and when his good wife reproached him that such things were ungodly and sinful, then the madman answered her with a dog whip across her back! -

And there he had gone hunting once again, the dog knight. But that was an unlucky day for him, because no matter how much game came before his rifle, he hit nothing - absolutely nothing. Had he met an old woman on his way out, or was it just Friday, I don't know; but he hit nothing, that's for sure. It was as if his bullets had been bewitched! Furious, like a bull that has become timid, he returned to Schallaburg in the evening; the weather was as horrible as on All Saints' Day. As he ran home, thinking about whom he could vent his rage on, he suddenly found himself in front of the red cross. Of course, his heart was not softened, because the monument of fratricide was now shaking his conscience again. Senseless with rage, he tore the rifle from his armpit, aimed it at our Lord Jesus, and presumed to commit the most atrocious blasphemy. Seized by sheer madness, he cried out angrily against the Lord God, who so patiently hangs nailed to the cross with outstretched arms: "Because I have hit nothing today, I will at least hit you on your crossbar!" Then he pressed the trigger, the shot cracked, - it was as if a terrible scream sounded from the cross, which was repeated in a thousand voices, as if every forest tree, every leaf, every insect wanted to shout it to itself, because of the most monstrous outrage. The dogs howled lamentably and scattered in senseless fear in all directions, but the clouds clenched angrily like giant

fists and struck each other so that the lightning bolted and one had to think that the sky must be destroyed by the most horrible thundering. In addition, the storm in the forest whimpered and the trees stood on their crowns in immeasurable lamentation at the never before seen atrocious destruction.

Gripped by the most terrible horror, the knight hurried to the castle.

Deep silence reigned in the chamber, the Romans stood untouched, the cigars had burned away. Then there was an imperceptible crack in the old wall paneling - we were all startled. The narrator again cast an anxious glance from her now excitedly sparkling eyes over the courtyard and the gallery - but there it was quiet and solemnly still. It was a night made for raving and for - kissing! It was not at all in accordance with what was told here and it seemed as if the silent moon itself wanted to smile at the ghostly fear of the poor little people; and yet - - it was a night of the moon.

Almost trepidatiously, the question forced itself upon my lips: "Yes, but the dog-woman?"

Aunt Marie nodded her head meaningfully, shook slightly, and covered her eyes with her hand, as if she were afraid to go on, lest she see the dog-woman again. After a deep sigh and a long silence, she continued:

"So the knight George had returned home pale as death and trembling; then he saw the women in the castle running around in horror and not even looking at him. So he staggered into his room. There he heard the dreadful thing. At the same hour his honor had given birth to a girl who had a black shaggy dog's head instead of a human head. And this is true and true! Then the knight George uttered a ghastly curse and ran out into the wildly raging weather. - No one saw him alive again. Soon, however, the tale of terror was heard that he, followed by his seven black dogs, had been seen running through the forest as a ghost in a furious hunting frenzy. - The young lady grew up, but she kept the dog's head for the rest of her life and was therefore called the Dog Lady. Already at that time the three castles Schallaburg, Sichtenberg and Sooß belonged together and so that the poor dog-woman could go unseen from one

castle to the other, all three were connected with underground passages. In these corridors she mostly stayed and was rarely seen by the people. Thus it came about that one did not really know when she died, indeed many believe that she herself is still alive today, and that what one sees from time to time is she herself, but not her ghost. God be merciful and gracious to her and mildly prevent her appearance, because if she lets herself be seen, then - without grace and mercy - an inhabitant of the castle dies within three days. - So, now I have told it, the horror story of the poor dog-woman -"

Aunt Marie was silent. She leaned back in her recliner with her eyes closed, and it seemed as if she were quietly saying a prayer. But the conversation didn't want to flow any more, and the drinking was over.

We wanted to say goodbye and stood up. There was a strong objection to this; "Now you are not allowed to pass the red cross, and also not to pass the dilapidated round building! And so we had to put up with spending that night in a guest room of the old castle.

Soon we were led across the gallery to our bedroom. The moon stood high in the firmament, flickering with the countless army of trembling stars. The heavy shadows of the arches fell sharply into the gallery, and the black towers stood out almost eerily from the velvety starry sky. No sound was audible, deepest solemn silence all around. In the flickering candlelight we strode along the gallery, our footsteps booming eerily through it, no matter how hard we tried to keep our voices down. Strangely, the pale moonlight mixed with the flickering yellow light of the candles on the relief medallions of the Caesar images. The rigid features of these seemed to want to animate themselves and grinned at us almost eerily from their frames; some smiling, others grim. There we stood before the woman with the bowl at the spring.

She seemed to nod at me in a friendly manner, and I felt as if she were an old, familiar friend----

Soon, after an exchanged handshake, the door of our guest room had closed, after we had been wished a "peaceful, good night's sleep". We were already lying in bed, and my friend the "wild hunter" soon revealed

the unmistakable characteristics of the healthiest sleeping talent.

But sleep eluded me for a long time. What I had heard had taken hold of me powerfully. That inexplicable something came over me, which is usually called the fear of ghosts, and yet so incorrectly. No one will expect me to seriously think that the dog-woman would surprise me with her appearance, and yet the immediate surroundings of the castle had made such a peculiar impression on me that I had to feel it forebodingly, why this very place had once become a healing place. It was as if the woman with the bowl stood before me and smiled at me, and then she spoke to me. - Yes, now I recognized the glory! I had already drunk from her bowl myself! For me it is not an indistinct riddle picture, that relief with the woman with the bowl on Schallaburg.

Many interpretations of the name were tried. Some assumed that the bowl-woman as the name giver of the Shala castle; they were laughed at, and yet they instinctively guessed the right thing, but still did not grasp the meaning. Again others though meaning came from "Schalce" namely "servant" as "servant castle", so to speak barracks, as the interpretation of the castle name. I myself derived the name from the word "Sal", as such correctly, but I also made the mistake of interpreting this "Sal" incorrectly, namely according to its later Middle High German application. With reference to the takeover of this old sanctuary in Christian times as "allodial property" from the side of the sovereigns, I interpreted this name on "Salland", which wants to say so much, as "hereditary property" (Stammmeigen, Stammgut, acquired by bequest), which many word formations seemed to confirm such as "Salgut", "Salbuch", "Salhof", "Salmann" (executor) etc.. "Sal" is, however, the root word in the castle name of Schallaburg, but one must try to fathom its meaning in pre-Christian times. "Sal" is also the root word of the name of "Frau Sälde", which is used by the minstrels in the same way as "Frau



*Illus. 43. Old Thing-site in Zell near Ruhpolding (Ruetpolding).
(After a photograph by Dr. Hermann Haas in Traunstein in
Bavaria). See Chapter 14.*

Venus", and like the latter was taken as an allegorical being.⁸ But just as the "Venussin" turned out to be a German goddess, likewise Frau "Sälde" can be explained as a German goddess, and the name of the Schallaburg can be traced back to her.

"Sal" as a root word has the sense of "Heil" (hail, health, healing), "Glück" (luck, fortune), "Reichtum" (wealth), and therefore places Frau Sälde in the German-mythological sense on the same level as the Roman goddess Fortuna.

Frau Sälde thus draws from the fountain of Urda the tidings of the future, and this can only be that noble goddess who "produces children and fruits in abundance, to whom alone, therefore, belongs the right to give life, or to take it away." Frau Sälde is therefore no less than the goddess mother Frouwa herself.

Strange! Saldenburg, Gnaden- or Heilsburg is the meaning of the name of the Schallaburg! And the legend connects three castles with underground passages, which probably really existed, maybe still do. Again the "three"! But as the one "who produces fruits and children in abundance" is formed from the three representatives of becoming, working and passing away, namely from Freya, Frouwa and Helia, which latter is thought to be black and in company of a black dog, so the ghost of the Shala castle, the "dog-woman" suddenly illuminated by the mythological light, emerges clearly enough as Helia, the terrible goddess of death.

The people always keep the legends more faithfully than the friendly legends, that's why they have forgotten the interpretation of the picture of the woman with the bowl. Helia is also a goddess of salvation, as the goddess of the dead in a religion that believes in rebirth, must of course be a goddess of salvation and birth.

Thus the ring closes: Birth, life, death,⁹ rebirth. That is why the Tannhäuser legend falls in November at the same time as the Christian

(8) See: "Ch. 9: The Venusberg near Traismauer."

(9) See: "Ch. 9: The Venusberg near Traismauer."

All Souls' Day, because like Tannhäuser in the Feneberg (Fenusberg) the dead sleep in Fene's (Freya's) castle Volkswang, the Volksanger (cemetery) towards the resurrection. That is why on December 24 Tannhäuser leaves the Feneberg, that is why on December 24 Widar leaves his forest home, that is why on December 24th, Wali, the young sun god, is born, that is why on this day the Christmas is celebrated, in which also according to the Christian doctrine the conqueror of death, the redeemer is born, because - from death new life blossoms.

If now, where Helia, the "dog-woman" rules in the subterranean castle, as emblem of the castle the woman Sälde appears drawing with the bowl, then this very drawing indicates the rebirth, or in general the becoming born clearly enough: after all the water is the ancient symbol of eternity. As rain it falls from the sky as fertilizer; it gives life to the plants, it seeps into the earth just as the dead are lowered into the ground; but as spring it is born again, and therefore Frouwa rules as Frau Holle at the Kindleins- or young well (Jungbrunnen).

But as now the female three is clearly recognizable here, likewise also the male three. The fight of the hostile brothers is the fight of the young sun god with the winter god. Balder is shot by Hödur, the blind "shooter", who is in turn slain by Wali. This is mixed up in the saga of the knight George, who is a free shooter as well as a wild hunter. The silver chain with which the "Dog Knight" is kept bound for twenty-one years (namely 3 X 7, that is "triple winter") points to the bound Loki, who, as is known, accompanies his daughter Helia as a black dog. The round wall - the temple, or the Templar castle, also the castle of the enemy brother - is, undoubtedly, a remnant of the old round tower, which rose similar to the tower of Veleda at the Lippe, also here. That is why the oldest churches in the whole of Germany, also especially in Lower Austria, are rotundas, and some of them may be not only ideals off, but actually are those old pagan churches to which the letter of Pope Gregory the Great to Abbot Melittus of Canterbury referred.

Naturally, the priesthood of any religion, and therefore any cultus, is the most conservative of all contemporaneous stands, because it is based

on the word of God, and this is unchangeable, rock solid. The oldest buildings of the Teutons, as such are represented on the Antonius Column at Rome, were circular, with a domed roof, quite similar to a beehive, and still in use.

Long after the Germans had learned to build houses with gable roofs on a right-angled basis, the divine round tower buildings, which concealed the entrances to the subterranean dwellings of the holy women, remained in use for a long time out of sacred habit, and finally passed over to the old Christian architecture in a form-determining manner. That is why all these round chapels are called Knights Templar chapels (Tempelritterkapellen) by popular legend, connected with gruesome ideas of a secret, atrocious worship.

But it was not Templar sites, but Germanic-Wuotanistic temple sites, so-called Halgadome, whose Armanen priesthood were precisely those Templars, which in the Grail saga of "Parzival" by Wolfram von Eschenbach is described, but so artfully "twisted".

But still the "red cross" is to be mentioned and its interpretation is to be striven for. - There are unspeakably many red crosses in the country; but why red crosses in particular? What does the red color have to do with the cross, especially with so many?

According to the legend, the cross was erected here as a symbol of the law; the knight George violated the law by shooting into the cross and here at this place the punishment of the heavenly justice hit him, the divine law was given to him.

After the Schallaburg as "the Sälde castle" proved to be a place of salvation, it was - or in general the area on which it now stands - not only called to give comfort to the faithful as a place of worship, or to serve in times of danger as a "fortress of God", but it was also the noble sanctuary of German law. This German law, after it was displaced by Roman law, was secretly taken into consideration by the Femgericht, and lived on in the so-called peasant laws for a long time, long into our days, here and there as so-called customary law even today.¹⁰

(10) See: "The Helenental" and "The holy Feme on Rauhenstein".

As a sign of old painting or court sites, Roland columns were erected, which in Christian times even bore crosses, as does the "spinner on the cross" near Vienna, as well as the column of the same name near "Wiener-Neustadt".

But the name Roland means "rout-land" = land law. It has forgotten the old meaning of the word and has been confused with the names of the paladin of the king Charles - intentionally by the "Kala".

Similarly, this "red cross", like its innumerable namesakes in the country, will probably have been called "ruot-cross", i.e. the cross of law, and thus will probably have designated a place of secret or at least of "peasants' court". It is not to be overlooked that up to the year 1848 each dominion exercised the administration of justice itself, thus the landlord himself was the highest judge. Therefore, it is not always necessary to think of the secret court where such Ruot pillars or Ruot crosses are found. Even late into the Middle Ages, the courts were held publicly in the open air, and the fact that this took place in the usual places is guaranteed by the conservative customs of the people.

Only such Ruot-pillars or -crosses, which are surrounded by such legends as that of Schallaburg or the two "Spinnerinnensäulen" near Vienna and Wiener-Neustadt, are designated by these legends as old holy places of painting, and at these also the German law will have been secretly taken care of from the distance as at an old holy free place, after it had become a refugee from the Roman law, a refugee just as the German gods from the Roman hierarchy that was the most irreconcilable enemy of Germanism.

It only remains for us to interpret those place names which occur around the Schallaburg and throw an explanatory light on those distant times and their cult of gods.

Right next to the castle of the Sälde (Schallaburg) is a Scholach, that is the river of the Sälde; then very significantly a Merkendorf. It needs only the memory of the landscape of "Merkenstein" to recognize this village as the village of the healers. Then a Steinparz and a Maria-Stein-Parz are found, "parz" basically means part, parcel. If Maria had such a plot here,

it may have once belonged to a German goddess, the more so as a "St. Frein" appears not far from it. The Christian calendar does not know a saint of the name Frein, but the German-Wuotanistic one knew a goddess Freya. The place name Öd, which also occurs here, usually points to a deserted Roman building. Now there is a Loizbach and a Loizdorf, which can be traced back to "liut", light, further, and means much the same as Weißache (whiteness) as an opposite of the Schwarza(che) (blackness).

A Lebersdorf has nothing in common with the liver, but probably does have a Leeberg connection; a Leeberg however is an old-wuotanistic burial place for cremation graves, as the countless ones in the country were proven.¹¹

The large market Loosdorf, however, is called by its name to remind us of the fateless, which Fra Sälde drew the people, from the fate-well of the Urda.

We have already traced back two of the medieval-wuotanistic essentializations, as far as they are female, to their mythological origin; namely the "Frau Venus" (actually Fenus) on "Fene" or "Freya", then the "Frau Sälde" also the mother of the gods and queen of heaven "Frouwa". But still a third transformation remains to be written, in order to make the "three" full, and this is the "Frau Sorge" veiling the luck with her black veils.

Who does not immediately recognize in this the ghastly Helia, the third evil, advising mischief-norn, the third black-veiled healer Wala? Or the Sculd, as the Edda so significantly calls her, because the guilt is that which determines the future for the people. The guilt of the gods causes their downfall, the guilt of the people their future fate; and therefore the third, the evil advising Norn is called the - guilt. Therefore she is also the connoisseur of the deepest secrets, and therefore even Wuotan rides to her for advice; she is the dead Wala, whom he asks about the destinies of the future, she is finally the one whose name the mystical song "Völu-spa" bears, and it is she, in turn, who conceals the future in the mysterious Tarnhari-spa. - Egge sola rohand Hofut! - Eternal cycle! Eternal rebirth!

(11) See page 45-46 and Illustrations 3, 4, 5 and 17.

Such were the thoughts that robbed me of sleep in the guest quarters of Frau Sälde's Castle. Deeper and deeper I became entangled in the web of musings, slowly, like the hand of the clock, the moonlights moved along the wall surface, finally fading, mingling with the cloudy gray color of the morning. The daughter of Narwe had passed by in her silver-embroidered velvet cloak, and already the fiery crest of the golden rooster shone above the mountains.

There it suffered me no longer in the bed; to sleep was anyway no longer to think. Quickly I had dressed and hurried into the open air, silently scurrying past my sleeping "mild hunter".

The first reddish sunlight was already playing around the peaked roofs of the towers, a refreshing morning coolness was pleasantly fanning my temples, and I sucked the strong air into my lungs with the happiest comfort. That did me good. For a little while I had the feeling of a hangover; the sleepless night, the strong wine-----.

So I stood on the gallery and the dreams continued to buzz around me, and soon I had forgotten the gallery and what was hanging around it, and was again chasing after the formations of my research dreams.

It had completely escaped my notice that an old maid - who must be an ancient inventory of the castle - was constantly watching me, and that soon a steadily increasing circle of castle servants of all ranks gathered around her. At last the matter caught my attention, as I clearly realized that I must be the object of the lively interest of the small gathering. -

Curious as to what this meant, I slowly descended the stairs, and suddenly they had all disappeared, only the old maid stopped timidly in the courtyard, looked at me almost startled, and followed me with her eyes until I had stepped out of the courtyard.

Outside in the other courtyard I met the girl who had waited for us yesterday, who also stopped in amazement and looked at me almost horrified. She barely managed to stutter the morning greeting and then

looked after me shaking her head.

This made me angry; I turned back. Again I stood in the courtyard in front of the gallery and looked for the bust of the dog-woman under the ledge, and again the old woman stood behind a column, anxiously eyeing me. The whole morning was spoiled for me; discontentedly I climbed the stairs to wait upstairs in the room until we would be called for breakfast, and then to turn my back on the castle as soon as possible. Only now I was terribly tormented by the hangover; almost enviously I looked over to my "wild hunter" who seemed to be far from having reached the end of his Morpheus symphony.

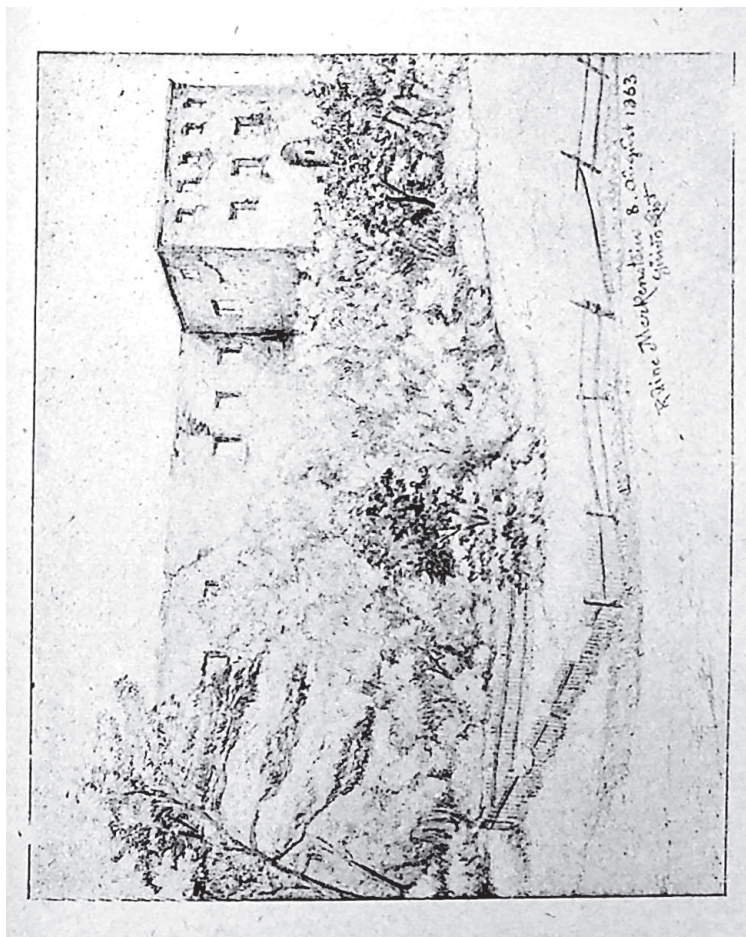
Dressed, I threw myself on the bed, then I jumped up again and looked out of the window, there were already curious people staring up and denying me from there; - it was pure hell! Once you get into such a mood, then I think the lovely Freya herself could come and embrace you cosily, you would be tempted to bite the tip of her nose rather than to put the sweet rose seal of love on her kissable little mouth! - It was, as I said, purely for the hell of it. -

So quite a few quarters of an hour or more passed. My wild hunter was still snoring; he had not even reached the Scherzo yet; - still "Fuga obstinata perfida". This now went beyond comfort after all. I lit a cigar and blew the smoke into his smelling organ, which had been misused as a bassoon, until he closed his snoring symphony with a "Grande Finale furioso maestoso", sneezing violently.

We had suddenly deceived the roles; all my bad mood was with the devil, for I felt very much exhilarated; but my "wild hunter" was only the wilder for it.

Then there was a knock; a servant entered the room to ask us to come over for breakfast. He, too, gave me an eerie, inquiring look, but when he saw my wild "mild hunter", he himself became almost eerie, for he apparently hurried to get rid of his message as quickly as possible and to leave us to our morning pleasure again, undisturbed. -

Soon we were back in the same room where Aunt Marie told us the story of the dog-woman yesterday.



Illus. 44. see Chapter 15, "Merkenstein". Merkenstein Ruin in Lower Austria. (From a hand drawing from the author's sketchbook).

She was also present and was handling the coffee pots and cups; she was very excited and looked at me and my friend with that anxious shyness which I had observed in the servants today and which had deprived me of my good morning mood. The steward was monosyllabic, but he too had such peculiar looks, which I could not explain. Should he also be so happy to call a cat his own! This seemed to me the most explicable and so I consoled myself about my misfortune, because - a sorrow shared is a sorrow halved.

When the good aunt had finally finished her cups, she approached us to return our morning greetings, which she did almost tonelessly, visibly trying to disguise her embarrassment.

At last she asked the usually insubstantial question of how we had slept, fixing her gaze particularly sharply on me; at last she blurted out the unexpected question, "Yes, for heaven's sake," dear friend, are you unwell? You look dreadful!"

This question stunned me. I stepped in front of the mirror and noticed that the good lady was right; my eyes were reddened and lay deep in their sockets, but thick blue rings stretched around them, otherwise, moreover, I was very pale. I was now almost frightened myself about my appearance.

"Are you unwell?" urged the lady.

"Not this - madam!"

"Have you slept badly?"

"That is -" I answered hesitantly.

"Yes, you just don't want to confess, you saw something?!" the good woman hurried out and now blanched herself.

"No, certainly not - madam -"

"Don't keep anything from me - the whole castle is already talking about the fact that the dog-woman appeared to you tonight. You were seen distraught this morning and the servant saw your friend - o, it's horrible!"

Crying was closer to the good woman than laughing, and it took great persuasion to talk her out of appearing to me as a dog-woman. Only

gradually did her fearfulness disappear, and only slowly did her amiable nature regain the upper hand. The sun laughed so kindly at the window that it was impossible to stay in the parlor, and so we said goodbye as soon as the propriety and gracious hospitality of the steward's family permitted.

He still gave us an escort, and only then did I tell him the correct solution for the cause of my sleepless night. I would not have been able to tell the good old lady this solution. With the tenacity of old age, she was too attached to the fact of the dog-woman's wandering for me to have had the courage to raise doubts in her. - Such a belief also belongs to the habits and therefore to the main pillars of life of old age; it is sacrilege to shake it.

The steward agreed with me, then we shook hands and parted.

But we walked over to the Osterburg, the ancient healing place of the lovely Ostara, the patron goddess of our glorious Ostarland.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Osterburg, Hohenegg, Mauer and the Great Saint¹

Coming from Schallaburg, we strode bravely along; myself and my "wild hunter", who had finally kicked off his bad mood and had become cheerful again. - But the clear sky that had delighted us yesterday was over. Soon the landscape bathed itself in the burning gold of the sun, then just as quickly wrapped itself in cloudy camouflage - the most faithful image of capricious fate. But it was this that gave the landscape its charm and life, when suddenly a church tower rose out of the darkness in the glare of the light, like an unexpected flash of lightning, or even like the snowy peak of the Ötscher shone out of the eternal blue, only to be immediately hidden again behind the clouds. The wind also roared, but it did not bring any coolness; after all, it was around the time when the dwarves stole the golden hair of the noble Sibia. After a long march, we had crossed the valley plain and entered the wooded hill country again. Once again the border mountains greeted us from the southern edge of Lower Austria, once again the snowy head of the Ötscher shone like a distant wave of cloth, then a friendly forest valley took us in its benevolent domes of shade. In front of us, however, stood the Easter Castle, or the Osterburg - the sanctuary of the lovely "Ostara", the friendly, ever-smiling spring goddess with the lovely wreath of snowdrops in her golden blond hair.

Who else again than Freya in her conception as sun-bride is Ostara!

(1) First published as "Ruine Hohenegg", Vienna, Neue Deutsche Alpen-Zeitung, 1877,

The divinized materialization of the German virgin as bride! And she wears snowdrops as bridal main ornament, instead of myrtle! Only the English brides still adorn themselves with the modest snowdrop that heralds the spring of love; our German brides believe it must be the myrtle that symbolically adorns her when she steps down the aisle.

And how the dear girl, who flies towards us as a bride in our springtime of love, promising happiness as the patron goddess of our lives, resembles so completely the first flower! -

The first flower rises from the greening earth, the first swallow circles around the gables of the houses, there is rejoicing in the breast of man, for she foresees the approach of spring!

The first flower? - Yes, March violets, cowslips and snowdrops! Who does not know the violet festival, which still the Viennese with their cheerful Duke Otto celebrated at the Leopoldsberg? On the Leopoldsberg, which like here the Osterbergehemais was also consecrated to the bridal "Ostara"; after all, it bore the name of her beloved bride husband, the name "Zeizzos the Beautiful! But who thought that this primeval folk festival was an Odinst Spring festival with a worshipful background?

The first violet, to whom else than to the beloved Freya did it blossom? To whom else than to the love-gratifying valentine queen freed from the power of the winter giants? To whom other than Iduna, rescued in the form of the swallow, to whom other than the friendly Gerda, the bride of Frey, to whom other than Isa, freed from the ice shackles, to whom other than the returning spring goddess Ostara, the bride of Zeizzo the Beautiful!

To whom else did the first three flowers blossom, violets, snowdrops and cowslip, than to all the variously named polyglots of the Germanic Minne mythology, which, after all, only ever signify one single noble goddess, and this one, single one was and is - the fair German virgin!

When the first violet was found, only the prettiest girl in the neighborhood was allowed to pick it in the presence of everyone; it was the high price of soul beauty. How different from our modern frivolous beauty contests! And the snowdrop? With it the German bride adorned

herself and the heavenly key then opened the heavenly joys of spring!

Why, why do our German brides wreath themselves with myrtle? Out of foreigner's addiction or lack of understanding? This question is difficult to answer, but nevertheless it might not be bad to investigate, whether really the myrtle is a bridal-virginal symbol? -

Myrtle was considered a bridal plant preferably because it was sacred to Venus Martia, the goddess of love. This, however, because it should have healing power against female diseases and erotically stimulate. This already shows that the relationship of myrtle to chastity is unsubstantial and a false interpretation of later times. Precisely because myrtle does not refer to chastity, it was hated by the chaste virgin Diana. At the nothing less than chaste festival of Myrta, who had begotten Adonis in incest with her own father, married women appeared with myrtle wreaths. In Paphos, where the goddess of love, who was also called Paphia, celebrated a debauched erotic cult, she had sacred myrtle groves, and the city of Aphrodisias, named after the goddess of love, was built on a spot where a hare had slipped into a myrtle bush. The hare, however, is the well-known symbolic animal of reproduction, similar to the sparrow.

Also this last mystical feature certainly does not increase the alleged symbolism of the chastity of the myrtle wreath. Finally, it was again the myrtle wood that was the most popular material to carve Venus images from, which after the aforementioned was certainly not without symbolic reference.

Of course, one often tried to save the honor of the so unfortunate symbol of chastity by boldly claiming that the myrtle wreath was therefore a sign of victory for the bride's preserved chastity. Other peoples take instead of myrtle rosemary, ivy and immortelle, only the British remained true to his inherited paternal custom, he decorates his bride even today with - snowdrops.

German brides, shouldn't Freya's bridal adornment adorn you more securely than the misinterpreted, foreign myrtle wreath?! -

*Barri is the grove named, which we both know,
the grove of tranquil paths.
Nine nights hence, there to Niörd's son
Gerd will grant delight*

Yes, and it is a grove of flowers from which the Osterberg rises. The part behind the wall of the Zeizzo Mountains is a unique land in the middle of the other Lower Austria. It is obvious that it was protected against the first onslaught of the peoples from the east; life developed much more freely there, its buildings are more artistically decorated than the Neustadt plain can show outside. Even if Lower Austria enjoyed the heavy honor of being the eastern hat of Germania in the heavy role of shield for almost a millennium and a half, the part behind the mountain wall was not exposed to the devastation of war for a long time like the part of the country in front of the mountain range with its well-sealed valley gates. That is why the legends are better and more abundantly preserved here than outside the mountains at the borders of the once so wild stream of nations, at the borders of the iron road of nations to the south.

Passing the ruins and the enormous round tower of the Osterburg, from which underground passages are supposed to lead to Hohenegg, we moved over the forest heights and soon we saw the old Hohenegg with its bold towers and stately fronts on a distant forest cone looking over in a very funny and defiant way.

Here, too, the special nature of the country, the old tenacious adherence to Wuotanistic patriarchal customs, becomes apparent. The often quoted word of Tacitus finds surprising confirmation here: "Besides, it does not correspond to their view of the majesty of the celestials to imprison them between walls or to make images of them with human features. Forests and groves are their temples, and under the name of their gods they invoke that inscrutable power which reveals itself to them only in worship."



Illus. 45. see pages 48-50. Sleeping chamber scene in an earthen stable.

Stepping out of the forest onto a hill that rises above a village, a round place surrounded by trees and bushes widens. How amazed we were! There was a large crucifix, and next to it, on a pillar, a bell, just like the ones we find in pictures of hermits. In front of this cross, however, there are two rows of prayer chairs, like in a church. And this is the place for Sunday prayers, although the church is by no means too far away, since there is no lack of places of worship there. And there are many such places of prayer around here; they are all alike. Sometimes there is a cross, sometimes a stone pillar with an image of a saint in place of the altar, and next to it hangs the bell. - But there is no priest up there. When the mass is said in the nearby church, the bell from the steeple gives the sign of the continuation of the service; so at the Asperges (beginning), at the Gospel, at the Offertory, at the consecration, at the communion and finally at the end at the "itemissa est". The small bell at the prayer place repeats the sign of the tower bell and so the devotees participate in the mass without having been in the church; - this is real and true forest devotion!

But also the villages themselves have so uniquely beautiful, picturesque views, groupings and individual pictures, which the village landscapes of the plain hardly offer. It is a pity that these parts of the country are so unknown! Perhaps this is their good fortune, because there, where the city-dweller's train goes, the peculiarity either flattens into the most sober platitude, as in the villages of the plain, or in the modern "new-old" style of the fashionable places, which is already at the point of degenerating into complete caricature.

Who can say whether the baroque Indian style was not perhaps preceded by noble stylistic forms in the distant gray ages, from which it first developed, as our modern Old German grew as a distorted image of the noble German Renaissance? And then the horrible new styles, like the "New English", the "Secession", etc., in the most horrible ungracefulness and crazily unnatural! It is precisely here, on a place of grace of good, old, German art, in the midst of magnificent castles and magnificent ecclesiastical buildings, where twelve magnificent Gothic winged altars stand within a few hours of each other, where works of

sculpture and painting as well as the minor arts lie in abundance, where even the burgher's and peasant's house appears to be breathed upon by the noble spirit of art, precisely here that one must feel what aberrations our modern copycat styles and even the violently ingenious reinvention styles must lead to. We are not too far from the time, which will still outdo those baroque over-Indian Kielkropfstil! -

Hohenegg now emerges in its stately dignity. The huge size of the castle, the myriad of round, square and polygonal towers with their pointed conical roofs, oriels and battlements, the variously broken fronts, all this offers in the overall impression the most stately picture of a castle of the 16th century. Hardly would the imagination and inventiveness of a decorative painter be able to create a more fantastically ornamented castle picture.

But the proud builder also knew what kind of a building he was putting in the beautiful Ostar country. How self-confident do not sound these verses of an inscription stone:

*"Although the house is not built according to the
Ornament of the present kind is built herefore,
Or everyone does not like it,
That I say to the same all:
Because therefore it is my money that is spent
So I build it also, as it pleases me.
As now the heads are so many,
I will give no order,
But they shall all be dear to me
Who come in friendship,
That I write at the beginning,
God keep the first and the last."*

But this beautiful castle, although it is still under roof, the windows are still hanging in the frame to a good extent, is - ruins! Inside there are only traces of old glory and splendor, but everything is mutilated and

wantonly destroyed, as if the Turk had resided here, whom the castle rejected twice!

On the first floor, an alcove consisting of a single huge stone slab surprises the visitor to the desolate castle and kindly invites him to enjoy the incomparably beautiful view from this airy spot. But no one dares to go out there. When the metal railing was stolen, the slab, which hovers more than twenty meters above the bedrock, was smashed, so that it now hovers over the abyss, threatening to collapse. Even we did not dare to put it to the test by stepping on it.

But the view from here is also too charming! At such a point should stand the one who always from the scholars' room insults the prehistoric times as "the raw Middle Ages"! People who show joy in the beauties of nature - and the builder of that balcony showed such joy in nature - cannot be "crude"; also "crude" people do not cultivate the art as it was cultivated here. This beam was only built as a devotional point, in order to eavesdrop on nature from here, since one stands on this very beam much too high above rocks and forest trees to be able to be seen and admired, which - as is commonly assumed - is supposed to be the building purpose of our modern balconies, in our of course much finer "Zeitläuften"! -

There from the eagle's nest-like place, vertically above the depth of the rocky gorge, the view swings freely from east over south to west, the friendly villages of Wimpassing and Hafnerbach, the Mitrau castle stand out enchantingly between picturesque groups of trees, then the broad plain with the seed-colored harvest carpet, interspersed with castles, churches and individual farmsteads; It is a picture of peace and happiness, and in the midst of it rises the ancient holy seat of the patronizing Ostara. Then the poplar avenue of the Linzer street forms the horizontal border between this and another, more serious picture. Above the avenue of poplars, the Austrian-Styrian border mountains rise in a boldly formed blue wave. From this, the Schneeberg group, the Rax and Schneealps with Gippel and Göller, and so on to the proud peak of the snow-glowing Ötscher, which rises here in proud glory from the sea of rocks that runs

westward into the jagged masses of the Dachstein and the overcast Alm.

One can hardly force oneself away from this overwhelming image! -

A slight chill shakes one, however, when one turns one's eye from this view and fully overlooks the disastrous devastation of the proud castle building again; a wantonly made ruin, still under a roof!

And it was not the hand of the enemy that gave the death blow to this proud splendid building! This castle, a manor that cannot be thought more beautiful, decays, still under roof, abandoned to robbery, desecrated by neglect of its owners! -

The building description as well as the actual history of this castle, as interesting as they would be, do not fit into the framework of these descriptions, and may only be mentioned here that it belongs to that area, which we discussed under "Salland" occasionally the Schallaburg. Hohenegg also belonged with Schallaburg and the rest of the surrounding area to the oldest allodial property of the sovereigns, namely of the still far pre-Babenberg ones.

Crawling around in the ruined rooms with the swinging floors, the half-destroyed stairs and the already collapsed wall debris, I quite unexpectedly came across a "native", whose "dörperheit" I liked very much!

"This is also one of your customers!" I thought to myself, and began to engage him in conversation. With great patience, much effort, and the usual small coin of the tongue solution, namely cigars, wine, and cold cuts, which were brought out of our backpacks, I got little coherent out of this codger, but what I learned, however seemingly minor, was valuable to me.

Anton Seithhuber, as he is called, has a reverent love for the "old castle", where his mother lived blessedly long, who still pulled the tower bell here daily and otherwise looked after the castle. He himself was born there and visits the scene of his youthful memories as often as he can; he wanders through the decaying halls, alone, dreaming, as if he were the castle ghost himself. He may well feel quite deeply, much beauty and love, but his language is not given the power to clothe his feelings in words.

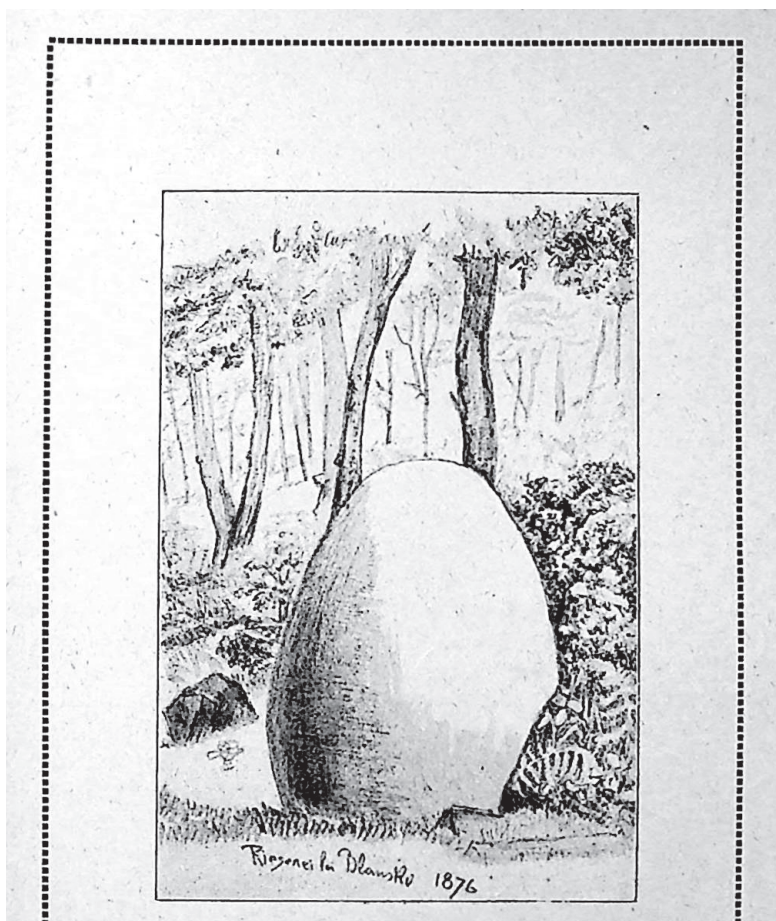
The Orientals call such people darlings of the gods, with us they are called idiots and sometimes even mocked.

And yet Seithhuber was not stupid, he was at most "slow in spirit". Of course, one should not look for historical data with such people, because they even report what they have experienced themselves inadequately and inaccurately. But as story and fairy tale tellers such dream-living natures are often the most splendid guys, and also my honest Seithhuber turned out to be such an excellent one. At first I asked for the usual country ideas and horror stories of castle dungeons, prisoners, beheaded people and the like, in order to rehearse the depth of his belief in miracles. Soon he was on the train; his tongue was wonderfully loosened. -

He knew a lot about the subterranean passage that led from the kitchen under the big stove to Osterburg. He corroborated this statement with the very precisely determined local information, where horses and plows had sunk in and in such a way had exposed and pushed in the passage. He also knew a lot about enchanted treasures, which were supposed to be magically held in the old round tower. - "Yes, if one only knew the right word, and could not be distracted by any spook, then one would become rich - very rich! Yes!"

"Yes, I" - he continued - "I was also once - yes also once inside, there in the thick, round tower, yes. - It was coal pitch black night, and the wind has blown that it was pure out - yes! - And in the woods it was roaring and whizzing, so that it almost made your head spin. - Down in Hafnerbach it was twelve o'clock. - Now it started with howling and screaming, rumbling and rattling of chains - yes. - But he who wants to dig up the treasure must not be afraid - not by a long shot - yes. - He must not let himself be misled by anything, and certainly not speak anything -yes; - otherwise the black man has power over him; -yes! - Well - and how the rumbling came closer and closer - well - when it finally cracked, as if the tower was about to collapse - well, that's when the shit hit the fan, I got really scared - well - and I ran away as fast as I could! - Yes!"

"I learned that he had "tost" and "wormwood" with him for protection against evil spirits and also something "consecrated", and that



Illus. 46. See page 134. The giant egg near Blansko. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook).

there in the round tower the devil himself was guarding the treasure. What conditions for its lifting the legend set, he did not know, or did not want to say, which should be the more likely. He knew nothing about white women or other spooks. But he remembered something vague and indefinite about a white woman in the Osterburg. -

Thus we had gradually come almost unnoticed out of the castle; past the graceful fountain temple of red marble, which would be an ornament even to a city square, but here perishes mercilessly. - Soon we were on the path that leads to "Mauer".

There the devil's banner told me in his broad, formless way about a "great saint" who was near here. I could not quite make sense of what he had told me and let myself be led to the "great saint".

It is a two-man high bishop statue in pigtail style without any artistic value. It is poorly painted and represents St. Zeno, bishop of Verona.

Now I understood Seithhuber's description.

On the bank of a small stream stands the colossal statue of the saint on a boulder, in which footprints are pressed, in which footprints the rainwater collects, which is supposed to be good for "evil eyes". The saint had stayed here during his lifetime, and he had pressed the footprints into the stone by his persistent kneeling in prayer. Also, the "great saint" suffered no roof and no compartment over him, and as often as the priest of Mauer had a roof erected over the statue, wind and weather often tore it away again the next night.

Over on the hill, however, stands the ancient church of Mauer. The unusual shape of this church, where the roof of the nave is significantly lower than that of the presbytery, the massive ashlar tower, the gray-aged appearance of the entire building, all this is wonderfully in tune with such mythical land. It should be noted only in passing that this church also contains significant art treasures.

But also this church "suffers no attack from the outside", as often as it is plastered, wind and weather throw it down, also it does not tolerate a high roof in front: that always collapses, and only the low roof remains durable.

This is pure, unadulterated Wuotanism.

First of all, the underground passage, whose existence I do not want to deny; its starting point under the hearth is significant.

The hearth might be only the uncertain memory of the old sacrificial altar of the old sanctuary of Hohenegg, which was certainly like Schallaburg. The connection with the Osterburg is also, at least mythologically important. The devil as the guardian of the treasure has already been encountered repeatedly and only needs to be remembered here as St. Christopher and the treasure saga of Rauhenegg (today Rauhenneck, or Helenental), where the condition of the collection of the treasure is still unforgotten. But all this recedes into the background before the great saint.

The statue stands on a "wuotanistic sacrificial altar" the footprints are the troughs for the offerings and the sacrificial blood. Therefore it does not tolerate roof, not compartment, because already Tacitus testifies that the Germanic gods likewise did not let themselves be enclosed in temple walls. Also the church of Mauer, which stands lonely on the hill, proves to be a pre-Christian sanctuary. There the wild Gjaigd probably moved and tore away the roof, because it stood in the spirit way. There are many equivalent examples.

So also here again the "three"; Ostarburg, Hohenegg, Mauer, and in the middle of the three the sacrificial stone!

Which eye now the great saint replaced? Wuotan gave his one eye for the drink from Mimir's well, and the rainwater collecting in the footprints is good for - "evil eyes". "Helblindr", the Haidblinde, one-eyed, is the epithet of Wuotan as winter god, yes, in his special form as the Balders murderer Hader (Hödur), he is even completely blind, because Loki must guide his arm to the mistletoe shot. Also in fairy tales and legends his attenuations occur as half or completely blind; so in the many one-eyed giants, in the one-eyed Siefriedstöter Hagen von Tronje, even in the old blind boar.

That is why Wuotan is also called as a healing god for eye diseases, and that is why all "Augenbrünndln" (e.g. at Edlitz behind Reichenau and

others) also point to old sacred "Phols-" or Wuotansbrunnen". - The Horse-fountain depicted the stomping of God's horse (Phohlen, fillings) on the earth. -

Therefore, in this highly significant sanctuary we have to recognize the following tripartite division:

"Osterburg", as the place of becoming, of birth',

"Hohenegg", as the place of salvation of action or life', where in Wuotanistic times was the place of things, but in the Middle Ages the seat of lords and courts; and finally.

"Mauer" as the sanctuary of passing away or death.

Mauer, which was undoubtedly the ancient burial place for cremations, remained consecrated to the cult of the dead even in Christian times, as the unusually rich inventory of graves and precious tombstones from the earliest times into the later Middle Ages, as well as other votive possessions of this church clearly prove.

This short, enjoyable day of hiking has revealed undreamt-of things through local inspection and the honest Seithhuber's simple stories, and has provided a new building block for the development of a long-forgotten history from the youthful age of our people.

But it began to get evening; moreover, a thunderstorm was approaching, which threatened the whole day. Therefore, we hurried to Loosdorf, in order to start the journey home to our old Vianiomina, possibly without rain.

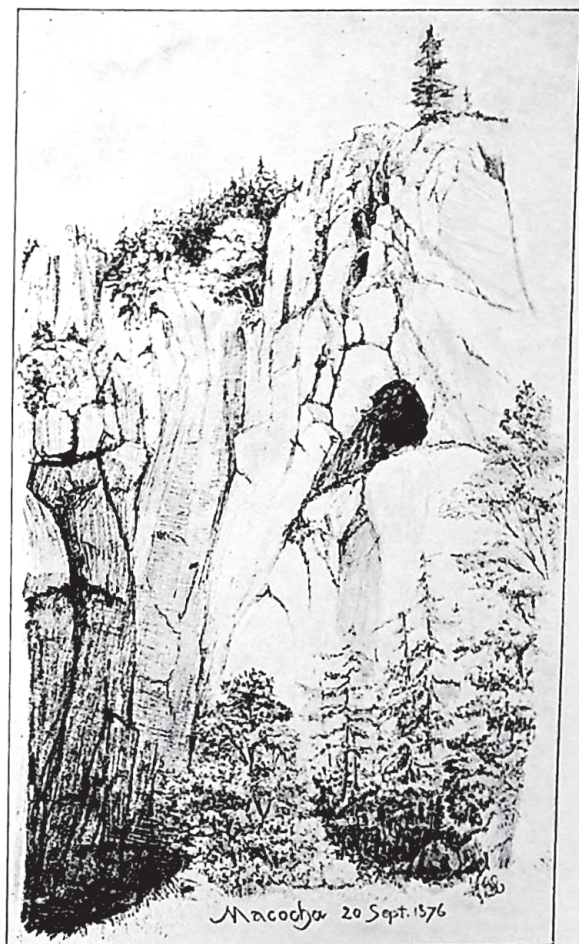


Fig. 47. The "Macocha" near Brno. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.) See p. 132.

CHAPTER TWELVE

St. Christopher¹

*Hail the great Christopher!
Who brought Jesus the Christ
through the red sea
And yet you did not break your legs.
But this is not surprising
What a great man you were.
- Old song of traveling scholars*

He who needs his feet to efficiently walk through all countries per pedes apostolorum (as the apostles walked), as the traveling students of the Middle Ages of honest and dishonest memory did, may not be counted as a sin even such barbaric Latin, as that scholars' song offers a sample of seen at the beginning of these lines. After all, no people on earth has wandered around the world like the German, from where the wealth of its wandering songs in all dialects, even in Latin verse, originates. Even if the railroad has changed a lot of the customs and traditions of the people, and has banished the institute of the "traveling craftsmen" to the museum with the rest of the cultural-historical junk, there is still a lonely little rice paddy of the traveling scholastics that sings its songs when the vacation season spreads its golden days over the land. Of course, it mustn't rain, because then the songs fall silent and the rain-

First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, January 30 and 31, 1890, on the funeral day of my first wife, my poor Helene, on January 29, 1890, buried on January 31, 1890.

splashed street inns are silent; only the clattering of stone jugs tells us what the unenthusiastic scholars are doing to sweeten their annoyance at the weather.

So we too sat sullenly with St. Christopher in the inn and looked out into the dripping foliage, which seemed to hold a wedding with the fringes of the clouds today.

"We must have spoiled it with St. Christophoros" - said one. - "The great water spirit, who is invoked and banished in the "Christopheles Prayer", lest he appear in too terrible a form, is loose and clearly won't be banished for some time!"

And so it was, for it continued to rain, as every one of the unfortunates who was wandering in the autumn of a rain-damp one thousand eight hundred and eighty-ninth year can sighingly confirm.

The joking combination of the infamous "Christopheles prayer", which the church itself pursues as a spell, with the place Christophen, where we sat rained in, led to stimulating discussions and finally to this mythological landscape:

Christophen is an ancient place, which, although it is only mentioned in documents as a parish in the thirteenth century (Marquardus plebanus de sancto Christophore, 1239), is nevertheless believed to be older by the otherwise very skeptical antiquarians. Exceptionally, they believe a tradition, which, according to a later inscription on the parish house, states that the Passau bishop Berengar assigned the parish to the monastery of St. Pölten in 1040, which was also confirmed five years later by bishop Engelbert with a simultaneous increase of the endowment. Now, despite the assumption of this certainly high age, the same is still underestimated, because undoubtedly the foundation of the place goes back to pre-Christian days, that of the church, however, to the time of the introduction of Christianity itself. The churches of St. Christopher, like those of St. Leonhard, St. Ruprecht, St. Stephen or St. Michael the Archangel and other saints, grew out of old famous Wuotan churches, as we have already shown many times, and here, too, the only question that remains to be answered is which of the Aesir was once sacrificed to here.

Also in the legend and worship of St. Christopher (the Christ-bearer) indelible traces of the Germanic Wihinei are preserved, only with the difference that these were not, as for example with the cult of St. Leonard, tolerated by the church, but directly persecuted and forbidden. The legend is told soon, according to a book of legends printed in Strasbourg in 1517 in an excerpt.

Before his conversion, the saint was a pagan and born in Canaan; he was a giant and twelve cubits tall. He wandered to find the greatest and most powerful lord to serve. Thus he came to the court of a king. When Offero² - that was his name before baptism - saw that the king, as often as the devil was mentioned in speech, crossed himself, he asked what this meant. After receiving clarification, Offero said to the king, "If you are afraid of the devil, I have served you long enough." He now went to seek the devil, found and served him. Once the devil could not pass by a cross, Offero saw that the devil was not the most powerful, and left him as he had left the king before. After a long wandering, he found a hermit who instructed him in the faith, but the cautious Offero was not yet baptized, because he still doubted whether he had now come to the most powerful. The hermit ordered him to fast, to watch, to pray. Offero said: "Instruct me another way to serve him. Said the hermit: "In that rocky gorge flows a water over which there is no bridge, no footbridge. If you want to carry people across for God's sake, you are doing Christ a service, for you are tall and strong.

Offero did as he was told. There he built himself a dwelling and carried the pilgrims across the water for God's sake, i.e. without thanks and reward. Once in the night he heard a child calling: "My dear, my tall, my strong Offero, bring him over! He went to the shore, but did not see the child and returned to his hut. The child called a second time and even then he did not find him, only after the third call he became aware of

(2) The one who offers.

him. He grabbed his pear wood staff³, took the child on his arm and went with him into the stream. But the water swelled to the sea and the child grew and grew and became heavier than lead. He was afraid of drowning. As he stood in the middle of the stream, he said to the child, "How heavy you are, child; I feel as if I were carrying the whole world!" Then the child said, "You are not carrying the world, but the one who created it." With that the child pressed the Offero under the water and said, "I am Jesus, your King and your God, and I baptize you in the name of my Father, in my name and in the name of the Holy Spirit. Before you were called Offero (I offer myself), and now you shall be called Christophorus (Christ-bearer). Put your scrawny staff in the ground; if it bears fruit tomorrow, you know my power!" With that the child disappeared. Christophorus did as he was told, and the same night the scrawny staff shot up into a tree and bore blossoms and fruit. Christophorus rejoiced greatly at this and clung to his Lord with love and loyalty. The further fates and martyrdom of the saint have no further reference for this study, so they can be passed over here.

This legend receives a strange extension and addition in Tyrol.

On the road from Mittenwald to Innsbruck, between Seefeld and Zirl, there is a farmhouse, the so-called Riesenhaus. It is decorated on the outside with murals and on the wall facing the road one sees two youthful giants fighting with each other; Heymo, holding the sword with both hands, thrusts it into the head of Thyrsis. On the opposite wall, St. Christopher is depicted carrying the Christ Child through the waves, holding in his left hand an uprooted tree and using it as a staff. A naked mermaid, half rising from the water, with a crown on her head, touches the root of the tree with her left hand. On the other side of Christopher stands the mother Anna with the child Mary. Next to it the year 1507 is

(3) This is real Ario-Germanic-Wuotanistic Kala! - Pear wood: Pear = bir, ber" bar= I. coming into being (giving birth), II. life, growth, working (giving birth), III. empty, passing away, death (bare of all knowledge, barefoot, bier, etc.). On the scrawny pear tree of the Walserfeld after the last battle Wuotan will hang shield and sword, whereupon the tree will green again and bear fruit!

legible. Next to Mother Anne stands an angel and a bit apart a hermit who seems to step out of his cell with, a burning light in the lantern. In the background a castle is visible.

Near this Riesenhaus, in a narrow, steep valley, the Türschenbach flows towards the Inn. The small hamlet in this valley is also called Türschenbach. Nearby, asphalt is mined, which the people of the area use as a powerful miracle cure for all kinds of diseases and livestock epidemics, as well as the stone oil (naphtha), which they call Türschenöl. A plot of land not far away is called "beim wilden Mann" ("at the wild man").

Continuing towards Innsbruck, one finds the larger-than-life statue of Heymo, harnessed, the dragon's tongue in his left hand, at the mortuary chapel of the cemetery of Wilten.

The legend tells of this:

The image of Our Lady of Wilten was hidden under four pillars, which is why it is still called "Our Lady of the Four Pillars". This was revealed by revelation to Heymo, who soon brought the image to light and decided to build Wilten Monastery on the site where it was found. But what he built during the day was torn down at night. Heymo, who was at odds with Türsch, suspected this, sought him out, found him sleeping in a meadow, and dealt him a fatal blow with his sword. The giant Türsch picked himself up, tore a tree together with the roots from the earth and struck around. Striding over the mountains, the blood flowed from his wound, and "where it flowed, there is the Türschenöl".

Before he died, he cried out:

*"Go, innocent blood,
And be good for cattle and men!"*

But even now the monastery building collapsed again every night. Then the Hero watched out and saw a dragon coming from Sillbach. With the help of Mother-God, Heymo pursued the dragon to the waterfall, where he cut off the head of the fire-breathing monster and tore out its tongue.

When the construction of the monastery was completed, Heymo seized a large stone and threw it over the monastery with such force that it fell far, where it still lies today. So far the monastery should be freed from the tithe.

The connection between the giant legend of Heymo and Thyrsis with the Christophorus legend is forgotten here, but it will be found, especially since Thyrsis and Türsch are direct giant names and agree with Thurso, Durso, with which name the giants appear in the Edda as in many legends.

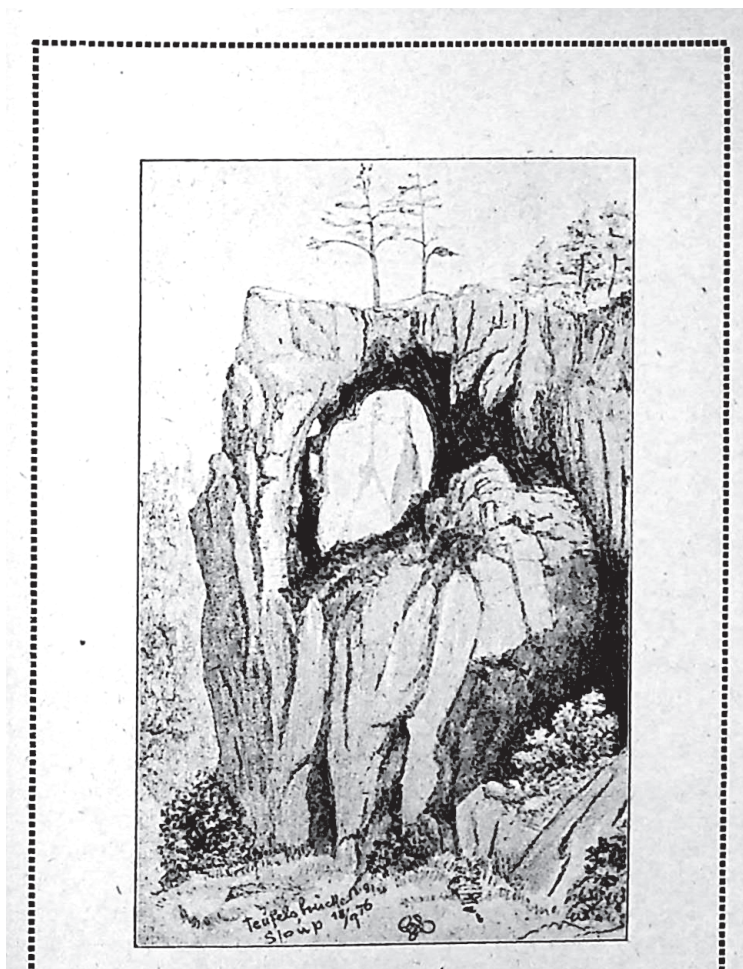
Certainly it is not accidental that in Apollonius I. 502 a Titan king Ophion is called husband of Eurynome, who, defeated by Saturn, was thrown into the sea, where Rhea threw Eurynome after him, who both drowned. Also among the giants, which Zeus slew, an Ophion is likewise called. But Ophion and Offero sound very related, and the latter name seems to have originated from the former.

In the legend, the wandering of Offero is first noticeable, as is his height, which is given as twelve cubits. Further his service to carry the pilgrims over the water, and finally the staff from pear wood, which, planted in the earth, greens and blossoms and bears fruits. These are genuine Ariogermanic characteristics, which, brought in connection with the Heymo-Türsch legend, lead to interesting solutions.

Wate was the name of a giant who fathered his son Wieland with the mermaid Wachilde. When he grew up, he carried him across the sea so that he could learn to forge a sword. This son, however, whom the father carried, was the people whom the god carried over seas and countries, that is, whom he led on the wanderings. -

If Wuotan shimmers through as a wanderer behind the mythical figure of Wate, this should not be surprising, because Wuotan is everything and the individual other gods are only personifications of individual characteristics of the supreme god.

Christophorus was also interpreted in this sense; he protects the wanderers and on the day when such a person sees a Christophorus image somewhere, he is protected from untimely death. That is why the mostly



*Illus. 48. See page 132. The "Teufelsbrücke" near Sloup.
(Hand drawing from the sketchbook of the author.)*

huge images of the saint are mostly found on the outer walls of churches, on rock faces, as for example on the Hollerfels near Vellach an eleven meter high image of St. Christopher appears painted on the rock, as well as on the church of Merano (Illus. 55) and naturally also as inn signs, to which the latter had been transferred from the old hospices, which were established in the times of the Crusades. St. Christopher carried his people like the old Wate across the sea to the Promised Land.

Now a dragon fight and a giant fight are found here. The dragon fight agrees with Balder or with Siegfried's, as especially the trait reveals that the blood is "good for cattle and men". The dragon's blood made Siegfried "horned," that is, invulnerable, and made him understand the language of the birds. Although the blood of the giant Türsch is explicitly mentioned here, this does not add anything to the name, because dragons are giant animals and Fafner is, as is known, dragon and giant in one person.

The giant fight, however, points to the giant fights of the other son of Wuotan Donar, while the building can be referred to the building Wuotan as well as to the building giants.

There would be no less than three Aesir, namely Wuotan, Balder and Donar, and a giant, Wate, who claim to have had their sacrificial sites at the places of today's Christophorus worship in former times.

But there it is again - the giant house between Seefeld and Zierl, which here throws a weighty piece of evidence into the scale, which piece of evidence is the crowned mermaid; Wieland's mother was the mermaid Wachilde. Just as the belief in miracles, because Offero was immersed in water by the Christ child, believes that he has power over all treasures that lie in the water, so also Wieland's gold is described in the legends as coming from the water, in that it was thought to come from his mother, the mermaid Wachilde. This was correct, however, insofar as the first gold was washed out of the river sand.

Thus it seems decided that the worship of Christophorus replaced that of Wate, to which another noteworthy moment is added, which, however, falls into another mythical circle. This is the "wandering Jotun", who in the course of time became the "eternal Jew", but who is none

other than Wuotan, the wanderer. Especially in Tyrol the legend goes that Judas hanged himself on a Wednesday; but this Judas is just that "wandering Jote". The hanging is Wuotan's self-sacrifice⁴ and Wednesday is the day of the week sacred to Wuotan. It is also worth noting that just in the Danube valley of the "Wachau", which we already recognized at "Aggstein" as the floodplain of Wachilden, the "Watstein" lying on the left bank of the Danube is, so to speak, opposed by the "Aggstein" lying on the right bank. Agez (Aegir), the winter sea giant, illuminates his hall with the golden light of the sun imprisoned in the underworld (the darkness, the winter). We recognized this mythical treasure gold, however, also as the golden seed grain slumbering in the winter earth, from which mythical gold treasure the legendary hoard of the Nibelungen, the Amelungen etc. developed. As here the "Wate" is opposed by the water giant "Agez", so in the "Christopheles Prayer" the saint "Christophorus" is opposed by the "great water spirit" as the keeper of treasures, whereby the latter turns out to be Agez. Since now to the St. Christophorus also this water spirit compelling power is attributed, as such just the Christopheles prayer proves, so the wuotanistic materialization hidden behind these saints must have been a more powerful one than Agez himself.

Wate is, as already noticed, a weakened secondary figure of a mighty Aesir, but still the question wavers whether that Aesir was "Wuotan" or "Donar"; the former has been the god of the noblemen, the latter the farmer god. Both are wanderers; but an Eddic song: "Harbardshliödh" introduces Donar as the one wading through the water.

In this song a quarrel of the sun (Wuotan) with the summer thunderstorm (Donar) is mythically described. The sun was victorious; after the thunderstorm had passed, it shines again calmly in the sky. The sun (Wuotan) is meant here as a ferryman over the crossroads between giants and Aesir, which is otherwise called Elbing (Ifing). In the

(4) In the runic song Wuotan sings of himself: "I know how I hung on the wind-cold tree nine eternal nights, I, Wuotan, consecrated to myself, etc."

thunderstorm myth the representation of the sun god as a ferryman across the Elbing river means the sun veiled by thunderclouds, which travel back and forth from one bank of the river to the other. That is, the storm clouds actually move once there, then back again. But the sun refuses the crossing and remains the winner, then finally the thunderstorms move away and go to look for a ford in the "west" to wade through.

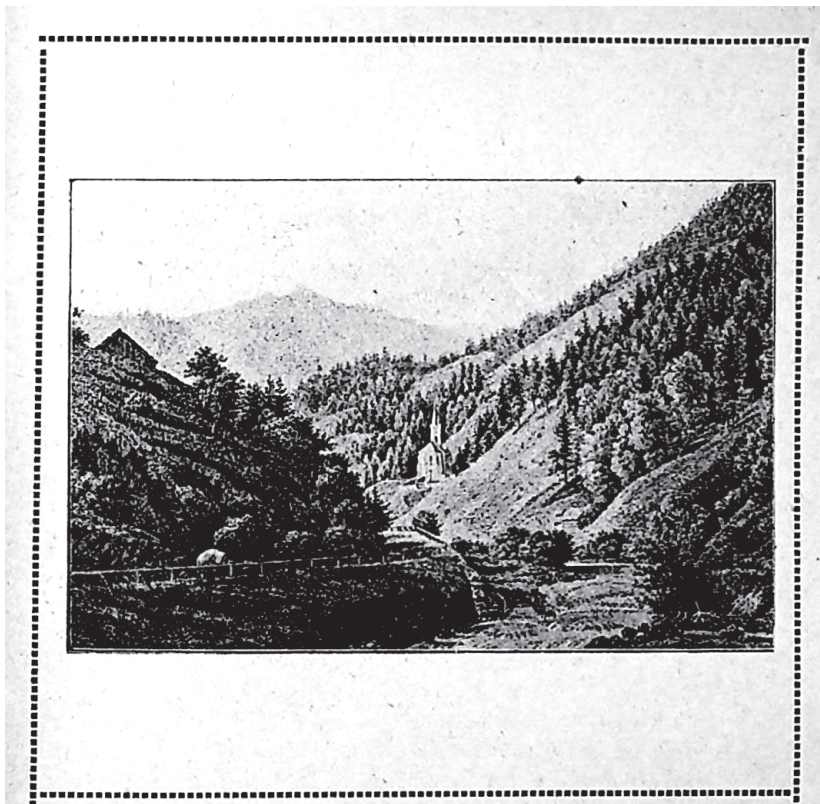
In "Harbardshliödh" this myth has already become very unclear, because the song is a late one, from the time of the decline of the Skaldic art. But it characterizes very well the character of the knightly as well as the peasant god. Both quarrel, the warlike Wuotan and the "giver" of sheaves" Donar, and both are right.

Wuotan boasts of love adventures and deeds of war, Donar boasts of his benefits shown to the people and donations as a guardian of agriculture.

If we now see here the dividing stream between Aesir and Giant, which Donar wades through, if we compare this dividing stream with the Danube (see Aggstein), where on the northern, left bank the Wadstone stands, on the southern, right bank the Giant Stone Aggstein rises, then the conclusion is that Wate, who carries his people across the stream, can be none other than the "wading Donar" in fabulously attenuated form.

If now, however, in the Christophorus legend the "great sea or water spirit" " is recognized as Agez, then the Aesir superior to him and conquering him must be the giant conqueror Donar, who, in spite of the fact that the crossing is refused to him by an actually friendly side, is strong enough to conquer the water giant by self-help and to gain the river crossing by wading.

Thus in the treasure legend of Christophorus actually two treasure donors would be hidden, as such also clearly emerges, because it is not only about the treasure gold which the great water spirit hides in the water, but also about the treasures buried in the earth. So water and earth unite here to hide the treasure gold. Already in the Nibelungen saga it can be found that the dwarf "Antwari" hides his hoard of gold in the cave



Illus. 49. See Chapter 14, "The Helenental". St. Leonhard in Carinthia.

located under the waters.

Now the German miracle faith knows also other treasure legends, which point like that of Christophorus from earth and water, to earth and air like to earth and fire, whereby here again the mighty three suddenly breaks through.

If also the alchemy four elements, namely:

Earth V

Water V

Fire A

Air A and forms from it the

Universe #, the German mythe knows only three elements in their influence on the earth, namely: air, water and fire. To this trilogy correspond:

Wuotan (air), Donar (water) and Loki (fire).⁵

Since the treasures that lie in the air, like those that lie in the fire, are comprehensible only spiritually (psychically), but physically (physically, materially) only to a few knowledgeable people, it is easy to explain why just the treasure legend, which is based on Donar as the lord of the buried and sunken treasures, as Christophorus legend pushed the other two into the background, because it was more obvious to the treasure diggers to deal with buried or sunken treasures than with those that lie in the fire or even in - the air.

After all, we will also roam the other two areas on our German-mythological wanderings.

Now it does not need further the special reference that the treasure digger belief, strengthened by accidental treasure finds, lost itself ever more deeply into the area of the sorcery and the magic belief and in the "Christopheles prayer" like in the "violent sea spirit" of Dr. Faust's threefold hell compulsion solidified in the crassest superstition.

The church had not succeeded in eradicating the old cult of Wuotan,

(5) More about this in G.-L.-B. No. 5, "Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen", especially plate I of that book.

although it made the most far-reaching concessions to the people. Thus, a good part of the Odinic holy beliefs remained alive in the Christian confession in its exotericism, which soon became a belief in the devil and thus a secondary belief, which, however, soon developed into a counter-faith and finally into a superstition.

However, in order to protect themselves from persecution, this devil or counter belief was clothed in forms that resembled the Christian ones, incantations were combined with prayers and thus the infamous Christopheles prayer was created, which despite all secular and ecclesiastical prohibitions is still printed, bought and prayed with all the prescribed magic apparatus even today - on Christmas Eve.

It is hair-raising, which nonsense is to be read united on the thirty-eight narrowly printed pages of the booklet, which leads the promising title:

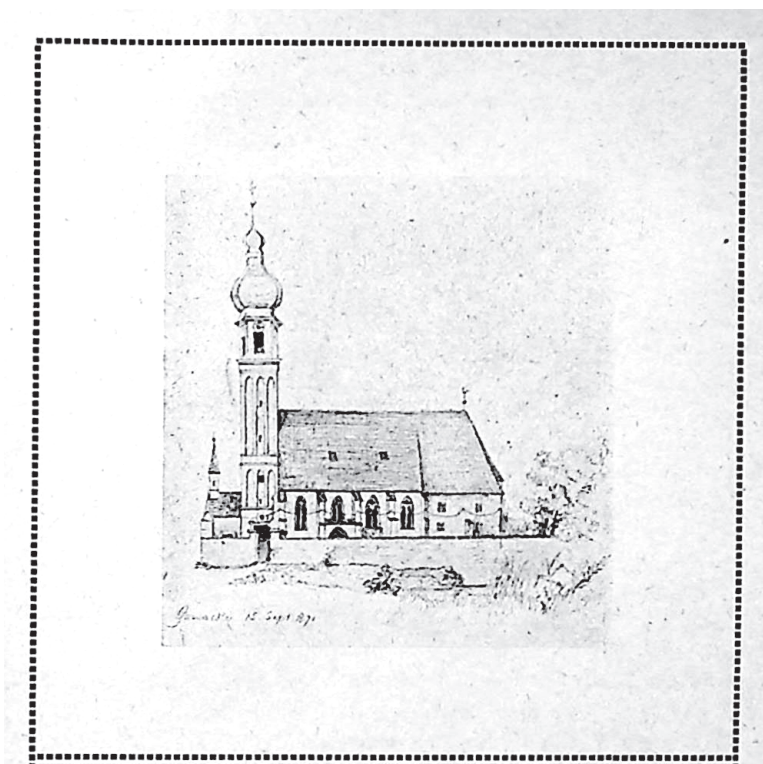
"The Call of St. Christopher
Or:
The So-Called Christopheles Prayer."

First of all, this booklet brings the instructions for the preparation under the inscription: "Science of the hearings and requirement for the attainment of these petitions". There is a lot of talk about Christian exercises, especially about "fasting with water and bread" and the like. Then follows a myriad of real and proper magic conditions, as they only ever fit into the witch's kitchen, although apparently in the Christian sense. Thus, three or only one of them must lead the incantation; a picture of St. Christopher and a picture of the Virgin Mary must be set up together with a crucifix, in front of which a consecrated candle burns. In a closed lantern, however, a hidden candle burns. This covered candle burns of course for the devil, "to whom one must also sometimes put a light"; this shows so quite clearly how here Christianity and Wuotanism stand side by side. It is not unbelief, no! This is full, true faith to both sides, but misguided in the delusions of an overstimulated, overheated imagination.

Thus it goes on in the desolate nonsense, to the Christianity and Odinism equally abhorrent!

The next chapter is called: "White and manner to make the circle." This is the famous magic circle, common in all incantations; but as it may not be known what such a circle looks like, let us try to describe it here. First, a straight line is drawn from east to west, which crosses another from north to south, as on the compass rose. Around the center of this cross now three concentric circles are drawn. The picture looks almost like a target for target practice; it consists of four quadrants and eight ring quarters, four of which are always the same size.

In the quadrant between north and east is the cross with the image of Mary, in the next between east and south is the image of St. Christopher, in the quadrant between north and west is the holy water font, while the quadrant between west and south forms the entrance and designates the place where the invoker must kneel. The ring formed by the first and second circles, counting from the center, contains the names of the four evangelists, namely: East: Matthew; South: Mark; West: Luke; North: John. The ring between the second and third circles contains in each celestial region, progressing from east to south, one of the four words: Jesus, Nazarene, Rex, Judaeorum, between which four words, separated by crosses, are inscribed the following four archangels' names: Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel and Michael. When the ceremony of drawing the circle, very complicated by many prayers and formulas, is completed, there come terrifying quantities of long prayers, which become more and more importunate and insolent, for they have the purpose of compelling St. Christopher, as the bestower of hidden treasures, to pay such in the modest figure of 999,999 ducats in fully important, customary coin, and not to reward the many labors of conjuring by deceptive sham gold, which could turn into misty coals or the like, in an evil way. This is the "true prayer of St. Christopher, prayed with devotion and purity". This terrible nonsense, several pages long, is followed by an equally blatant "Prayer to God Almighty", which is now finally followed by the "Invocation to St. Christopher". Only now comes the actual witchcraft,



Illus. 50: See Chapter 20, "Saint Leonhard". Leonhardi Church at Ganacker. Outside, one can see the chain hanging around the church. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook).

namely "The Weighing and Listing of the Spirit of the Treasure". An attached "Note" foresees the not impossible case that the spirit would still not be inclined to bring the 999,999 ducats, which is why it advises: "Speak the following charges with sharp constraint three times." Of course, now an incredible thing is already done and if the spirit has only some sense of honor in its body, it must come, it may want to or not.

The author of the "Compulsion" has also seen this and now brings rules, how to meet the spirit, in the following order: "When you hear something, speak immediately so". "Answer the question of the spirit; when it asks you what your desire is, answer it immediately in this way." "When the spirit says he has no money (sic) or such coin, speak thus." Of course the conjuror does not let act; he behaves by the way exactly as brutally, as at most a usurer opposite his debtor, if this does not want to honor the words of the long prayer. But the spirit has a sympathy, because the next chapter is headed: "If the spirit has brought you something, speak immediately after his good deed". There the man becomes polite, but he does not trust the spirit nevertheless quite, because now the "summoning of the treasure" follows and on it immediately the "abdication of the spirit", so that they "come in peace from each other."

This is followed only by the following four sections: "Vacating of the Spirit", "Extinction of the Circle", "Before Leaving the Circle" and "Dismissal of the Circle".

This is followed by many more prayers, in order to - as I said - also calm one's Christian conscience and to shield oneself from the devil, whom one has happily gotten rid of.

This so-called Christopheles prayer contains as much of Christianity as of Wotanism, namely of neither of them even the dust of a mildew, because it is sheer madness, the spawn of the brain of many traveling scholars of dishonorable memory, whose descendants we still meet here and there as market criers and Theriakkrämer in the country. It grew and grew, everyone tightened here and there to make it quite gruesome "and thereby squeeze the last pennies out of the poor peasants. Thus this "prayer" grew and was finally printed and reprinted and perhaps

experienced a circulation that surpassed that of Scheffel's "Ekkehard"!

And this, the more the church, "the more the state zealously opposed it, because - forbidden fruit tastes best.

The rain had stopped, but the great spirit of water had settled so broadly and softly into the wet herbiage as into the slippery paths, that we persistently remained behind our jugs of Christophe, in order to indulge in the noble activities of drinking men.

There is also a poetry of its own in being thus watered in the countryside.

Vale magne Christophore!



Abb. 62. Nixenreigen im Klostertal bei Gutenstein. (Nach einem Kunstblatt von Ernst Kutzer.) Siehe S. 486.

Nixies (fairies, mermaids) dance around in the Klostertal near Gutenstein. (From an illustration by Ernst Kutzer.) See p. 400.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Brühl¹

Even before the cruel Turks attacked, occupied and burned the homes and buildings below the town of Enns with their murderous gangs, and behaved in most abominable and frightful ways, such that only the stones had pity for them, "...there lived a knight named George at the Burg Mödling with his dear wife, who was devoted to her lord and husband with special love and faithfulness. And there was a very sinister gentleman, the knight of Schöneegg, who was lying to her with many false blasphemies, so that she might give him her love, but this did not work with the good wife and was a useless thing, because the virtuous wife only mocked him.

Schöneegg, however, had a very evil temper, and could not bear the especially well-deserved scandal. He spoke evil against the innocent woman, so that the knight George raved and blasphemed, and swore an oath that he would sell his arm to any innocent woman for a penny. George was thrown into the tower and kept there very under very hard circumstances. But there was a faithful servant, who took pity on the innocent wife also imprisoned, so that he secretly led her out of the dungeon, and safely hid her in the forest, where he also provided her with food and drink, though not to excess.

(1) First published, as "Hangender Stein", Vienna, Const. Vorstadt Zeitung, June 2, 1880, as "Pfennigstein." Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, 1885 and as: Der Brühl: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, May 22, 1889. This latter "Feuilleton" hung under glass and frame some years in the Hussar Temple at the Kleiner Anninger, where it was donated by the "Deutsche Zeitung".

The oath of the knight George greatly pleased the evil Neydhardt von Schoenegkhe, so that he presumed to want to take the poor women of Riedelingen for the three pennies. But the knight George was tormented by his wealth. All his days he was full of sadness and bitterness, and it was only easier for him when he was engaged in noble hunting.

Once upon a time, while hunting, a very bad weather started; it darkened and hailed as if the world was about to go under. The horse of Schönegg spooked, stumbled and crashed into the rocks with the rider, so that the latter threw his soul out of his body and died a horrible death. His quite miserable cry confirmed his fear of temporal and eternal punishment because of the many wicked "Freffelhathen" he had committed in his lifetime. He saw a poor woman comforting him in his dying, and he implored the all-good GOD for mercy. But this evil one, half-dead from pain and misery, thought to see a ghost of the devil's deception, because although very much disfigured by weariness and privation, he saw that the miserable woman, who helped him now like the noble Samaritan in his mortal need, was none other than the outcast woman of Medelingen.

So in order to save his eternal soul, he struck down the civil honor and confessed to the knight George his shocking misdeed, whereupon he miserably gave up his soul.

God be merciful to the great sinner.

Knight George, however, went with his recovered wife to his castle, where he lived with her for many more years gloriously and closely until the blessed hour of death. This cave, which served as a shelter for the innocent, faithful housewives of the knight George, has from time immemorial been called nothing other than the Pfenningstein. Later, Medelingen built a young women's monastery on the same site for eternal remembrance, but the monastery in question has fallen into disarray in various difficult times, so that it is impossible to say at present where it stood. The Pfenning stone, however, still stands and shows the wisdom of the one who takes all creatures into his special protection.

This "Genovese legend" and many others are still floating around

Mödling's old stone castle, as well as around that rocky valley that opens its stone portal behind Austria's youngest city, and is erroneously called "die" instead of "der" Brühl.

There is no doubt that this valley is one of the highlights of Vienna's surroundings, and long before the old Schultes began to walk from Vienna to the Schneeberg by *pedes apostolorum* and described the "journey" to this mountain in a two-volume work (1805), and even earlier than Seume undertook his "walk" from Grimma to Syracuse (1801), the Viennese were already making pilgrimages to Mödling, because there in the area grows an excellent wine. Who could blame our forefathers for the fact that it was precisely this wine that excited them more than the wildly jagged rock formations of the Brühl? For the latter, understanding came only later.

But even later than the understanding of the natural beauties of the "Brühl" came the understanding of the word itself. Just fifty years ago (1839) Franz Feyl in "*Schmiedls Umgebungen Wiens*" (Schmiedl's Environments of Vienna) gave the first hints about the meaning of the name of the Brühl, and only in recent times it was reserved to take a deeper look behind the mystery. The word Brühl means basically an enclosed forest, for example according to today's concept a "Bannwald" or an "Tiergarten"; also in the early Middle Ages this valley and forest name was still correctly addressed with the masculine article. Thus Gertraut, Friedrich des Saithovffers Wittib, bequeathed a vineyard to the monastery Heiligenkreuz, "der da leit ze Medlich in dem Pruel". If we now investigate the name Medling according to its meaning on the basis of its oldest form of name from November 20, 861, which reads: Magilicha also Megelicha and Medlica, this means as much as girls' property, girls' estate.

This "girl's own" associated with the "Hague of the Brühl"- stimulates investigation, especially since in the "Brühl" there still appears strange names and legends, which are deeply hiding some mythical core.

Let's start the hike.

With the aqueduct of the Vienna High Spring Water Pipeline behind us, the valley quickly narrows. The freshness of the pines welcomes us with its twilight shadows and leads us on park paths almost imperceptibly

to the narrow valley gate, the Klause. This is such a magnificent small picture of a rocky wilderness that it seems quite suitable as a Sunday play to prepare the eye for the more massive rocky parts of the Höllental and the Gesaeuse, or for the wild high valley pictures of the high Alps, to which those form the second gates. -

Above us, broken masonry rises from the cliffs; this is where Veste Magilicha stood. But the landscape seems strange to us. Dark green pines in sparse groups let the gray-blue of the limestone rocks shimmer through, but the picture seems almost strange, almost Italian. This is not the usual shape of the pine that confronts us here.² It is towering, lacking almost two-thirds of its branches, broken off by wind and weather, and near the summit it spreads its crown like an umbrella, giving us a pine-like view that we are accustomed to find only in the Italian landscape. There are few pine forests that have preserved such a very special characteristic as the Brühlerforest. This peculiarity, however, affects the viewer unconsciously and gives the picture its very special charm.

Between these unique pines with their broad, mighty tops now shines down the yellowish-gray wall remains of the old Miagilicha.

But this wall rubble has nothing to do with the old fortress, because it is a fake. Already half ruined, the fortress was completely destroyed in 1685 and then the Medlingers came and used the dead castle as a quarry, as if they had a lack of stones. At the beginning of this century, a new ruin was built in place of the old one, of which only a pile of stones will be found at the end of the same century. But the castle rock - at the hermitage - is circumambulated, and a wide, cheerful valley welcomes us. "Two Ravens" and "Meierei" - no more needs to be said to put any old Viennese into raptures. But we walk along the left side of the Tallehne, still on park paths, alternately under linden, beech and pine shadows, past the Jägerhaus, to where the park paths give way to narrow forest paths, where the Mille-Juives-Fleurs perfume becomes rarer, but the strong

(2) This very peculiar pine, which - as far as I know - only occurs in the Anninger area between Mödling and Baden, has the botanical name "*Pinus austriaca*", which is particularly characteristic for it.

forest smell more palpable.

At a fork in the road stands an ancient pine tree of majestic stature. The entire trunk is hung with images of saints - probably more than a dozen - and in front stands a prayer desk. There cannot easily be a more idyllic spot for forest devotion. And yet, how strange is the Christian cult here! The whole environment reminds of Tacitus' words: "Besides, it does not correspond to their view of the majesty of the celestials to imprison them between walls, or to make images of them with human features. Forests and groves are their temples, and under the name of their gods they invoke that inscrutable power which reveals itself to them only in worship."

Yes, this is the first point of our mythological pilgrimage; the tree is old enough to be a real Blötbaum, and not only its ambiguous memory; its imagery also guarantees this, because Christianity could not blur its sanctification, it was hidden from the apostle to protect it from the axe, and finally Odinism and Christianity were merged into each other, and so it still stands today, while its comrade in Vienna today stretches its withered roots like branches into the air and is called - "stick in iron".

A prayer without words rises to that inscrutable power from our heart, then the cooling freshness of the forest blows around us again.

There we meet a company of ladies, very exhausted, excited, almost anxious; they are summer visitors, apparently Viennese. Their question to us about the way to Mödling opens the conversation and leads to the assumption that they are lost in the maze of forest paths. But this did not explain the anxious excitement, which could hardly be explained by a simple mistake. That was appealing, and soon a conversation was in progress, because ladies are especially communicative after adventures. Soon we learned that our "tourists" were on their way down from the Hussar Temple and had been walking for three hours without knowing where they were going. They had been warned by a farmer's wife to take the "three hour long path"³ on which the "three ghostly dogs" would

(3) Designated on the map as "long way".

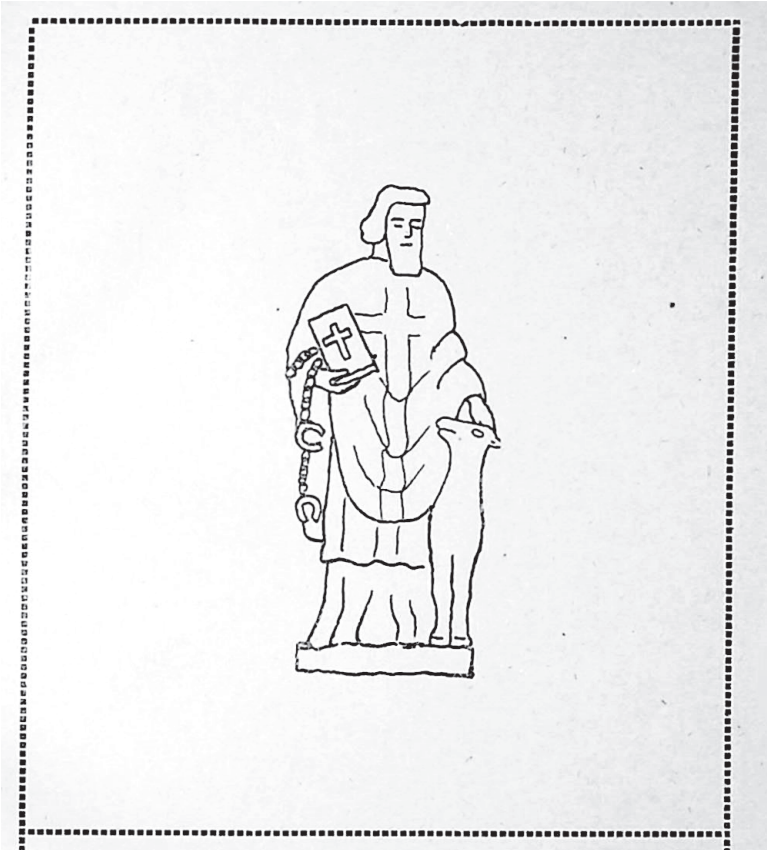
follow them if nothing worse happened to them. In fact, they had come to this path, and not only had they not been able to leave it for three hours, but in all seriousness three dogs had followed them, which did not make a sound, always ran tightly side by side with their tongues hanging out, and always remained at the same distance from the frightened ladies. If they hurried, the dogs hurried; if they stood exhausted, the dogs stood; if they walked slowly, the dogs followed in slow trot, always silently with their tongues hanging out. At last one of the ladies had the idea of hurrying off the path at random through the forest; the others followed, and suddenly the dogs were out of sight.⁴

These messages in that place had a different effect on us than they may have on the reader of this essay. He will perhaps smile, which we however did not do. We, too, were now looking for the "ghostly way", without, by the way, discovering anything that would have reminded one of a fourth dimension.

After barely half an hour we reached a boulder about eight meters high, which is split at the bottom, so that one can crawl through it; a still partially preserved stone circle surrounds it and testifies to its ancient sanctification. This is the Devil's Stone, which is the subject of the legend mentioned at the beginning of this article. However, the name and the legend are erroneously transferred to it, because they apply to the rock group next to St. Nicholas' Cave, where the three stones stand. The erroneously named Pfenningstein is in fact a hanging stone, one of those boundary stones so often mentioned in the early Middle Ages and so much disputed, the "pendentes lapides".

If already the sanctification of the stone circle is testified to by similar examples as boundary stones, this "hanging stone" as an old-pagan cult

(4) This fact was communicated to the writer of this in all seriousness and completely credibly. A coincidence may be involved, because the lady who witnessed this is nothing less than superstitious, I vouch for that. The voice of the story, even if legend and opinion, however is nevertheless noteworthy. There were also several ladies who can confirm it and, if necessary, testify to it even today. If nothing else, this proves how inseparable the old Wuotansglaube, the belief in miracles has grown with the German soul, so that a Christianity of one and a half thousand years was not able to stifle it.



Illus. 51. See page 417. St. Leonhard with horseshoe chains and blessing a calf. Stone statue in Perchtoldsdorf near Vienna.

place is unquestionably recognizable, and the memory of the people speaks still more clearly for its former veneration. Even today, the peasant crawls through the crevice to protect himself from illness, especially from the sore of the cross, and this crawling through is also supposed to protect from other misfortunes, especially from impoverishment. Every child knows that this crawling through must be done without shouting (silently) and without looking back. These magic customs have long since become part of children's play, as this nursery rhyme, among many others, proves: "Don't look back, the Plumpsack is going around". That this rock, split without human intervention, must have been a highly sacred sanctuary, is clear, and possible, even highly probable, that it was also the highest sanctuary of the "Pruel", since it lies on the long road, whose sanctification is also still unforgotten.

It is to be reminded here of what has been said on page 47 about the stone settings⁵, and repeated that the individual stones, usually called "menhir", differ into two main groups, namely 1. into the upright rock needles, Ulus. 7a, Ulus. 17, p. 127, which show their development from the Nordic "Bautasteinen" up to the Egyptian obelisks and symbolized the begetting sunbeam. They are "phallic stones" and are called in our regions mostly "gate stones", "bearing stones" and "spindle stones", as e.g. near Arnstein (Arnstein = Sonnenstein), the "Kogelstein" and the "Fehhaube" (Femhube) near Eggenburg, Illus. 14 and 15, or that stone in the Klostertal near Guttenstein, which is called St. John because of its human-like form, and many others. This group symbolizes the divine-male creation or procreation being. The second group are the naturally split stones, Ulus. 7 b, the models for the artificial dolmens, in our areas mostly "penny stones", namely "feness stones", - from "fene", "Fenus" (Venus), also called "phoenix stones". These naturally split stones form the divine-feminine creation or birth being. These are the "vulva stones, the natural models for

(5) See Dr. Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels' "Ostara", Issue no. 50 "Urheimat und Urgeschichte der Blonden heroischer Rasse", from which issue the esteemed researcher kindly gave me two picture plates, in addition to other rich illustration material, for the present work, for which I would also like to express my heartfelt thanks here.

the artificial dolmens.

In these two kinds of healing stones the Ariogermanic cult thought as a principle of the doctrine of the rebirth expresses itself clearly, as it can still be recognized in the remains of custom, opinion and legend, which appear bound to them. As the male-divine direction finder, like the sun sword points upward, so the "feness" stone points to the earth or more clearly through this, namely through the grave, to the rebirth! - Eternal cycle! - Eternal return! - That is why still today custom and opinion prevail that the one who crawls through such a fenestone - what must happen without shouting and without looking back - will be freed from his illness. If the gap of the fenestone is so narrow that the person seeking healing has to be pulled through it, this pulling through is called "beating". This is the origin of the misunderstood joke word as a consolation for those who suffer from torn limbs (rheumatism): "Let yourself be ironed," which today is misunderstood for "ironed with a flat iron". But the hidden meaning is that the one who was born again, who as a dead man crawled through the grave (the earth) to the rebirth, has "stripped off" all his sufferings in the grave and now walks without the suffering; a living man among lovers. And strange! The Pfennigstone in the Brühl is called also "Muatterhörndl" (mater = mother), thus with meaningful reference to the maternal creative power, to which the "girl's own" (Magilicha) was sanctified. This speaks clearly without further justification! -

Still, it may be noted that the supposedly Celtic generic names are Urariogermanic: Menhir, is the same word, only reversed as: Hiermen: Hermann = Arman, thus: sun man. - Dolmen'. Dol = tel = earth; men = man, actually masculine, Franz thus: earth woman, earth mother. Cromlech'. Crom (as in Krampus, page 73) enclosed rebirth, lech = le = grave. - Stonehenge = hanging stones. - Sapient! sat!

But also the "Three Stones" and the "St. Nicholas' Cave" are near here and it is precisely the St. Nicholas' Cave on which the legend of the "Pfennigstein" and of the virgin's cloister fits, if one transfers the concept of the cloister into pre-Christian times and assumes instead of the nuns =

norns or healers, namely Wuotan priestesses. These, however, might have lived in that cave, whose further passages and chambers might have already collapsed. But still more of the mythical names in the Brühl strike us, so the "tote mann", the "otter", the "krauste linde", the "wide ferry" and the "Hundskogel".

Certainly the "Heilstatt" or temple site in the "Brühl" was very richly endowed with land and may also have drawn rich profit from the sacrifices as a place of pilgrimage, so that the name "Magilicha", "girls' own" with reference to the Wuotan priestesses probably gives a hint.

It may still be remembered that Mödling was a Templar command post and the people refer to it as the "Rotkappler", even the rocky path that leads from the Brühl through the hermitage to the church is still called the "Templerweg". It has been claimed as often as it has been denied that that church was a commendation of the Order of the Knights Templar, but it may be mentioned that those "Rotkappler" must have been not exactly Knights Templar, but most probably "Templeisen", namely Wuotan priests or Armans, who were so often confused with the Knights Templar. After all, it is possible, even probable, that there was an inner connection between the Wuotanist Templeisen and the Christian Templars.

If we now examine the sagas for their mythical core, then, as already mentioned, the Pfenningstein saga is based on the Genovefa saga, which we, like so many other sagas, encounter very often, and indeed always bound to certain localities.

Since "historical" events do not always repeat themselves at different places, also an immigration of a historical legend can hardly be thought of, so it must have mythical reason, and it does.

Wuotan, the embodiment of the kingdom of light and air, has Frouwa, the embodiment of the earth, as his wife, or in other words, the sun god has married himself to the earth goddess. In winter, however, he has seemingly cast her out, she lives hidden under the snow cover in the earth like the little flowers, like the sown grain. Only with the death of the traitor, the winter, are the spouses reconciled again, and the earth

goddess blossoms anew in youthful beauty. As there Genovefa, as elsewhere Griseldis or Isolde, so here the "wife of Medlingen" took the place of the forgotten earth goddess Frouwa. Likewise the three dogs, the animals of the underworld, are inseparable from the three healers. It is not by chance that the cart of the miner, with which he drives the ore from the shafts, is called dog.

The dog is the animal of the underworld, the dead animal. And as birth, life and death is the oldest three-unity, so this three-unity is also the basis of all three-god-groups, of which the Germanic world of gods can bring many examples; therefore also always the third person of each of these three-entities is thought black and evil. But also the "Otter", a mountain name frequently occurring in Austria, is represented here, and this name presupposes the existence of the Kyffhäuser saga in the Brühl's Götterhaag, although this is either not known or already forgotten. The Kyffhäuser Saga, which makes Redbeard sleep and which is proven four times in Lower Austria alone, also has mythical grounds, like the Genovefa Saga. Like the latter, it can neither be "prehistoricized" nor "literalized", because it is neither the "old emperor", nor "Barbarossa", nor one of the "Karie" who sleeps, but Wuotan with his Einherians, in a double conception as god of the year and as god of time. As a yearly god he sleeps through the winter months and awaits the spring wake-up call of the cuckoo; as a time god he sleeps until the last of the battles, when the old world will sink.

*"For there comes a rich man to the ring of the counselors,
A strong one from above ends the dispute,
With conciliatory conclusions he decides all,
What he gives shall remain forever."
(Völuspá.)*

This is just the highest and most beautiful conclusion of the Germanic concept of God, that he knows no complete annihilation, but in the smallest as in the greatest, is always permeated by the conviction of

rebirth after death, of eternal cycle and eternal return! - The field name "dead man", which also occurs in the Brühl, has reference to the winter, by whose death the faithful, misunderstood woman is taken up again in love by her husband. Some other field names may have disappeared, some others are too far away to be included in this frame with certainty; so "Weißenbach", "Rabenstein" and "In den Juden". With the latter one is to be thought of course not of the "chosen" people, but of the Jötunen or Joten, the giants namely. Which, by the way, also corrects the explanation of the names of Judenburg, Judenau and other place names considerably.

Nevertheless, this yield is rich enough to recognize also here in the "Brühl" one of those highly sacred nature temples of our ancestors who had such a high opinion of the majesty of their celestials that to them only the whole great glorious world of God was just big enough to consecrate it as a temple to that inscrutable power which revealed itself to them only and only in the worship in the forest dome.

And from this conclusion, every German may now, without coming into the smell of heresy, call himself a "Teutonic heathen" without shyness, because what more magnificent, what more sublime can there be, than to soar, surrounded by the mysterious forest, to that inscrutable power in a prayer without words, which reveals itself to the feeling man only and only in the midst of the weaving and life of free, unrestricted nature.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Hellenental¹

Aquae, Padun, Baden! - What images do not these three short words awaken in our soul! A lovely pair of sisters of imperishable youthful charm are looking at us in a blissful way and this divine pair are what we might call "history" and "prehistory". The dark, glowing eye of history is steady, but serious; it is obvious to the eye that it is used to seeing the iron dice roll under the thunder of the battles of Valhalla, with which the fates of the nations are decided amid seething blood vapor and unspeakable pain. But the same eye is also able to smile kindly on blessed fields and economically active states, because also the golden word peace is familiar to the divine. The fairy-tale blue eye of her sister, on the other hand, laughs like that of a child; always cheerful and joyful, and although she may harbor in her lake bottom terror and distress, those things rise transfigured out of the misty veils of the past, becoming the fragrant figure of our lovely Freya out of the foam of the waters when the moon's fairy-tale light glides over her.

What Sister History tells us? Everyone knows that, and those who do not know it may read it; for what else would Gutenberg have invented his "black art"?

But a warning word must be given to everyone who goes that way, those who want to read their history; namely, not to believe everything

(1) First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, May 23, 1889.

she says on her word, because she sometimes makes a small mistake; often accidentally, often intentionally - depending on the case.

Today, however, we want to pursue the legends of Sister Prehistory. Stretched out in the soft forest moss at the "Jugendbrunnen", she awakens sweet dreams, like Scheherezade in the famous one thousand and one nights; but it is the strong resin smell of pine that blows around us, not the slackening haze of jasmine and lotus.

Then the Prehistory smiled mischievously and pointed to the stone, under which the crystal spring of the Jugendbrüindl murmured forth.

"Look," she said, smiling again, "look at the antics Sister History is up to!"

Really! There is a picture of the Virgin Mary hanging on the rock wall, a prayer stool in front of it, and above it is written, "Maria-Jugendbrunn, newly erected in 1825." Next to the picture of the Virgin Mary, however, is an inscription board that says:

Epitaph:

General-Lieut.: Adolph Jungend, Died from a bullet from a snake's gullet (cannon) on July 31, 1624, in the 6th year of the 30-year religious war.

"Don't believe a word of it! Sister History sometimes has her quirks: what would the blessed Lieutenant General Jungend, if he had lived, have had to do with the well there, and how could his name be mentioned in the same breath as Mary's! Also, these guns are said to have been most clumsy things at that time, so that one was glad to drag them away on the streets; they would not have brought any up there."

"But the inscription, the "epitaph", name, year, day -?"

"Made up, lied about! He who wrote it, knew quite well that he wrote a lie!"

"A lie, and why?"

And again the divine smiled strangely, then she drew a pitcher full of crystal-clear water and handed it to us with the words: "From Urda's spring the world tree was watered; the people's consciousness shall be watered with the tidings of the past, so that it will grow strong and not

wither. Therefore drink from Frouwa's Fountain of Youth!"

With that, the incomprehensible had disappeared.

Fountain of youth! Fountain of Youth? Now everything was clear. In order to control popular superstition, prudent men have put a false cloak around the time-honored fountain of youth, since they could not destroy it after all; just as they did with the "Jungfernbründl" at Hermannskogel near Vienna. But it was of little use to them there and elsewhere; all these wells are still bubbling today, unforgotten and faithfully guarded.

And indeed, here at the Jungendbrunnen, the venerable Jungbrunnen, we are standing in the middle of one of the three mighty Wuotan sanctuaries that Baden possesses and which can best be grouped after the two castles of Rauhenstein and Rauhenegg as well as after the little church of St. Helena.

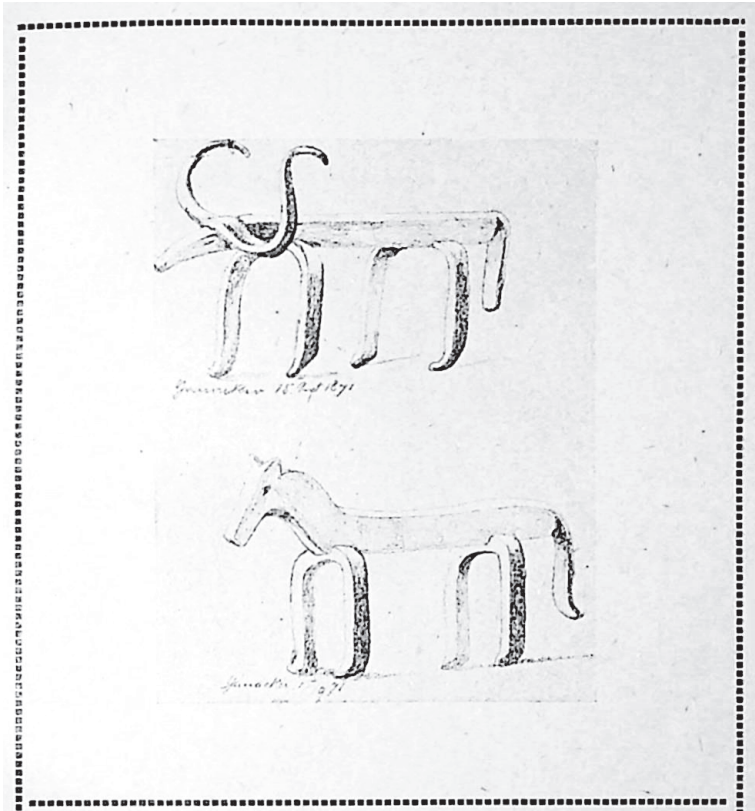
It is well known "that the wide plain surrounding Vienna, divided by the Danube into two halves, the Marchfeld and the Neustadt Plain", has served as a stomping ground for the armies of nations since the days of primeval times. On this wide plain the man of the Stone Age still hunted the mammoth and the wool rhinoceros with his weapons splintered from the rock, the later men, who had already united to nations or at least to tribes, led on this plain the fight for existence, which was fought out at that time, however, in another way than in our age of train conductor and coal worker strikes. Later, the Roman moved from the south and built his stone road where the iron road now runs; then five hundred years later, the Romans moved back home again and behind him the armies of the Germanic peoples rolled towards that spacious Germanic grave - Italy. Then came possibly even more turbulent times - Huns, Avars, Mongols, Magyars, Turks and Tartars surged past here, for all of them longed for a good German blow. No nation of the old world, no people of Europe, have not left behind several split skulls on this field."

But also this must not be forgotten that that plain was partly lake or swamp ground, as it still is today in the area of the Neusiedlersee, the Hansag and the Laxenburg area, which we will talk about in more detail in the picture of Merkenstein.

Under such circumstances, no prosperous life was to be hoped for in front of the mountains, and even the most intrepid sword-wielder of those days longed to choose a quieter region as his residence, where he could unbuckle his harness from time to time and did not always have to sit in the saddle when he wanted to drink that home-brewed decoction that had become the ancestor of our brown-red "Bavarian".

So it happened that those old lords withdrew behind the wall of the Vienna Woods, which at that time was called the Zeizzo Mountains or Mons Cetius, and closed all valley gates with "castles", which opened from the mountains towards that somewhat too lively plain. Thus it happened, as it was not otherwise possible with a warlike people with warlike gods, that those valley castles and mountain castles were at the same time temple places, which is why just in that mountain range, which stretches from Semmering to the Danube near Vienna, proportionately most of the mythological landscape pictures are found. Among these castles or palaces, however, one does not think of those buildings that are still preserved in ruins; these were built several thousand years later and took over nothing from the old castles but the name and here and there the earthen tunnels, the so mysterious underground passages.

Already the similarity of the names, Rauhenstein and Rauhenegg, indicate a simultaneous origin, because "Egg" and "Stein" are synonymous with "castle". Significantly, however, is the fact that the first dynasty mentioned in possession of both castles were the "Thurso", and that likewise on Dürrenstein and Lichtenfels families of the same name sat. "Since at that time family names were almost not mentioned at all, this exception to the rule rightly makes one pensive, and this all the more, since just Thurso corresponds to the giant name of the "Dursen", equivalent to the other designation as "Jötunen" or "Joten", from which later erroneously the word Juden was formed (Judenburg, Judenau, with the Jews), which gave rise to many misunderstandings in history, legend, heraldry and topography. The giants, however, as the embodied natural forces of the mountains, fit quite well as guardians of a valley gate, like this.



Illus. 52. See page 424. Iron animal sacrifice objects from the Leonhardikirche in Ganacker. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.)

Now that we have recognized the castles of the gods built by the giants or the Dursen, let's take a look at the gods of the Rauhenstein group, whose center is the Jungbrunnen, the Jugendbründl.

It rises at the foot of the Hühnerberge. The name is significant because chickens were sacrificial animals and especially the rooster is a pointing, even a ghostly animal. The German myth knows three chickens, the gold-combed, the red-combed and the black cock. Also here the third of the three is black. Still more of the proof could be brought, but this is enough. But not far from it stands a second chicken mountain, probably only a precursor of the first, and on this is very significant the occurrence of the flood name "at the witch circle" (beim Hexenkreis).

Although now the name "chicken mountain" seems to point to the sacrificial chickens, so this reference is, nevertheless, only an apparent one which hides or conceals the true name sense according to the rules of the Kala.² The name comes from "Hun", and Hun is the great, powerful, the judge! Therefore "Hun bed", "Hun grave", "Hun" and "Hun mountain", from which just Hun mountain had misformed itself. The "Hünenberg" is therefore the "mountain of the high one", the mountain of Wuotan, in which he sleeps, like the Red Beard in the Kyffhäuser. That clears up a great deal! -

As Wuotan is the first of the male three-gods, thus the "Hun", and also in single form represents these, as the entire lower god world, as with Frouwa this applies in regard to the female deities, so the same relationship results with the Hechs, as the most distinguished of the three priestesses. (Hechsa, Truda, Wala-) Especially at the time when Christianity overthrew the cult of Wuotan, when the formerly highly respected, divinely revered "wizards" were persecuted as "witches", the name "witch" was attached to all gradations out of misunderstanding. So also here the "witch circle", should actually mean "priestess circle" or "healer circle" and remind us of the place, where these sang their magic songs in the "Ringel-Ringel-Reihen". Today, this custom has also become

(2) About "Kala" more details in all volumes of the G.-L.-B., especially in No. 5, "Bilderschrift der Ario-Germanen".

child's play. But there, where the giants build castles, there is the realm of death, of winter, and therefore down in the valley lies the castle of Helia, the goddess of death, and her sacrificial stone, the "Ur-teils-Stein" or "Urdas-Stein". But when churches were built in the country, when, according to the instructions of Pope Gregory the Great, the churches of the Crucified were raised in place of the sanctuaries of the pagan gods, they were baptized after saints whose names corresponded to those gods who had been worshipped here before, and so the new little church was baptized - St. Helena.

Once in the valley, we climb up the other side of the mountain to reach the Rauhenegger group.

Just opposite the "Urtelstein" is the "Siebenbründileiten", over which, through cool forest, past the "Jägerhaus", the path leads us to the ruins of Rauhenegg. In the surroundings of the ruin, there are again strange-looking field names. The Linden tree is Wuotan's holy tree, and a strange coincidence unites the cross and the linden leaf to the cause of Siegfried's death in the Siegfried legend.³ Next to the Lindkogel a small forest parcel is called "Eichkogel"⁴. Should the memory of Donar resonate here and perhaps even the Three Gods once had their seat here, as on the summit of the Schneeberg, which rises above the Heliaklamm (the Höllental), as here the Lindkogel rises above the Helenental? There also arches the small King's Cave, possibly once an Erdstall. This assumption becomes probable when the small valley there has the very significant name "Rauchstall Brunngraben", thus the Erdstall already appears mentioned in the name. It is proven that in such places the Erdstalls with their chambers and corridors served the healers as a dwelling and for underground worship. Still in the Rauchstall Brunngraben there is again the mythical sieve well (Sieben Bründeln), the

(3) The linden tree explains itself "kalisch" as a death tree; because "linet" = alleviate, stop, end! The dying alleviates the life. Therefore the linden leaf in the Siegfried legend is the preannouncement of his death!

(4) The oak is the tree of life in contrast to the linden, "eok" (oak) = ag = to come forth! This is highly significant by the name confrontation of linden and oak.

original holy sun well! In greater distance lies still another "Lehnstuhl" (not that of Merkenstein) on the hunter meadow. The latter, like the one at Hermannskogel, probably points to Wuotan, whereby this armchair can also be understood as Wuotan's seat. There now the old allodial lord of this district may have taken the same as "sun fiefdom" in possession, to the sign that he recognized no overlord than Wuotan, the god king, over it. The Richtberg next to the Hühnerberg may speak for it, because only the free head of the tribe was allowed to sit in judgment, because he led the title, the "Hun"!

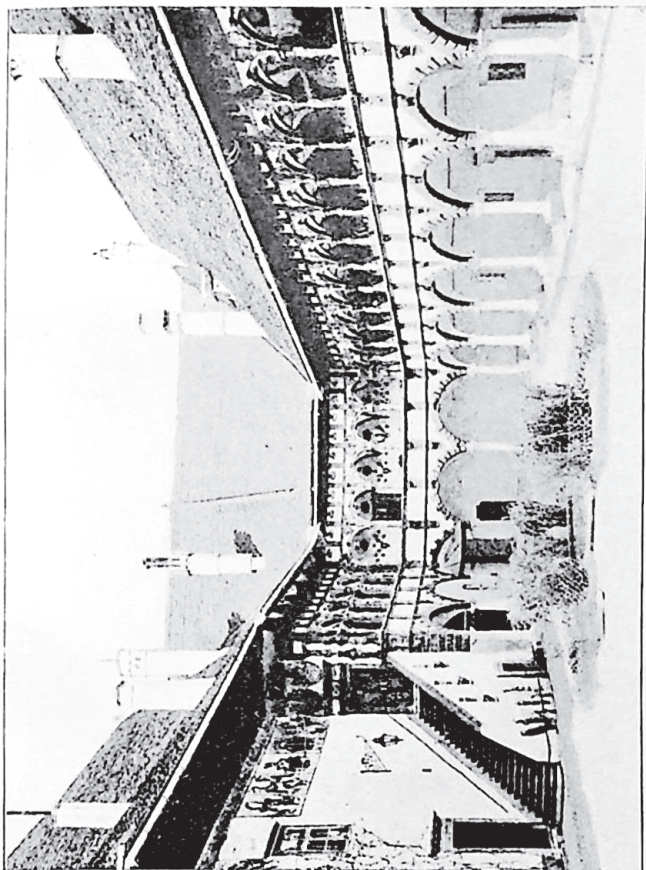
Since the Dursen are now also considered by some to be the tribe of the Türkilinger, which would still have to be proven, one could recognize a settlement of this tribe in Baden with its castles. With the Dursen or Thursen in the mythical sense, however, another place name is connected, and this is the small place Guttenbrunn⁵, which means giant well. But also behind the "Urtelstein" lies another mountain with the name "Burgstallberg".

All these names again give a very peculiar overall picture of mythological background.

The in ancient times undoubtedly very dark Helenental, especially there, where the "Urtelstein" (Urdas stone) closed it off, had to remind the naive people's mind of the myth, which tells how a builder wanted to build a castle for the gods, as a protection against the ice and mountain giants, and as a reward for this he asked for the light Freya, together with the sun and the moon. The construction was to be finished on the first day of summer (May 1st). At last the gods realized that they were being harmed by Loki's malice, and they forced him to prevent the master builder from completing his work. The trick succeeded and so the castle of the gods stood without the gods having to give up Freya, the sun and the moon.

The valley closed off by the Urtelstein may have appeared to our

(5) Gutta, Jutta, Jena, Jötun, Jote, Riese.



Illus. 53. The Arcade of the Schallaburg in Lower Austria. See pg. 225.

ancestors as such an inaccessible giant castle, and indeed it was even to them a very safe refuge against the armies of nations, which out on the plains let their ravening waves of peoples roar in.

But not only place names give the Helenental its mythical character. Numerous folk tales still remind us that people there once worshipped other gods than today.

Only one of these legends may be remembered here, because it brings the "healing place of the Heliatal" into contact with that of "Merkenstein", although not through the legendary plot, which only disguises or covers the mythical core.

Berta von Rauhenstein was loved by a knight of Merkenstein, whom she sent to the promised land to test his loyalty. Later, however, she sat spinning, waiting for her knight, on a pillar by the road and this pillar was later rebuilt from the proceeds of the spinning to the still standing border pillar of Vienna, which therefore bears the name "the spinner on the cross". This spinning Berta is no less than the queen of the gods Frouwa, then Perahta, the shining one herself. Rauhenegg is also the origin of a legend with a deep mythical core, with a clear reference to the underworld and the Helia valley.

The castle spirit of Rauhenegg (today Burgruine Rauhenegg) guards a treasure. This spirit can now only be redeemed by the one whose cradle is made of the wood of a cherry tree, which sprouts from a pit carried by a bird to the tower pinnacle.

These conditions seem harsh, and yet the meaning is that the gods who sleep in the underworld in Helia's hall, released from hibernation, return in the spring. As a messenger here the cherry is thought to be the first fruit. Its cradle is precisely the wood that grows from a cherry stone, namely the cherry tree itself.

Everything else is poetic accessory and later extension, when the mythical sense of the legend was already obscured.

Also in this great sanctuary, which consisted of the two castles Rauhenegg, Rauhenstein and the church of St. Helena, this holy three, as: "birth, life, death" or "becoming, living and passing away" clearly appears.

As a place of "becoming" Rauhenegg is easily recognized by its "cherry stone legend" and it is no coincidence that the watchtower of Rauhenegg on a basic triangular form⁶ still towers in the air. But the triangle as "Triag" is the ancient salvation sign of the emergence from the procreation! This is a building-in-clear reference to the cherry stone legend and as such of highest mythical-historical meaning! - As a place of salvation for "passing away" or of death, the little church of St. Helen appears and as a sanctified place of the "Living" only Rauhenstein still needs to be proven. And of course there occurred for this very castle a myth as a place of Living :

The Legend of the Femgericht on Rauhenstein

The legendary tale of a "secret court", connected with all the frightening apparatus of medieval justice, iron maiden, secret executions, subterranean halls, dungeons and corridors, or court hearings in the midnight gloom of the forest, and all the like, fluctuates through the gradually fading popular memory. The scene of these horror stories is or was the ruin Rauhenstein.

One was only too gladly ready to push these legends aside unnoticed as "old wives' tales", since no documentary evidence could be found which would have testified to the existence of the legend in Austria. But just as the existence of underground passages was denied until several hundred of them were actually found in the country, the existence of the Feme in medieval Austria will only be acknowledged when at least the proof of probability will have succeeded.

The first witness to be heard is definitely the people's memory, the legend. The people's saga-speaking was at all times a truthtelling; they never lied and it was certainly not their fault if they were misunderstood or misinterpreted. Of course, the legend of the people does not go exactly with the names and the dates never seem to be quite right. What were

(6) The castle ruins "Arnstein" and "Araberg" in Lower Austria - former Sonnenhalgadome - also had triangular towers.

initially giants, later became Huns, Tartars, Turks, Swedes, even French. It seems as if old traditions were lame companions of history, because they gradually advanced from an age of memory into a more recent epoch, as soon as this began to fade from the clear memory of the contemporary into the saga form of the narration of the experiences of those who are deceased. As said, the event which the legend tells - had really once happened, and also the place is really that which is called the scene of the crime, only the time determination is almost without exception a missed one, much closer to the present, than corresponds to the facts.

So the thing stands also here on Rauhenstein with the "secret court".

The people tell once that it was cherished "secret wisdom" in old time here, and this shall be accepted as a fact.

Now the question is to be discussed, for the protection of which right, under whose and under which name that court met and why secretly and at night-sleeping time?

For the time being, forest and field names shall speak here again.

In the middle of the Helenental there is a huge boulder that completely blocks off the valley, and especially in primitive times, when the waters of the rivers were even more powerful, the primeval forests even more impenetrable, the further advance must not only have been hindered, but must have been gazed at by the primitive people as being closed by the gods themselves.

Today, our over-saturated modern world wanders through the tunnel that pierces this boulder and finds the landscape at best "lovely", because to be "magnificent", the rocks are not high enough, "picturesque" can only be a "Tamino Gorge" or at most a "Liechtenstein Gorge", and even though "wildly romantic", torrent and glacier are missing.

But the very rock through whose wide body the tunnel is bored is called "Urtel-Stein" and later there is a bridge, the "Urtel-Brückel", then there is a "Richtberg" and a "Lehn-chair".

At Urda's well, however, the gods sat in judgment, and the fiefdom of the sun, of which we have spoken above, touches intimately with the solar law, the ancient folk law of the Teutons, the Germans.

The king as "Koting", as offspring of a family, which counted a god to its first ancestor, united, as already said at the beginning, three dignities in itself, that of the king, the priest and that of the judge.

At Urda's well, however, the gods sat in judgment; but at that healing place, which was to symbolize the mythical spring, the earthly gods, the sons of the gods, judged the kings. Therefore, in ancient times, the stone and the bridge were not called Urtels, but Urdas-Stein and Bridge. There the open court was kept on the three commanded things in broad daylight and certainly also, if the need required it, at other times.

So it was held everywhere in German lands, so on the Weser, so on the Rhine, so on the Danube and so on the Etsch.

But when Charles, the king of the Franks and the slayer of the Saxons, the executioner of Rome, crushed all the old institutions with an iron fist in order to put his own institutions in their place on behalf of Rome, when he exterminated the native dynasties in order to make the people leaderless and thus more docile. The survivors of the doomed families fled to the mountains with a few faithful and became the defiant guardians of the Ariogermanic solar law that had been banished with them.

Roman law had come into the country with the Latin church as a very questionable gift of the ruthless conqueror. Roman law was the law of a slave state, while German law was the law of a free people. But a Charles could not like the law of free men, he needed the law of a slave state, which was already accustomed to lawyer's intrigues and violent legal contortions in its deceitful ambiguity.

There, in the ghostly twilight of the moonlit forest, hooded figures met on hidden paths at night-time to secretly cherish the old sun law of the Germans, so that it may shine again for later generations.

It was not the sword of Charles that was hidden, as later ignorance or deliberate deception would have us believe, for how and where and when would the sword of the victor ever have been hidden? Not Karl was the founder of the Feme, but the Feme was the suppressed German right, which could be practiced only in secret, like a conspiracy. The hidden

sword is to be referred therefore only symbolically to the hidden, suppressed right as to the sword fallen from the conquered.

Charles destroyed the Irmensuls not only in Saxony alone, but everywhere where he swung his land-grabbing sword. But just these Irmin columns were the emblems of the Germanic solar right and therefore he overthrew them to put others - his emblems of sovereignty - over it, to displace the solar right of free German men by the intrigue laws of the slave state Rome.

But today Lower Austria still possesses many Roland columns, as ideal successors of the Irmin columns, one of which also stood at Hermannskogel near Vienna. But again a mistake has been made here, if it is believed that the "Roland" in the column name refers to Roland the palatine of Charles.

This "Roland" is derived from "ruod", law, and from "land", land, and thus means "ruotland", "land law", and thus those columns were nothing else than signs of the land law at those places where this was cherished. Therefore, these columns stand and stood in the marketplaces and served at the same time as pillories and pillars, in order to execute the law at them or to expose the one who violated it to focus public contempt at them.

Equally noteworthy are the many "red crosses" that are spread all over the country⁷; their name comes not from the color, but from "ruod" = right. Also here near Rauhenstein stands such a one. And also from most of these "right crosses" go uncanny legends and their locations are considered disreputable places.

Now it is to be reported that the family of the Thursen, which was powerful under the Lombard kings Aistolph and Desider, must have been resident here already before Charles. Thurso is synonymous with giant and as shown above, the building of the castles of the gods here was thought to be a giant building.

Rauheneck is considered to be the oldest building, in 919 Reichenstein

(7) Read more about one of them in a paragraph from the chapter: "The Schallaburg."

and later Scharfenegg are said to have been built by the Thursos. This can at most only refer to new buildings, but not to new foundations of the three castles.

It is safe to assume that this family, which goes back to pre-Carolingian days, was certainly not favorable to Charles, but defied him here behind the mountains. The Thursos may have granted here an asylum for the old Wuotan services, the German law and the German refugees and have erected a "Freistuhl" on "red earth". Again here the "red" is to be understood as nothing else than "ruod", namely in the sense of "legal ground" and not in the sense of the earth "reddened by blood".

However, the family of Thursen died out in the middle of the 14th century, as the number of the native noble families in Lower Austria, which was already very reduced by Charles, decreased more and more.

But even after the end of the Carolingian Empire, after Germany had become free again in accordance with the Treaty of Verdun and had its own kings, over whose German royal crown the Roman imperial crown shone, the spirit of Charles, his institutions, remained in force, including Roman law. Later, probably since the Saxon emperors, the Feme was under the protection of the German emperors until Maximilian I abolished it, but even the Free Counts had already forgotten the meaning and purpose of the institution, and the Feme fared like the Wuotan faith, like the magic, it suffocated in the formalism of a misunderstood ritual, it had lost sight of its aim. -

Later, many other secret societies are said to have suffered similar fates.

Despite the solemn abolition of the Feme by Maximilian, it nevertheless continued to exist in secret, for on March 24, 1826, the last Freigraf of the holy Feme, Zacharias Löbbecke, 98 years and 5 months old, died of old age in Dortmund and took the secret of the Feme with him, undisclosed, to his grave. But what he guarded so faithfully was recovered - through the "Kala" - and has come back to life, to future times for benefit and piety. "Alaf sal fena!" -

Also in the peasant law still traces of the old "ruotland" have been

preserved, as the "Siebener", the "Feldgericht", the "Haberfeldtreiben" and many other folk customs, which are not extinct yet for a long time, testify.

Since "Thursos" as a pre-Carolingian "Kotingsgeschlecht (royal family)" were undoubtedly the first native "Freigrafen" (free counts) here, who derived their judging dignity from the sun as the highest symbol of German law as "Sonnensöhne!" (sons of the sun!), the people's memory may not only be linked to the old commanded three holy things, but to the "secret things" cherished by the "Thursos" in post-Carolingian times. That Germanic law was derived from the sun is attested by many proverbs, such as: "The sun brings it to the day" and still many other, in which the proud right consciousness of the German people expresses itself, which had suspected nothing before of legal intrigues. But when German law and German faith had to flee the country, it was precisely those old Koting (royal) dynasties and their faithful who took their fathers' customs, their fathers' violated laws, into "secret custody" and became their protectors as "chair counts of the Holy Feme".

But if now Rauhenstein is recognized in the sense of the popular memory as a "Freigrafenstuhl der Heiligen Feme", then suddenly the legend of "Berta, the spinner at the cross" at the border mark of Vienna gains peculiarly increased importance.

It is probably self-evident that the Femgericht, as having emerged from the old royal rights, was not made by the - modernly speaking - post-Carolingian pretenders to the crown solely because of the custody of the law. It undoubtedly served at the time of its inception also the cult of Wuotan and certainly also in political conspiracies to help the dethroned dynasties to rule again.

But as the old royalty found its expression in the three-dignities: "king-priest-judge", so the old faith in the three: "birth, life, death". The symbol of the old faith is now either the male or the female Three or the mystical representative of one of these two threes, namely the All-Father Wuotan or the All-Mother Frouwa, also called Perahta, the Shining One. This Perahta is always thought spinning, because the spinning, mythically



Illus. 54: See page 418: St. Marein in the Hohenburg near Pusarnitz on the Lurnfeld. Type of popular pilgrimage churches in the Alps. (From a photograph by D. Egger-Brücklhofer in Spittal.)

interpreted, expresses the procreation or sexual reproduction, as such the old mythical picture of the spinning on, spinning on and cutting of the thread, confirms for birth, life and death. Death, however, was considered in the German belief only as rebirth to new life, in order to begin from the beginning the cycle of coming into being, becoming and passing away to new coming into being again.

Thus the spinning Berta was the personification of the old German faith.

But how did she come to sit outside the border of Vienna? Why did she sit there, waiting for her distant lover or husband, in tears? -

In Vianiomina (today Vienna) in the year 740 Christianity had finally gained a firm foothold; above the sanctuary the cross was raised, the proud tree of the gods, the palladium of the city, was cut down and the sanctuary of Hruodperahts was transformed into the church of Ruprecht.⁸ The Christian mystagogue banished the old faith with censer and holy wreath far before the borders of the city, "on the heath to the wolves" and erected there as a mark a cross. There the faithful folk belief let the banished queen of the gods sit spinning and crying and wait for the return of the mighty Wuotan, because only in his absence the unbelievable could happen! As the divine wife, so the people waited for his return; they waited and forgot about his name and now thought that they waited for the return of the emperor Redbeard! But they did not forget their spinning goddess, although the same was sighted.

Out there on the heath, where the cross stood, on which the banished goddess sat spinning and weeping, looking after Vianiomina, who was so dear to her, out there moved many a sad procession. Not only those who were banished "to the wolves of the heath", but also those who, for the sake of crime, were to be brought from life to death by the executioner's hand, were led to that cross, for there also stood the gallows.

A wicked and therefore very significant folk joke compares the

(8) Read more about it in the chapter: "Vianiomina".

hanging with a "wedding with the ropemaker's little daughter".

As is well known, all hanged people before were considered victims of Hangatyr (Wuotan), and therefore it is not a coincidence that the place of execution of Vienna was until the sixties of the 19th century, since primeval days out there at the "spinner on the cross". It is no less known that Wuotan received half of the dead, namely the disembodied soul, Freya (Berta), however, the other half, the soulless body.⁹

The joke about the wedding with the spinning ropemaker's daughter might have been aimed at this; perhaps in later times it was believed that Berta spun the ropes for those who were to be hanged, because the rope of the hangman had a certain sacredness as a talisman.

In the course of the Middle Ages, the former simple cross was transformed into a stately Gothic column, which still bears the name "the spinner on the cross". The cross that adorns its top has a very peculiar design; it has double arms that point to the four points of the sky like a weather vane, so that it forms a cross seen from all sides.

Among the people, the opinion goes that that strange double cross that offers perspective this view: X, is a spider and therefore the column was called the "spider or spinner cross". Others think that the cross is therefore double, so that the banished pagan god (Wuotan), whichever heavenly region he comes from would always see the cross, which prevents him from approaching. But these are opinions that are completely unfounded, because the meaning of that riddle cross is quite different.

It is namely the ancient-holy "Hag-Kreuz", the "Hagai "X, and says: "I guard the universe"; therefore it is also called descriptively the "space cross". As such it encloses also in the figurative sense the space of an area and appears in this sense here at the boundary column, but not to guard the area of Vienna, but another area, as will be shown later. But since the "Hagai" (X) was already forgotten as a Wuotanistic sign of salvation at the time when the column - the "Spinner on the Cross" - was erected, it is self-

(9) See also the earlier chapter: "The Venusberg near Traismauer".

evident that those who erected this column regarded and applied the "Hagai" as a secret sign known only to them, and thus concealed or "restrained" both the purpose and the meaning of the column.

In the certain sense now also this "spinner at the cross" is a "ruodlands column", because a few hundred steps away from her the high court rose in former times. If this interpretation seems to contradict the conception of the "ruodlands-pillars", then this is only an appearance. In former times the cross, which stood before at the place of the present way column, indicated the border between the Christian Vianiomina and the still Wuotanistic flat country and can - particularly since at that cross Berta spun - can quite well be interpreted in the old, original sense.

That spinning Berta, who perhaps spun the side for those to be judged, could be understood as the Germanic Justitia vis-à-vis the Roman one, which had to give way to the Roman right, which took root in Vienna (apart from the change of religion), whereby the meaning of the wayside column, as a border column between Roman and German law, thus as a "ruodlands column" would become even more noteworthy.

Quite strange, however, is the fact that the city of Wiener-Neustadt, located south of Vienna, has a very similar border column, which is also called "Spinnerin am Kreuz" (spinner on the cross), and is surrounded by similar legends as the former. In addition, these two pillars stand facing each other, the one from Vienna on Vienna's southern border, the one from Neustadt, however, on Neustadt's northern border. And neither of the two cities has a second or third equally outstanding border designation in any other place besides the inconspicuous border stones.

It is also strange that pretty much in the middle between these two "spinners on the cross" lies the Helenental with the castle Rauhenstein, the mysterious seat of the holy Feme.

And strange! In the legend of the "spinner on the cross" near Vienna, the spinning Berta has the name "von Rauhenstein".

In consideration of this circumstance, the two way pillars seem to be less border pillars of the two towns, but rather border pillars of the area of the Freistuhl of Rauhenstein.

Recently, a very peculiar archaeological discovery was made, the riddles of which are almost solved by themselves from the aforementioned.

The "Monatsblatt des Altertums-Vereines zu Wien" No. 2 of the year 1889 brings the following information, taken verbatim from the same:

"An artificial hill. During an excursion to Untereggendorf for the purpose of an inquiry about the old castle peace border of Wiener-Neustadt, the author of these lines was made aware by the head teacher there that there was a hill in the vicinity of Sollenau, which bears the name "King's Hill". During a visit to Sollenau, he found this information confirmed; there is indeed, south of the road that goes from Felixdorf to Ebenfurth, about ten minutes from Felixdorf, between the said road and the dirt road that branches off from it to Unter-Eggendorf, an artificial hill, about which Mr. Radler, landowner in Sollenau, gave the following information:

The mound used to be about 4 meters high, of the circumference of a large room, and has already been partially examined and broken up by the father of the aforementioned, so that it is now barely half as high. In the middle it is deepened, because the investigator had found and taken out ashlar without inscription in the hill. At a greater depth, more ashlar were discovered. According to the information of the mentioned gentleman, three things are said about this elevation:

1. there had been a Turkish camp here in 1685.
2. there was the "sharp border" between Austria and Hungary.
3. from here Przemysl Ottokar II overlooked the land that had come into his possession after the extinction of the Babenbergs.

Curiously, these narrations do not mention the king "Matthias Corvinus", whose incursions into Austria could perhaps most likely explain the name "King's Hill" (formerly also "King's Mountain").

The editors follow this note with the following gloss:

The news about this "King's Mound" is very interesting, even if the

assumptions about its origin can be explained as not at all valid. The very fact that ashlar were found inside the mound indicates that there was a solid structure here, which the Turks must not have had the time or inclination to erect either in 1529 or in 1683. Ottokar II, who ruled as far as the Drava, could not be expected to erect a structure to overlook a country from Sollenau. To assume a border mark for the three countries Austria, Hungary and Styria here does not correspond to the actual conditions, because the Hungarian border in the Middle Ages always lay east of the Leitha, and even today's border is disputed by the country as running too much to the west. There could have been a marker at that point from which the border between Austria and Styria left the Piesting and moved in an easterly direction towards the Fische, but even this assumption is very difficult to reconcile with the known fact that the border still intersected the bridge at Sollenau and only diverged from the creek below it. In order to relate the existence of the King's Hill to Matthias Corvinus, we still lack any clue. During the sieges of Neustadt, the king hardly needed to build a bulwark so far away from the city, then it would certainly have been built behind the Piestingbach. Thus, all the popular opinions seem to be invalid, but another "incontrovertible" fact has emerged, namely that the line from the Spinner Cross Column (near Neustadt) to the center of the King's Hill falls exactly in the line of the meridian. Perhaps this will be a connecting point for further research."

Well, all these attempted explanations move on the wrong track. Also the assumption is an erroneous one to conclude the existence of a "solid" building on a hill, which does not exceed the size of a moderately large room, only because some ashlar were found there. Likewise, the name "King's Mound" does not coincide with the line of the meridian, although such lines are often observed in prehistoric constructions.

Certainly, here again the popular memory is decisive.

The people preserved the name "King's Hill", the memory of a camp and of a "sharp border". The king, after whom the mound is named, is to be looked for in the antiquity, and not in the Middle Ages, in which people did not pile up mounds any more. A Germanic army king



Illus. 55. See page 282. Old image of St. Christopher on the parish church of Merano. (From a photograph.)

probably defeated a Roman army here, built a victory monument in the form of this hill and buried in this hill some ashlar of a destroyed city or a guardhouse - in the sense of a counter-spell.

To give an example, it may be mentioned here, how the "Free King's Chair" was established at Hegung of the field court.

The "Free Field Court" consisted of sixteen persons; the oldest was called "Graf" (Grefe) or "Ober-Richter", the youngest the "Frohnde" or "Frohner", while the fourteen others were the "Schöppen".

If there was any occasion to open the "Free Field Court, then the Free Count, in the presence of two Free Schöppen, had ordered the Fronden "to summon, in shining sunshine and under the open sky, all the Free Judges, including the freemen of the area itself, where the court was to be held, for the next Saturday, at the proper time of day, before the ordinary, and in the old law, recognized King's Chair, where all shall arrive at penance and punishment in the ancient ways."

The "Free King's Chair" was a square, free, green square; each of its sides measured sixteen shoes. In the middle of the square a pit was dug, into which each of the sixteen "Schöppen" had to throw a handful of ashes, a coal and a piece of a brick, whereupon the pit was closed again and the carefully lifted lawn was spread over it. But the ashes, coal and brick had to be - and this was the secret sign! - had to be put into the pit in the form of a fyrfos QS, by which, when the pit was reopened, it was recognized by those who knew whether it was the "perfectly right and just king's chair" or not. But ash, coal and brick (or ashlar, stone, as here) had special Kala meaning: coal = Kuol, source = coming into being; brick = Tegel = secret rule; ash = Ask in the third word stage = passing away to the resurrection! That is the high-sacred original three of the Femanenschaft. - Still today similar ancient mysterious customs are valid with the "Siebenern" in Bavaria, which were still practiced today, but never betrayed and are certainly buried with the last Siebener into the grave. Only the "Kala" is able to offer the key to solve those mysteries. - The chair of the Frei-Graf was placed on this covered pit by the Fronden. If one doubted whether the place was a right permanent king's chair, then

the landmarks had to be searched first, because otherwise the created judgments would have been invalid.

For this reason, when the Fronde went to court, he carried, in addition to the Frei-Graf's chair, a pole sixteen shoes long, to measure and determine the exact location of the Frei-Graf's chair.

From this process of the peasant law, which certainly preserved old features and is rooted in the same reason as the Feme itself, if not even in it, it is clear that the erection of the king's chair must have been preceded by a sacrifice in Wuotanistic times. What else would charcoal and ashes mean but the remains of a sacrificial fire? The sixteen pieces of bricks are found in our "King's Mound" in the ashlar, and the name itself sounds very related to "King's Chair".

This king's mound may have originated in the times of the migration of peoples, as a painting place of a victor, it may even have formed the "sharp border" of some small territorial king, and as such painting place - border stones were always considered sacred - a place of judgment. But if coals and ashes are missing here, they may have been thrown aside unnoticed by the one who took out the ashlar.

Thus this king's mound came into being and retained its old sanctification, the origin of which had perhaps already faded away in Charles' time, while the old sanctification still remained unforgotten.

After Charlemagne, when the secret court began to meet, people sought out old holy places to hold court there. As the forest and field names show, there are many forest and field parcels whose often mutilated names suggest such a court place, because there must have been not only several, but even many of them, especially in the area between the two "Spinnerinnen am Kreuz".

Thus the certainly highly significant hill near Sollenau might have been such a "Free King's Chair".

If now, in consideration of all these reasons, despite the lack of documentary evidence, the existence of the Feme in Austria could hardly be doubted, another court, which suddenly arose in 1402, appears too unexpectedly on the scene of national history to have fallen from the sky,

so to speak, without being based on a preliminary stage.

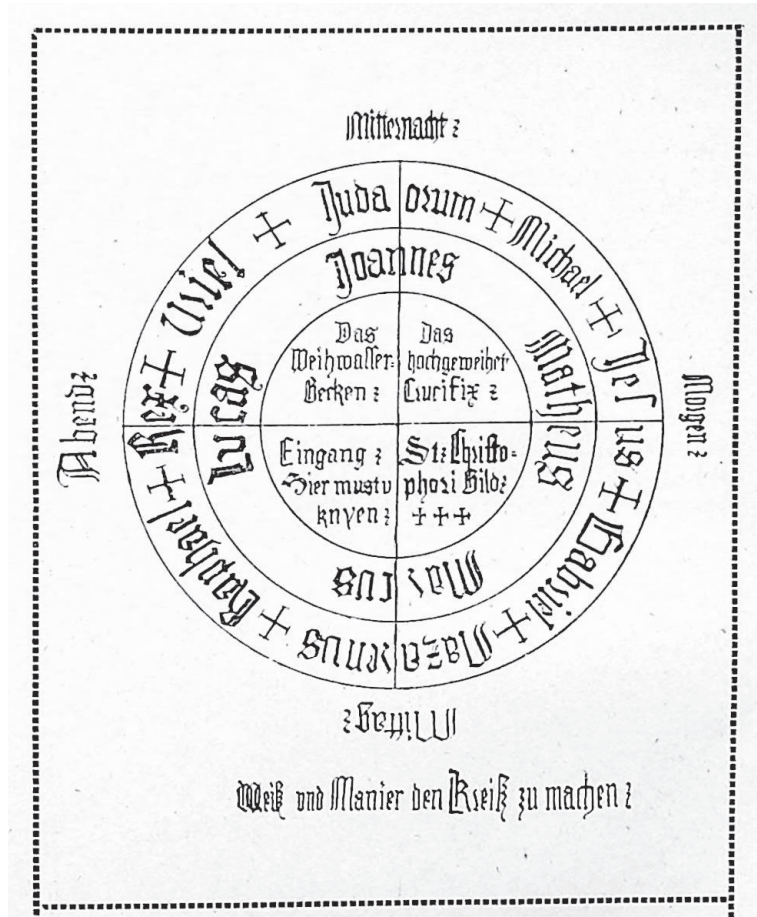
It was a very peculiar, secret court, which had a frightening, terrible name, the "Geräune" (from murmur, to whisper to).

This court was very closely related to the modern law of the state, and it seems that it emerged from the Feme in a renewed form. Similar to the latter, it had the effect of paralyzing fright, which it spread, as well as the short, sure and hard hitting procedure.

Ulrich the Daxberger, marshal in Austria, the nobles Friedrich von Wallsee, Otto von Meissau, Heinrich von Zelking and the Viennese burgher Albert Ottensteiner formed the superiors of this peculiar court, which executed its sentences with army power. These five¹⁰ went through the country with 200 spears (horsemen) and 200 marksmen (pedestrians), then with a convoy of 50 wagons, carrying siege engines, battering rams, and rifles as well as provisions, in order to cleanse the country of the riffraff. The dreaded procession moved from castle to castle, mainly clearing the Moravian and Bohemian robbers. Reinforcements were drawn from the castles of the honorable nobility, and the robber castles of the brigands were called upon to surrender. The peasants welcomed the liberators with joy and joined the small army of revenge in wild hordes.

The inhabitants of the robbed houses were not treated with mercy; they fled or resisted. In the first case, the peasants, when they were caught, beat them down without any trouble; in the latter case, they were not able to resist the experienced warriors for long. After the capture of the nest, they were hanged from the nearest trees by a very summary procedure, or actually without any procedure at all. This is what happened to the garrison of the castle of Leiben in Lower Austria, quarter above the Manhartsberg, conquered by Daxberger in 1402. Only rarely was an exception made in favor of the mostly noble leaders, by dragging them to prison and then judging them under observation of some formalities; formalities that were otherwise considered highly superfluous and far too time-consuming.

(10) The mysterious number "five" = far, points alone already certainly to the origin from the Feme!



Illus. 56. see page 288. Witch and treasure hunter circle. (From the author's sketchbook.)

The Geräune may possibly not only have arisen from the Feme, but may even have been its executive power. If such were the case, then the Daxberger would have been a Freigraf or the deputy chair lord for the archduke of Austria, since he held the dignity of a land marshal.

Be that as it may. The scaffolding shows that in Austria the feud had not only existed, but had even, one would like to say, renewed itself in accordance with the times, whereby the legend of the secret court on Rauhenstein gains actual background not only in the mythical sense alone, to the court of the gods at "Urdas Stein", but also in the historical sense, that a "Freistuhl der heiligen Fehme" really existed there.

May that spinning Berta at the "spinner at the cross", the wuotanistic Wihinei (religion) banished from the soft image of the cities, may she be the suppressed Germanic law, the German Justitia, her epithet "von Rauhenstein" brings her into undeniable connection with the legend of the secret court on this castle and thus establishes the proof of the actual existence of a free chair of the holy Feme on Castle Rauhenstein.

And so the friendly Baden may boast without hesitation that in its district on the now decaying ruin Rauhenstein once was the seat of a free court, that it itself stands in "ruotland", built on ruoth earth. - Egge sola rohand hofut! - Reinir dor feueri! -

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Merkenstein

Following the iron road, which goes from the old Vianiomina to the south, one rolls comfortably past a mountain wall in which the valley mouths seem to be broken by gates, which already mythologically opened our landscape pictures. The first was Mödling, the second Helenental. The very next valley south of Helenental, the next railroad station to Baden², again forms such a gate. This valley was also closed with a "fixed castle", known as Merkenstein Castle.

The history of the castle³ remains unmentioned here, it is enough that its name is mentioned in documents as early as in the 11th and 12th centuries, namely as Merchenstein (The "ch" is read like "k", so also in the following names; thus Merk, instead of Merch.) - or Merkenstein? What does the name mean? The historians assume that it was corrupted from Markwartstein, thus pointing to a violent naming, as such a naming could hardly have happened at that time. The names as explanatory designations, whose sense at that time was mostly already forgotten in tradition, clung to the localities as still today and went then, after they had already forfeited their meaning as an explanatory concept long ago,

(1) First published in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, April 1st, 1889.

(2) Vöslau.

(3) . "Merkenstein: Berichte und Mitteilungen des Altertumsvereins" [Reports and Notices of the Merkenstein Historical Society. Vienna, Book 1. Page 143 and forwards.

and became empty place names on the developing castle, place, monastery or city nearby, as such examples prove in the thousands. So also here. Of course, some legends have dealt with the naming of Merkenstein, but only a few features of these legends are genuine, they smell too much of the disreputable legend fabricators of the previous century.

Let's see what they tell.

Thus a legend wants to say that a knight "Leodegar" had two sons, who were twins, and he was in embarrassment, to which of the two he should award the right of the firstborn. In their twentieth year he led them to a stone and said that whoever of them would find this stone after three years, he would recognize as the firstborn. Winfried, one of the two, "remembered" where to find the stone. When the sons returned there with Leodegar after three years, he received the birthright, built a new castle on the stone and called it Merkenstein, of course. The strategy mentioned here to solve the question of the decision of an uncertain matter is indeed a genuine Germanic trait, which often recurs, but there is hardly a connection of this legend with the history of the castle in any other respect; and with the naming, however, this trait of legend has no connection.

Another legend says that Knight Walter of Merkenstein was the lover of Hulda of Rauhenstein, who, according to the custom of "minne" singing, not only sent her knight on the crusade to the Promised Land, but also imposed on him the condition that he bring her the most pleasant and useful gift from Palestine. It is to this vow of love that we owe the saffron which the Mercenian, in fulfillment of his duty of love, brought to his lady and which she planted in German soil. By the way, this Hulda is said to be the legendary "spinner at the cross", after whom the old famous landmark is said to be named. Since Hulda of Rauhenstein as "Frau Hoile", and also Berta of Rauhenstein as "Frau Perahta", are equivalent to the mother of the gods "Frouwa", the differences in the names "Berta" and "Hulda" in the legends of Rauhenstein and Merkenstein seem to be completely irrelevant.

The knight Walter of this legend has nothing to do with the naming

of Merkenstein, Hulda or Berta von Rauhenstein is too loosely related to their own castle, and finally the transplantation of saffron into our regions is out of consideration here, although this part of the legend is correct in the main.

But what does the place name Merkenstein mean?

In Lower Austria we still have three similar place names, namely a "Merkenbrechts" in the Kamp area, a "Merkengersch" in the Thaya area and moreover a "Merkenstetten".

But similar place names also occur in other regions. Thus "Mergentau" near Friedberg in Upper Bavaria, "Mergentheim" in Württemberg, also called "vallis Mariae virginis" and "Mariae domus" in documents; in the vernacular this town is addressed as "Mergental". A wasteland near Heidenheim in Bavaria is alternately called "Mergenbrunn" and "Mariabrunn." The Marienröslein is also called "Märgenröslein"; likewise the Stendelwurz, Marien- or "Mergenträne", also "Mägdeblume". In family, personal and field names this "Mergen" is found even more often, for example: "Merchenbaum" a baronial family; Marchwart et filius de Mergen (1160); predium in Merchenmoos situm (1160); Henricus de Merchenberge (1185); Ullrich von Merchenstein (1322) and others.

If in all these compositions the word "Mergen" shows itself quite in respectable, partly even elevated relations, then also connections occur again, which intend a degradation of the term, which this word also holds. Thus, for example, the word "Mergensohn" occurs as a severely frowned-upon insult in medieval town books, where it contains the accusation of dishonest birth. "Schiltet er in (ihn) vor der Christenhait, das ist, ob er in (ihn) haizzet einen Zohensun, oder Merchensun, oder Mussensun / If he shields (him) from Christianity, that is, if he has in (him) a Zohensun, or Merchensun, or Mussensun" etc.

Merch, Merg is therefore virgin, which term we find in the place name Mergentheim and its Latin forms straight to the Queen of Heaven Mary (vallis Mariae virginis).

This gives the hint that our Merkenstein actually means "virgin

stone". But still the question has to be decided, to what extent this virgin stone is to be brought into relations with the Germanic world of gods and their sacrificial and magic service.

And of these confirmation points there is more than one at Merkenstein. In the first place the names of the localities, which are in closest contact with the main names, come into consideration.

There is in the first consideration a point, with the "beech at the stone" called, then the "Türkenbrunnen", the "Merkengarten-graben", the "white way" and somewhat more remotely a "Lehnstuhl".

The "beech by the stone" points to Frouwa's sacred tree by the sacrificial or magic stone, the sure sign of a healing place of the Ario-germanic Queen of Heaven and Mother of the Gods. The Merkengartengraben again points to the serving virgins, the healers. Also at the Hermannskogel near Vienna the holy beech (felled 1811) was found, further the Frauengraben like here the Merkengartengraben, and also a well just like here. This well rises in an underground passage 136 steps long and is called very significantly the "seven wells". The well in one of the castle courtyards is also noteworthy; round walled at the bottom, it turns into a regular octagon at the top. In this well shaft, at a considerable depth, there is a tunnel that undoubtedly belongs to an extensive Erdstall, inseparable from a sanctuary, which from its very name indicates that it was inhabited by virgins.

Thus also an important earth stable is found near Mergenthau in Bavaria.

As far as the "seven wells" are concerned, this designation as a field name is such a frequently recurring one that it is never to be thought of the occurrence of seven wells, but of a mythical designation with a dark meaning. The number seven repeats itself infinitely often, for example in Siebenhirten, Siebenlinden, Siebenbürgen, Siebeneichen, Siebenborn, Siebenegg, Siebenlehen, in the good and the bad seven, in Siebenjahrgarn, Siebenmorgen, Siebenstein, Sieben Nonnen, Sieben Narren, Sieben Hunde, Siebenmeilenstiefel, etc.

All these names, which could be multiplied by numerous examples,



Abb. 57. Siehe Seite 357. Der Große Meergeist aus Francisci
„Der Hölliche Proteus“.

Illus. 57. see page 283. the Great Sea Spirit from Francisci "The Infernal Proteus".

have nothing to do with the number "seven" as such and all assumptions based on it and right at the beginning we are to be reminded that compositions of place names with the term "seven" occur everywhere and have preserved themselves in the most different word formations where Aryans and Ario-germanen are or were settled. Without going into such place name formations in more detail, it is only to be pointed out that Donar's wife was called Sibia (Sif), that the family in Ario-Germanic was called "Sippe", that the expression "a little sifted (etwas besieben)" means something oathed, the expression "Siebener" means approximately "sworn" (Geschwornen), that the "sieve" was regarded as a consecration or magic device with a meaning and finally that the number word "seven" derived from "Sibun" preserves a deep mystical meaning and for itself again founded and conditioned a hardly surveyable quantity of further designations and relations with a meaning. "Si" designates the sun both as celestial body as such as also representatively in the figurative sense God, right etc., depending on the determining epithet, as for example: "sigi" = the giving sun, "sibi" = with the sun, sun-like (sonnenähnlich), "sifa", "sife" = sun-begotten, "sibiun" = setting with or at the sun etc.. The holy forest (as an area of administration!), in which the sun seemed to set, from which it flared up as it separated for the last time, was the place of judgment, the place of divorce or decision, because - si-bi-un! - with the sun (Arahari! Hari-Wuotan!) also the right had gone down, which was broken by the criminal. In the names "Seven"-forests, -mountains, -hills, -guards, -towers, -linden trees, -wells etc. that the reference to the sun still resonates clearly enough.

So the seven-well is a "sun-well" in contrast to the "Hel-well in the Helaklamm" and that's why also with the healing place of Merkenstein no field name is found in connection with black, nothing points to Helia, Loki or death, but certainly the "white way" leads there to the healing place of the sun Araharis!

If now, however, also here the "Mergen" or "Nomen" will have changed to three and, as everywhere, here the third in black clothes will have followed the two white-clothed ones, as "the evil-advising, hostile

Norn", as the "Unheilsrätin" the two "Heilsrätinnen", so the "Heilsdienst" cultivated here had nevertheless cheerful sense. The "Siebenbrunnen" was therefore before probably a holy spring, at which fate announcements, healings and incantations might have been practiced. Close to the ruins is a small hill, inside of which is the ice cellar of the new castle, hewn out of the rock. This room, however, is demonstrably old and is considered to be a cellar of the old castle; this probably with injustice, because this chamber lies outside of the old castle. The correct assumption is that this rock hall was the great hall of the Erdstall, from which the many corridors and chambers branched out, as was necessary for such a temple. There is no doubt that a large part of these passages also extended under the old castle building, one of which is connected underground with the old castle well. It is also worth remembering that small mountain cone, which stands out from the "Hoher Lindkogel" and is called "Lehnstuhl". There are an infinite number of mountains with the designation "chair" in their name, and mostly their name form is related to the old Wuotanistic Wihinei.

Was there a "Lehnstuhl" for the judge of a county court (Gaugericht) or a "Lehenstuhl" of a men's-group (Männergebieter)? The former assumption could be connected with the Merkenstein, because the "Albruna" could have sat in court there. The latter assumption must remain undecided, because the question about this male lord is almost impossible to answer. However, it may be reminded here that one should not look for this feudal lord at all in the Middle Ages; the medieval feudal law is by no means a medieval, but an ur-ariogermanic institution. Already Marbod, already Armin had exercised feudal rights, just like the medieval princes. However, it is possible that also the highest priestess of this "Maidenschloss", the Albruna, exercised feudal rights, like later abbesses in Christian times.

Here, too, it should be noted that Christianity merged the Wuotanistic customs with its usages as much as possible in order to make the people more inclined to accept the new doctrine. Just as later many places were named after saints, after whom the newly built churches were

baptized, likewise in pre-Christian times many place names arose from wuotanic-wihineilic causes and many of these place names were later - as can often be proved - transformed into Christian-religious ones.

It is unlikely that this "Lehnstuhl" served a similar purpose as the "Lehnstuhl auf der Jägerwiese" next to Rauhenegg, although it is separated from the latter only by a ridge, although the sanctuary of Merkenstein must have been directly connected with that of the Helenental, as will be shown immediately.

At a little further distance from Merkenstein, namely just towards the top of the high Lindkogel, which belongs to the area of the three sanatoriums of the Helenental, there are two more important names, namely the "iron gate" and the "iron hand." -

We may only remind that the "Höllental" was inaccessible in primeval days, because the Schwarza completely filled its mouth. There, too, we found at an important height, in a rocky gorge at the Jakobskogel of the Griinschacher, an "iron door", which in former times surely offered the actual access to the healing place of the "Heliaklamm" in today's Höllental. The access led, as it is quite correct for a Germanic mortuary, from the south to the north.

But also our "iron gate" leads from the south (Merkenstein) to the north over the high Lindkogel into the Helenental, which was formerly also inaccessible, because "Urdas Stein" closed the valley, which offered there only the Schwechat space. - It was not until the 19th century that the Helenental - like the Höllental - was made accessible by a road artifice, which here, however, is a long tunnel that had to be broken through the "Urtelstein" (Urdas Stein).

But since now the "iron gate" lies between the "Hoher Lindkogel" and the "Eichkogel", thus between passing away (Lind = lined = lessen = decrease) and coming into being (Eiche = eok = ag = to come forth), so here the iron gate of dying separates sensuously the passing away from the new coming into being and connects it at the same time in the "eternal cycle" in "eternal rebirth". - What tremendously high, what unsurpassable holy mystery of Ario-germanic Wihinei!

And isn't it significant that the high Lindkogel is also called the "cold" mountain? The "cold mountain"? - It - connected with Eichkogel and Eisernes Tor - "conceals" just that highly sacred mystery of the Wuotansmythe before all the others, who despite their "enlightenment" do not understand anything about it!

Also here at Merkenstein the iron gate, like the iron hand, has to mean actually an ice gate, an ice hand.

Now it is also clear, why otherwise with Merkenstein no sign exists, which lets conclude on the dark Helia, since their dark realm is to be looked for above the "ice gate" in the "Heliatal" (Helenental).

That is why "Merkenstein" bears the gentle, mild character of a girls' home, from whose area everything was banished that could remind of terror and horror. Even the gloomy Eistor with its admonishing ice hand softens kindly in the mild-girlish, laughing Merkensteinertal.

Once again it should be remembered at this point what was already mentioned at the beginning, that the development of the naming took place from the mountains towards the plain, thus here from west to east, and not vice versa. Today one is used to move from the plain towards the mountains as a result of the road installations, thus what in primitive days formed the resolution - since one avoided the plain - today in contrast is regarded as the beginning. Today one comes from Vöslau over Gainfahn to Merkenstein, while in those distant days the way led from Merkenstein over Gainfahn to Vöslau, which was then closed off against the plain by forest entanglements and a mile-wide swamp or lake.

Now we have named two places which were closely connected with Merkenstein, namely Vöslau and Gainfahn, both of which offered so far unsolvable riddles in their names, but which we will have solved soon. Vöslau is the well-known bathing resort near Vienna with its thermal spring, which has a constant temperature of 24° C in winter and summer. There is no doubt that in ancient times such a spring was not only not unnoticed, but quite naturally highly sanctified. Now the coat of arms of Vöslau is formed by some barrels between trees, thus a "Au", and corresponds - dialectally! - the name "Fasselau". Others derive the name

from "Fesselau", thinking of the Tacitean word, *Germania* II, ch. 39, which reads: "No one enters it (the sacred grove of the Semanen or Armanen) other than "bound" as a sign of submission to the deities' omnipotence. If anyone falls to the ground, for instance, he must neither rise nor allow himself to be raised: on the ground he must roll out."

Both interpretations of the name "Vöslau" as it is written today) have a grain of truth in them. In the old spelling that place name should be "Fasilau", namely from the original word "fas" = to beget, to originate, to make, to arise. *Faselnackt* means: as naked as at the origin (birth); *Fasilau* means the birth dew or origin, procreation dew. The healing spring, whose name has been forgotten, but which was undoubtedly "Fasilsbrunn", was a "fountain of youth" consecrated to the maternal deity, whose healers lived deep in the mountains in *Merkenstein*. This "Fasilbrunn" bubbled in the sacred grove of *Frouwa*, which, as already mentioned, was made inaccessible by forest entanglements and had its sacred entrance in a westerly direction, where *Gainfahrn* lies today, namely at the point behind the "Kahlenberg" through the so-called "Schwabengraben", because the valley, which is still swampy today (as its deepest parts, still called "sour meadows", testify), was in primeval times a wide swamp, if not a lake, and therefore impassable. The fact that a "Kahlenberg" - that is, a hidden or concealed *Wuotansberg* - also rises here is sufficient proof of the sacred, hidden or concealed entrance to the holy slope of the "Fasilbrunnen". But just there, under the "Kahlenberg" on the valley slope lies the village "Gainfahrn".

What does this place name mean? - Answer: "By the gay riders".

This name confirms the assumption that the healing place of the "Fazil Fountain" was already in ancient times, thousands of years before the Roman rule, a highly frequented healing place, which was visited by numerous pilgrims and healing seekers. These healing seekers, who "drove" to the "Gay" of the goddess, i.e. went on pilgrimage to her healing place in order to find healing there, must also have found accommodation for a short rest or a longer stay, as this corresponded to the purpose of their coming. The place name "Gainfahrn", which

expressly designates the place where the "gay riders" found accommodation, testifies that just there, at the foot of the cold entrance (today's Kahlenberg near Gainfahn) to the Gay or Hag of the sanctuary, those lodging places existed, which had hospitably received the gay riders. What those lodging houses or inns were like, however, remains an open question, but certainly the catering of the Gay riders must have been better than one is usually inclined to assume, because more and more witnesses accumulate for the fact that our Ario-Germanic ancestors were also artists of life and possessed high culture - admittedly no over-culture! - and understood how to arrange life very pleasurably, more pleasurably certainly than some of our modern - ornaments of their kind.

Just as the valley of Merkenstein was undoubtedly marshy at its outlet into the plain, near Vöslau, just as undoubtedly the plain itself was a swamp and formerly a lake, the state of which is recalled by numerous legends. The accesses to the Gay of Fasilbrunnen must therefore have led over the mountains, as still today various path and stone names seem to indicate, but to discuss this in more detail would take us much too far beyond our "German-mythological area".

But a place name in the immediate vicinity of Vöslau should be mentioned. It is: "Kottingbrunn" and points to a spring, which a god caused; This god could be Phol (Balder), whose horse struck a spring with his hoof from the rock. Now, however, there is no spring in "Kottingbrunn" which - especially so close to the "Fasilbrunnen" - would justify such a myth, and thus the interpretation of the name "Kottingbrunn" would remain unfounded. But Kottingbrunn is not further away from the "Fasilbrunnen" than Gainfahn! If one does not want to estimate the Gay or Hag of Fasilbrunnen too small, then just outside of its cemetery both Gainfahn and Kottingbrunn would be situated just at its border, the former westward, the latter southeastward. Kottingbrunn would then have been the civil settlement, because in the holy Gay no dwelling place was allowed to be established, and so Kottingbrunn would have been the place of worship and Gainfahn the inn, while Gainfahn entertained the Gay riders, and moreover the

administration of the sanctuary, so to speak, seems to have been sought there in Kottingbrunn. From this relationship it follows that the Fasilbrunn was a well of God, which stood in high sanctification, that the place Kottingbrunn must have been the place of worship and Gainfahrn the inn of the Gay. Merkenstein, however, as the hidden seat of the salvation councilors, lay deep in the mountains, far away from the stream of people, in the blossoming, blue fairy tale grove.

In the winter time the Aesir sleep in the mountains like the seed in the earth under the snow cover; also Frouwa goes like Wuotan to sleep in the "glass mountain" (glasberg) which is actually an iceberg, an ice castle, and moves naturally through the "Eistor" into the same. On the twelfth of the winter solstice she also holds her procession - as numerous myths, fairy tales and legends report - and then she too holds her exodus from the "Eistor".

It is known that many heights of the low mountain range, favored by their peculiar days, by a not inconsiderable span of time not only take off the winter dress earlier, but also already show the first blossoms, when on other heights, but especially in the valley still the most severe winter prevails. It is due to this circumstance that in the mountains the farms are mostly situated on low hills or on mountain slopes considerably higher than the valley floor. Only the latest weather science has scientifically substantiated the rules that were familiar to our ancestors from constant observation of nature. They knew that the winter was less severe there than in the valley and on the top of the ridges, and that therefore the effect of the spring sun was earlier and more lasting.

So it is also on the "Iron Gate", so it is also as well known on the "Hermannskogel" near Vienna and on that the festival of the marriage of Wuotan, the violet festival, was celebrated. Thus, the name of the "icy gate" to the Glass Mountain is justified here as well. It adorns itself early with the tender green of spring to beautify the departure of the good Lady Frouwa, when she emerges from the gates that open booming, dressed in fresh spring green, adorned with a wreath of snowdrops and cowslips.



Illus. 58 See page 440: The "Rose Garden" near Bolzano, home of the dwarf king Laurin.

The time has come again when the gates of the Glass Castle open, where hidden in the young greenery everywhere the keys to heaven await those who are to come and pick them and open up heaven for themselves. The "good woman of the mountain" strides down again, at her side a blissful goddess, the dear, sweet woman Ostara, to greet and bless her beautiful Ostarland on the Danube.

But people have become blind and deaf, they overlook the golden keys of heaven, the charming smile of Mrs. Ostara and think to hunt for happiness elsewhere.

The "Iron Gate" will be correct, but it includes neither the good Mrs. Frouwa nor the fair Mrs. Ostara, but all those for whom the approach and greeting of the two goddesses means nothing more than an empty dream.

To these I want to leave their "Iron Gate" in peace, may they let me enjoy my opinion of the virgin stone under the ice gate, with a joyful heart in the calm peace of Ostarland.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Saint Corona¹

Who moves from the old Vianiomina on the venerable people's army road to the south, he sees, the more he slips out of the gray folds of the metropolitan mantle of fog, above the brown-green plain, above the wine-green terrain, the wide blue mountain range rises from the horizon like a fairy tale structure and lines up in a wide ring of innumerable towers, an interior of jagged peaks, some of them snow-covered, but all of them surrounded by the cool darkness of the forest.

But he who walks the road like a poet, who, after he has slipped out of the fog of the big city, is enveloped in the fair blue coat of Frau Sälde, no longer sees the terrifying images of the wild hunt for acquisition that rushes past him, no longer sees the devil of the present time, who no longer knows how to captivate even Dr Johannes Faustus, because he is no longer Mephistopheles, no longer even a ghost called Auerhahn, like the one who seduces Christoph Wagner, but bears the genuine Styrian name, which reads: "Egoism - the only one and his property." -

The devil has indeed become invisible and noble scoffers deny his existence, but he has become far more diabolical than in Dr. Faust's time,

(1) First published: Vienna, "Heimat," 1885.

in that he has taken full possession of man's inner being and renounced his old name. -

But he who walks his road onward as a poet cares little for such devilries, the nightingale flutes more sweetly for him and the liquid gold in the Roman bubbles is all the more refreshing for such a happy man.

Hello, Frau Sälde! Under your banner wonderfully, many a trip I joyfully took! -

And whoever feels like hiking along, and whoever is not afraid of the expense of using one or two pairs of boot soles more than usual, can join our poet's journey, into the blue; soon a guide will be found - even if it is the way-knowing Gotzwin of the Vilcina legend, who already served us once as a scout when we hiked from Trident to Fritilaburg.²

And whoever wanders through the beautiful "Ostarland", towards the blue mountains, escaping the dusty roads, will find his heart widening at the sight of the approaching mountain splendor in its proud power and glory; all this ever more revealed glory will force itself into his senses so that his heartbeat will almost stop.

The further away from the city, the further from the iron road, the freer the terrain widens; blue-dark waves of forest alternate with light meadows and golden-blond strips of fields, interrupted by vineyards announcing grapes, in between individual farms, crumbling ruins or the steeple of a village.

If one has sharp eyes, he may still look over the plain after sunrise; nor can he see the tower of St. Stephen rising above the more than three-thousand-year-old sanctuary, which before was sacred to the Aesir Frey, of which the "Stick-in-the-Iron"³ still bears witness, or he may look for the stone pillar on the horizon to the left and the same one to the right, both called the "Spinner on the Cross", both border columns of the "Free Chair of the Holy Feme of Rauhenstein", one near Vienna, the other near Wiener Neustadt⁴, and many a wandering memory will dawn in him,

(2) See Chapter 21: "On the Iron Road."

(3) See Chapter 23: Vianiomina.

(4) See: Chapter 14, "The Helenental".

strengthening his mind and feet for today's journey.

But where the last fringe of the plain blurs towards noon in the fragrance of the indeterminable distance, there rises mightily mountain to mountain, ridge to ridge, next to and above each other, and you seem to look into all the cauldrons and valleys, all the gorges and ravines that descend from all the peaks and ridges, walls and cones, where the chamois still graze in packs and the noble aar draws his circles.

Still look and look your fill, for soon the forest will have wrapped its dark cloak around us; then we'll go on forest paths, avoiding the road and the everyday world, which is incompatible with the sacred forest sanctuary!

Good hunting! Even without the deadly weapon! A true huntsman does not always think of the Halali, because his first duty is not to destroy, but to protect the forest dwellers, and to such a true huntsman our huntsman's salvation goes out! -

Our mostly untraveled paths lead over the mountains; map and compass are our guides. Down in the valleys the fruit ripens, the wine, on the slopes along the path that leads us to the mountain, dense bushes grow and on the edges rose hips glow and ineradicable blackberries ripen. Behind us, the Wiener-Neustadt plain spreads out beyond our view, bordered in the far east by the blue crests of the Leitha Mountains. The higher the path takes us, the broader the plain lies in front of us in the changing illumination of chasing clouds and once again shows its fields and meadows, towns, villages and castles in a captivating picture. Along the path, a brown woodlark hops and from the bushes the lively song of the stone curlew resounds.

That was farewell to the plains.

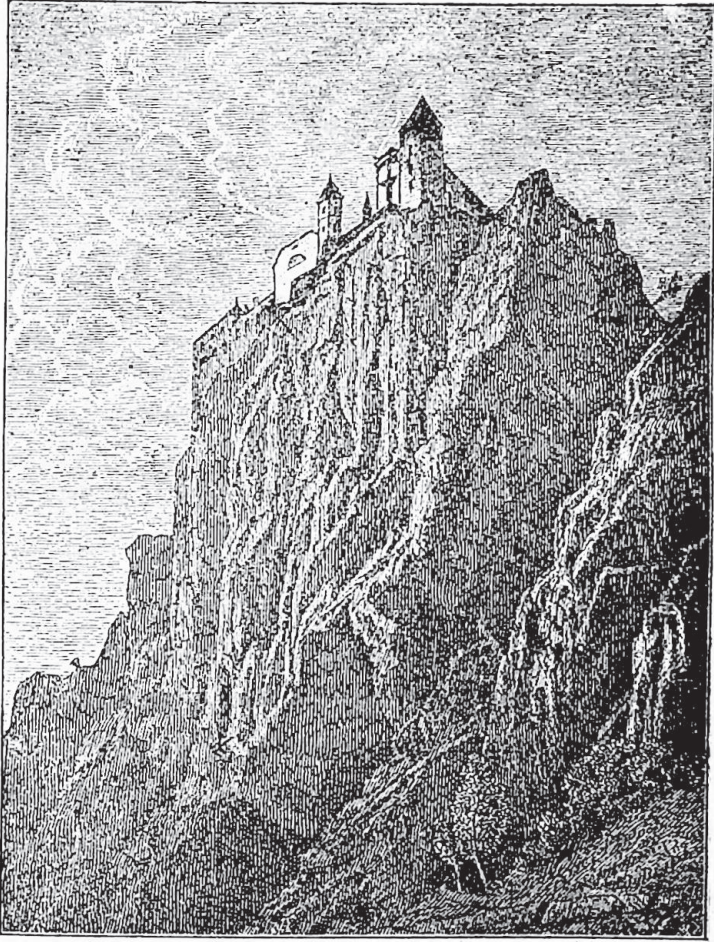
Bell-like overhanging beeches, from a distance resembling a green layer of cumulus clouds, now take you in and lower the curtain behind you; for no backward glance to the tinkling bells and tinsel glitter of the human world shall disturb your sublime forest devotion.

Soon the forest floor rises on both sides and you climb up a ditch towards a sparsely dripping stream, which, due to its youth, still lacks the

language of murmuring; only your attentive ear hears the faint whisper of individual droplets - it is the babbling of a mermaid child. Soon, however, the two mountain walls drop away more steeply toward you; not particularly high, but dense forest covers them like their backs and ridges. Red beeches form the stand on long stretches, maples and isolated oaks and lime trees in other places. Dense, low bush forest fills the clearings and there the feathered world whistles and chirps and trills and sings, there ants and the mighty redstart crawl and above them the colorful butterflies flutter like condensed sunbeams. The peaks are covered by the forest, but the secret chiaroscuro caresses your heart and senses, for the sanctuary of the high forest has now opened up before you.

Mighty, straight, columnar beech trees rise from the rusty brown deciduous foliage through which your footsteps rustle. High up on the smooth, shaft-like trunk, colossal branches reach out at acute angles like the vault ribs of Gothic cathedrals and support the enormous canopy of foliage, which only allows the sunlight to glide down to the ground as a multiple refracted reflection; rarely does your delighted eye catch a glimpse of a sliver of sky blue barely the width of your hand. Here and there the woody-yellow flower shafts of the orchids, more rarely the brightly colored species, peek out of the loose foliage; Then the half-man-high fronds of ferns or other herbs waft around you, ivy climbs trunks and boulders, the dainty herb of the wild strawberry creeps along the ground, and the king of all forest plants, the noble woodruff, sways daintily on its four-edged shaft to offer you its forest greeting.

Robins and the noble finch, black birds and the proud nightingale enliven this noble temple of Iduna with their never discordant tones, even in harmony, to which the forest chorale-master woodpecker tirelessly taps out the beat. The hike continues; there past the rumpled camp of a stag, there over the trail of a boar; there a pack of deer lies curiously with their clever eyes on you, there an agile tree cat jumps from branch to branch and all the animals show curiosity and a trusting nature, for they know very well that no birch stump hangs from your armpit and that you left your "forest man" at home. Also you do not think today at all. Powder



Illus. 59. See page 169. Säben Abbey in Tyrol. (Of the same origin as Thebes on the Danube; a solar Haldadome).

and lead; your chest expands in the golden green light of the resin-scented forest dome, because: Forests and groves are your temples, too, and you, too, invoke under the name of your gods that inscrutable power which reveals itself to you - and to me - only in the noble forest sanctuary, at the great healer's chair of the most holy Mother Nature, in deepest forest devotion! -

Such forest images hover around you on this hike of several days, always the same and yet always different again and again in the most colorful change, multiform and yet always the same in the most delightful beauty. Far away from the world, lonely in the forest, in despair with yourself and your feelings alone, you have finally recognized the deep meaning of the myth, of finding the blue miracle flower, which opens the entrance to the hidden treasures, to the delightful gold hoard of the primordial sanctity of the forest, and a blissful understanding for the madness of the sacrilegious word "Time is money!" arises in your mind, as you exult with sobs of joy from your soul: "Time is happiness!

Then the mountain forest opens its waving veils of green and a view opens up that refreshes your soul.

In front of you rises the Hochschöpfei, one of the most famous lookouts of the Vienna Woods, but at its foot is spread the happiest carpet of meadow, and, as if grouped by a landscape painter, the individual farmsteads are scattered across the valley; between them sound the cattle bells and the bleating of the herds like the ringing of the little bell of the church of - St. Corona.

With crosses and flying church flags, a procession of pilgrims moves along the narrow, often winding country road, and the simple hymn that they sing with untrained voices, how it seems so powerful in the midst of the sounds of the resounding nature, to the rustling of the forest, to the sound of bells and herds, to the chirping of crickets and the singing of birds.

The place was called in the past and sometimes still today "the holy well"; and meditating at the well, which is next to the church but set apart

on a hill, in a wooden box⁵, is still valued today as a source of salvation. Well, we have met many such springs in our mythological wanderings; but the name of the saint? - Who is or who was the holy Corona, who replaced here the good well woman Frouwa or Hoile or Hulda? -

In front of the church stood merchants with the usual goods for pilgrimage churches; there I also noticed a thin booklet that promised me information, which I also immediately bought for several kreuzer. And truly, it did not deceive me, for its title page read as follows:

"Nine-day devotion to the holy Corona. Znaim, printed and published by M. F. Lenk. Printed this year."

On the title is also printed a miserable woodcut, which is supposed to represent the torture of St. Corona. The half-dressed martyr is tied with her feet to a palm tree, with her hands to another palm tree, while around her body a double rope is wound, which goes down to two winches, each of which is operated by many men. From above an angel floats down in an aureole, carrying two crowns of prongs.

The scene is somewhat unclear, but the "Preface" provides the desired clarification. Since this is in no way a critique, so this "preface" is taken literally only what is useful to our project, but everything else is mildly covered with the cloak of silence. This booklet is unfortunately not as detailed as that of the "Ruffung des Heiligen Christophorus",⁶ it is far more meager than this and probably only the remnant of a once detailed magic recipe. The censors may have deleted most of it and just for our purposes the most interesting parts; nevertheless, what remains is a pointer for our research, which is considerably promoted by the parallel with the "Ruffung des Heiligen Christophorus".

After an instruction on how to initiate and carry out the nine-day devotion, the "Preface" continues:

(5) On my last visit in the summer of 1911, I found the wooden fountain box replaced by a Gothic fountain temple made of zinc or cast iron, - Whether this "vernewerte" (renewed) fountain was beautiful? - Leave, friend, this question unasked, otherwise I become bitter ...

(6) See Chapter 12: "St. Christopher".

"... that God would send you the holy corona; that it would give you to open by the will of God. "And at night, when thou wilt go to sleep, say all the prayers by a consecrated wax light, and namely day and night in succession with great devotion and fervor, the holy Lady Corona will come to thee in sleep during these days or on the 9th day. Day to you in the sleep, without fear and shyness, sweetly and pleasantly as your prayer has worked, and leads you to reveal what you have desired, then go and do it without shyness, and do the holy Corona a praise, because you live, celebrate her evening in honor, with prayers and other good works, that she is praised and honored by you, has also often been tried and found right."

"St. Corona was a captain's daughter under the emperorship of Antoni Froh, who came to the emperorship in 1610⁷ and reigned 19 years. St. Corona had a captain for a spouse, a great man in Egiutist (?) but escaped from him and for the sake of the Christian faith, was imprisoned, so that, because she remained constant, she was tied to 2 trees pulled together by force, when St. Corona was "torn in the middle of each other", then on each tree the half part of her body remained hanging, the same day is celebrated the 2nd of May."

The prayers themselves, which this booklet contains for the consolation of the poor and miserable, are far milder than those to St. Christopher and, as I said, in any case already somewhat purified from the old magic essence; nevertheless, they still betray quite clearly their relationship with old incantation magic; so, for example, this passage:

"...remember, O holy Lady Martyr Corona, how the good God has so blessedly created thee, and so graciously pardoned thee, with the crown of glory for all eternity, so richly and so thus crowned thee a threefold queen, and set thee a heavenly treasurer, that to poor men . . . thou shalt

(7) With all respect, which must be paid to the stupidity of such Sudler, like that of the author of this "nine-day devotion", is to be assumed nevertheless hardly that he meant seriously the year 1610; it must be assumed here a pressure mistake, so that the year 161 must be assumed.

Here, too, it should be emphasized that both church and state persecute such machinations, but that they are nevertheless ineradicable; what has already been said in this regard in the section "Christians" also applies here. -

grant and help in their need and poverty."

It goes on to say:

"...come to my aid; . . . Grant and pardon me with merits, I fall at your feet and ask you as a treasure-giver and helper of all the poor and needy, please help me out of my great need and poverty, and not with a great sum of money, but that which would be useful and prosperous for my soul and body, even real money as is now given and traded, or to be gifted and graced with goods, to which your much-loved bridegroom Jesus Christ has put you in charge of, and appointed you as a treasurer of the poor, because I am then quite poor and miserable ..."

After several more prayers, there follow three "exhortations" to the saint, which must have been "incantations" in the past, of which this passage is significant in the second exhortation:

"... admonish you (formerly: adjure you) by your great torture and torment, which you suffered between 2 contracted trees, to the tops of which your holy hands and feet were bound, and after that you were let up by force and pushed, and all your limbs were torn with great torture, torment and bloodshed because of the great love of God, so I beseech you, etc.

The third reminder reads:

"...and to you from God has been given authority over the treasures of the whole world, and whoever asks you . . . thou hast power to bestow temporal goods on the poor and needy, that thou mayest bestow me also on the poor and needy, etc. . . . I beseech thee . . . give and bestow upon me . . . such gold coin or temporal goods as are not contrary to my salvation for the need of my body and the salvation of my soul."

The conclusion of the booklet is the "Vacation", "After received grace' to the spirit".

The most important passages of this "thanksgiving to the spirit" are the following sentences:

". . . but now I promise that I will not use the received grace so badly . . ." - ". . . But to thee, O spirit of goodwill, I order and command thee, that thou return to the proper place which God hath ordained thee, and in joy

and goodwill, without tumult and harm to my body and soul, the most holy Trinity helping me to do this. ..."

This is the content of the booklet and the resulting conclusion is the following:

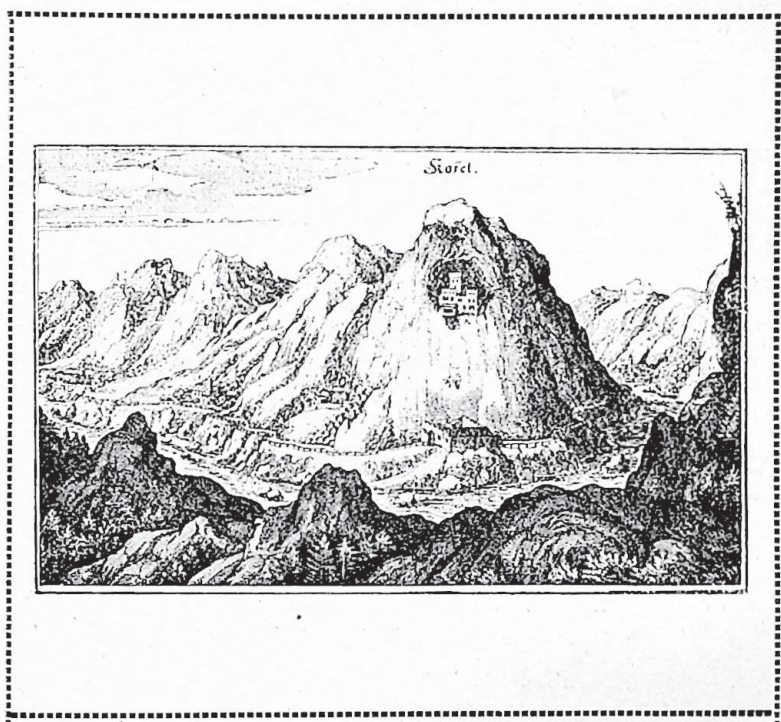
St. Corona is considered to be the giver of treasures like St. Christopher, and since she was torn in the air, the treasures in the air are subject to her like those in the water to him. Also a spirit is attached to her like that one; but like that one a water spirit (the great sea spirit), so - although not named - the "benevolent spirit" in the wake of St. Corona is probably an air or fire spirit. In order not to make first tiring circumlocutions, this spirit is called immediately the known "gold or money dragon" which is no other than lightning itself.

The Wuotanistic myth, which is hidden behind the folk, not church belief of St. Corona, is therefore a thunderstorm myth, and one belonging to the spring cult, since the festival is celebrated on May 2, after the gods' wedding was commemorated on May 1 in the Walpurgis Night. Strange is the fact that the emperor is called "Antoni-Froh"; however, Frö is the young sun god who had just held a wedding with Gerda.

The tearing in the air is the tearing of the thundercloud by the lightning and the blessing which the thundercloud gives is just the rain which makes the seed germinating in the earth in spring. Thus, Corona, the giver of treasures, is easily recognized as the fair goddess of spring, and since she is called the triple queen, she took the place of the female three, namely the trinity: Freya, Frouwa, Helia.

This also makes clear their sanctuary on the hill (Hutberg) next to the holy well, since water is the symbol of eternity as well as rebirth. -

The church of St. Corona was built and provided with a priest by the Emperor Charles VI only in 1722, but already in 1444 an altar of St. Corona is mentioned in a document, which was newly erected in the ancient wooden chapel there. Nevertheless, the place name "the holy well" had survived until today in the vernacular next to the official "St. Corona" chapel.



Illus. 60. See page 444. the Kofel cave castle from a copper engraving by Merian from 1645.

The popular belief in St. Corona is, as already mentioned, far milder than that in St. Christopher and therefore more widespread than the latter. It is closely connected with the belief in the "thunderbolts" as well as the "star stones" and numerous legends tell of farmers still living today who owe their wealth to the "gold dragon" who threw the gold sacks down their chimney at night.

With wonderful skill, Anzengruber has exploited this very folk belief in his charming novella "Der Sternsteinhof". The "star stone" is a meteor that the farmer had walled into the foundation walls of his farm as a talisman, to which he ascribes all blessings and which he then, when he is at odds with his daughter-in-law, now in possession of the farm, wants to dig up again at night in order to take the blessing from the farm.

In Bavaria, in the village of Koppenwald, there are two churches, one of which is also dedicated to St. Corona. There, the custom prevails that the pilgrims slept under the altar stone during the devotion in order to be spared from the pain of the cross during the harvest. This points further to the reference of the saint in the higher sense to the rebirth by the maternal earth goddess, as in the narrower sense to her relations to agriculture, and since the blessing bestowed by her refers to the fertilization of the treasure slumbering as seed in the earth, since her relation to the spring weather has arisen, it will no longer be difficult to recognize her as a special essentialization of the female Three, namely as the German harvest goddess Sibia, the wife of the thunderer Donar.

Now, however, the "benevolent" spirit that accompanies them, the friendly peasant god Donar, has also been found, who in the lightning, in the meteor event as a fiery dragon, bestows blessings on the peasant.

Nevertheless, the poor and the pressed may walk to St. Corona with cross and church flag, with the sound of bells and birdsong, singing their church hymns; they may be granted the heavenly comfort that they draw from hope; if they were to walk to people, to those people who say "time is money", they would be denied even that hope that their faith in "St. Corona" grants them.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Untersberg¹

We had happily taken leave from the mild comforter St. Corona with a heart-freshening Minnetrunk; it was a genuinely legendary seven-man drink, and the brand of the wine should have been called "Reifbeißer".²

Frau Sälden's banner fluttered high above us, and there even the most acetic tortured drinking could have scratched the happy wandering mood from our minds.

With a cheerful scholars' song on our lips, we made our way out, and soon Iduna's veils of green again enveloped us in a pleasant coolness.

Whoever is a friend of lonely mountain valleys, whoever does not long for the questionable pleasures of the city, whoever accepts sour wine and menus not prepared by French chefs, but who wants to see dust-free greenery and the sunniest summer blue sky above him, let him follow us on the lonely high paths that we now set our minds to tread.

Many a mountain heap, many a rocky ridge we had conquered, always fleeing the road, the people, as if we were banished to the wolves. We were surprised by the evening glow, which followed us in search of something, and finally we became aware of it through the gaping cracks in the walls of the Araberg ruins.

Then it was time to flee from the chasing night. In Furth, it overtook

(1) First published: Vienna, "Heimat". 1883.

(2) Joke name for bad wine. Seven men must hold the one who drinks a glass. Or, Three-man-wine - one holds the drinker, to whom the third pours the wine. Reifbeißer: The wine bites off the barrel hoops.

us, and no objection helped; even the body's needy desire for the kitchen, the cellar, and a comfortable camp.

The mists are still circling around the high forest mountains, still chasing them through the air like Freys' ship, lit by the morning greeting of the awakening sun, then you have time to press the hat on the right ear, and to leave the dwellings of the people, because now the soul's need demands to soar up like the lark, in order to revel in the higher ether of the magnificent mountain world!

You must now direct your steps through the Steinwandklamm, through the proud rocky alley between the high walls, over into the Lehmweg Graben (Laimweggraben), until you arrive in front of a mighty stone crevice that leads like a gate into the rock. Mossy blocks and boulders block the entrance, and if you force your way through the ivy vines, through the bramble and juniper bushes into the crevice, you will see the ghostly owl with its blinking lights, and you will hear the murmur and roar of subterranean waters, for you are standing before the source of the Mira, which gushes out of the Untersberg's bosom as a mighty mountain stream.

You must know that you are standing here in front of the entrance to the underworld; the Untersberg is a "hollow mountain" - its caves are filled with water, and the Mira is their drain. But this is not all. A sunken emperor sits inside enchanted with all his armies, men and armor; he sleeps in front of his stone table and just blinks his eyes if you have the heart to get to him, which is not as easy as eating cheese. But the "sunken emperor" does not always sleep, with a terrible roar he rides out from time to time, and then you have reason to hurry, if you do not want to run straight into the path of your disaster. All the jackdaws and hooded crows, all the owls and bogeys around there are evil spirits, just look at their evil glances, and how they roll their big twinkling eyes.

If you then follow the valley upwards to its end, you will find yourself in a wild rocky cirque. Rock debris all around is heightened by friendly fir greenery; ferns, mullein and juniper bushes sway between the stone debris, above which a pair of hawks circle. A stony mountain path

leads you over to the rocky crest of the Kirchwaldberg, and from there along the rocky ridge, then over drifts to the Untersberg, which stands close in front of you. But the path up to the pilgrimage church, which towers 1165 meters above the mirror of the Adriatic Sea, is arduous. The image of grace is an inconspicuous cube that is the destination of frequent pilgrimages, especially those from the mountains. From here the path to the top is steep. In the past, it was covered by a tall forest; today you will walk over rotten tree stumps and half-moribund fallen trees, between tall herbs, because for the most part the forest there has disappeared.

"To gain a pasture for the increase of the cattle breeding"; wise people say and smile wistfully to it, because they do not want to say that this stubbing is actually forest outrage. - The ringing and tinkling of the grazing cattle sounds pleasantly, your ear hears the bellowing and bleating, but the certainty dawns on you that a proper thinning would have been more appropriate than a clearing.

But if you look up on the bare peak of the Untersberg, which corresponds to an altitude of 1341 meters, then your heart expands and amazed you surprise yourself with a cheerful "Juhschroa".

But it is also after that!

At first, when you find yourself here at cloud height above the hustle and bustle of the smaller mountain world and your gaze wanders all around over all the glory and beauty, then it seems to you as if the old emperor had just not betrayed such bad taste to choose this mountain as his Tusculum; yes, you even catch yourself with a slight touch of envy, because the thought flashed through your mind that the old gentleman down there might have already slept in to give you his sleeping chair. How pleasant it would be to dream there, for a whole century! Whether we would then like the world better than it is today or whether we would perhaps even do as the old emperor did, drunk asleep, and say with a wave of the hand: "Once more a hundred years!"

That should be the right thing to do. Why else would the sunken emperor not want to leave his lair, why else would he go on such a mad rampage when he goes out, just to get home again quickly and continue

sleeping? If he liked it up here, he would certainly have no desire to return to the mountain!

But if you scare away such spurious illusions from your senses and look with laughing eyes into the laughing nature of God around you, then your gaze, if you look towards noon, is captivated by a mighty mountain image. In front of you - you think you can throw a stone over it - the Schneeberg rises on a broad ledge up to 2075 meters above sea level. Its precipices and slopes are sharply cut, such as the wide crack that seems to descend almost vertically into the Buchberg valley. Behind the Schneeberg's shoulder, to your right, the tines and jags of the Rax and the sharply marked clefts of the Schneealm look over like single sharp teeth, then the torn ridge of the Gippelmauer and the cliffy Göller. Then, like a dark wall, the Veitsch and, far behind, the massif of the Schwabengruppe. Further on, after sunset, the mountain world appears to you like a petrified waves; proud heads, the Dürrenstein and the sharp peak of the Ötscher, the Hochalpe and the Reissalpe, are pushed in and over each other, and there, where your view is able to glide out through the confused mountain wilderness into the flat country, there appears, if you do not have dull eyes, St. Pölten, Schönbrunn and the Hungarian lowlands disappearing in the fog. After sunrise, your smoldering gaze floods countless towers and hills all the way to the Neustadt Plain, and to the north, the long and wide chain of the Vienna Woods. But only the deep views down from the narrow ridge of the summit into the upstream mountain world and its cirques and ditches, with their forests and drifts and the glittering silver threads, the mountain streams.

From here, your gaze penetrates far into the Styrian countryside and eastward into Hungary and northward across the border into the land from which the Quades came, but the haze of your gaze inhibits distant flight and you are unable to gauge where the border of the horizon melts into the blue air.

And up there you may now look around to which of the thirty-two lines of the compass dial your feet should carry you, over to the Schneeberg, where you will find a hostel in the rocky solitude of the high



Abb. 61. Siehe Seite 446. Ein altes Heiligenbild, das Martyrium der hl. Corona darstellend.

Illus. 61. See page 369. An old holy picture depicting the martyrdom of St. Corona

valley, where you can dream away several days with a brave drink and snack, where you will see figures approaching and disappearing, led by the resin-scented evening breeze, allowing them to condense as you have hardly dreamed of; You may also walk along the ridge, over to the Gippel or Göller or down to the lovely Gutenstein, through the Matzinggraben, where the mossy sacrificial stone and above on the edge of the Matzinghöhe the three spindle stones stand, venerable monuments to ancient Nornenheilstatt. You may also turn your steps back to the old Vianiomina, whose St. Stephen's Tower some want to have seen from up there, which may remain undecided. Mightily the main ridge of the mountain range surges towards you, whose highest peak carries you, and just as mightily it lingers in the direction of midnight and there your heart pulls you after all. There lies the mighty river gate between the Zeizzo Mountains and the Moon Forest; from this rocky gate the beautiful, blue Danube flows forth to greet old, cheerful Vienna, the same Danube that has suckled large from all the mountains whose heads you overlook here in innumerable multitudes, from the countless springs, fountains and streams that spring up in the lonely high valleys, the debris-strewn high cirques far from the world.

But who was that old emperor, who dreams so blissfully down there and who rumbles around so furiously in the valleys and sometimes also in the mountain, when he takes a ride, because he sees things that do not seem pleasing to him, otherwise he would be much gentler, because pleasing things seldom force one to rage; who was that sunken emperor, you want to know, dear friend? Yes, who would know this! Some think it was Emperor Charles, but they don't know which Charles; many think of the great Saxon butcher.

But he could hardly have enjoyed such popular favor here in the country, if one considers that not far from here lay the Wurmgarten, where the Kotinge von Wurmbrand sat on the Wurmhof, who were hardly Karl's friends; neither they nor their shield comrades, who were secretly defiant here in the Alpine corners.

This prayer might have been spoken over the circling mead horn,

with a powerful core curse on Karl, rather than a frumb blessing. But the prayer reads as follows:

"Helli Krotti Wudana, ilp oks un oxsen Pana Witekina ok Keita of den aiskena Karel; vi den Sklatenera; ik kif ti un Ur un two Scapa, un tat Rof. Jk slakte ti all fanka up tinen iliken Artisberka."

This would read in our today's German approximately in such a way: "Holy, great Wuotan, help us and our Lord Wittekind, equally against the ignoble Karl. Fie to the butcher (Slaktenera). I give you a bull (Ur) and two sheep and the people; all the captives I slaughter for you on your holy Harz mountain."

This formula of a Saxon prayer against Charles, which the archive at Goslar preserves, speaks of the Harzberg; but a similar one may have spoken here of the Untersberg. When we remember the result of our wandering over the Wurmhof and Wurmgarten to Wurmbrand, especially with regard to the bull cult, the use of this Saxon prayer will hardly seem strange any more. -

We also know that the prisoners of war were sacrificed to the gods, and we know that many serfs and servants voluntarily followed the mighty lords of men to death, because they thought they would go with the lord to the lord's heaven; also none of them wanted to be the last sacrificed. In the series of sacrificial deaths, they followed their lord to Valhalla through the "ringed gate", which opened by itself to the procession, but also closed by itself again, rattling, and cut off the heel of the last one, which is why the last one always limped. Therefore, a despised man who was just good enough for the "limping one" was always chosen as the last victim.

Here the myth of the gods touches the cult of the dead.

We have shown in many examples that the gods spend the times of winter in the Hut-, the Fene- (Venus-), the Wuotan-mountains, that they move into the mountains when the summer turns to winter, and that they come out again when winter turns to summer. Likewise the people after their death; they sleep in the grave, waiting for the resurrection in the rebirth. But also the dead leave their graves as ghosts and also such

dead move like the wild hunter with retinue, limping to the conclusion, through the country; yes, it is often hard to distinguish God from man. Admittedly, it is said that Wuotan is historicized in Friedrich "Rotbart, the Rodensteiner, the various Karlen, etc.," but certainly nowhere can a clear border be drawn. There, where the history is about Christian rulers, just as in these examples, there one can conclude with certainty of the mythical background, namely of Wuotan or one of his champions, but this is hardly the case, however, with the "lee-bergs", which demonstrably served as burial mounds, however the names of the buried there are forgotten or at most darkly and mutilated in legends or reverberating in the old place names.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Höllental¹

Few valleys in the entire Alpine world can compare with the wildly beautiful Höllental, which stretches along the southern border of Lower Austria between the Schnee Gebirge and the Raxalpe. The almost unparalleled diversity of its rock formations, which often rise more than a thousand meters from the valley floor, and the rapid, mostly immediate transition from lovely, laughing images to the constricting feeling of terror in the wild solitude of the high valley, give this rocky valley a peculiar charm of scenic grandeur. It is not easy for a second valley to offer such a wealth of natural beauty over such a long distance as the Höllental - with the possible exception of the Sarntal in the sunny Rosengarten of South Tyrol; even such valleys, into which firn and glaciers surge down, can hardly compete with this jewel box of alpine beauty despite such effective, elemental ornamentation.

Hemmed in by more than a thousand meters high, the boldly jagged rocky crags create a moving play of colors, from modest gray, then a shy yellow-brown to a richer carnation color, to the deeper purple of the anemone, interspersed with gloomy masses of dark forest masses, now and then suddenly illuminated by the serene golden green of the sacred beech, in between laughing alpine rifts and sap-fresh mats, embroidered with the brightly colored adornment of finely detailed alpine flowers or the

(1) First published under the title: "Die Helaklamm": Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, January 31, 1884.

swelling clumps of moss in brown-reddish green, which run up the rock crevices like resting places, created for devotional contemplation in the magnificent nature or for prosperous contemplation of oneself, - all this unique beauty crowded into a narrow rocky valley, which in former times had room only for itself and its Schwarza alone, all this mighty beauty almost crushes the observer and wrings from him a feeling of devotion, of awakening longing, of reverence for God, a feeling which he is not able to resist and of whose dawning he does not know how to account for.

A region now, which is able to shake even the over-saturated generation of our days so powerfully that the roar of the waters and the air sounds to us more than earthly, that what we see seems to us sublime beyond the frame of this world, what infinitely higher influence such a landscape picture must have exercised on the feeling of the childlike-naïve minds of our ancestors! There, where we merely find the landscape charming, they saw the lovely Freya, there, where we call it picturesque, they recognized the noble divine powers of the rulers of destiny, and there, where we use the expression wild-romantic, there they bent their knees before the threatening deities of death.

Also the Edda leaves room for these feeling, which the landscape evokes, in elemental magnificence. The old Skald did not think any differently - that the landscape must be the right frame of the mythology in this way. Whether the skald thought like Dante, who had the debris field of the landslide of Mori in mind as a scenic background for his poetry, this is difficult to say, for the landscape can hardly be determined which floated before the skald's senses. But at least such an Eddic description is also a proof of how the peculiarity of the landscape had an influencing effect on the mythical sense.

One such Eddic landscape account, however, is the following:

"Hermuth (I Termodur), one of the sons of Wuotan, was to attempt to unchain the murdered Balder from the captivity of Helia, the goddess of death; he rode thither at once on Wuotan's Sleipnir, the eight-footed wonder-horse. For nine nights he rode through dark, deep valleys until he

came to the Geller River, where he had to ride across the Geller Bridge, which was covered with gold and guarded by a maiden called Zänkerin. He continued on his way, after receiving instructions, until he came to the Helgatter, which he crossed with his steed, and rode before Helia's hall."

This description emphasizes the long, dark valleys, the Geller stream, the bridge, the Helgatter, and can be completed by the "well of the ford" (Urdas spring), which rises under the third root of the world ash tree.

Sixty years ago, the Höllental offered no path; only the hunter was able to penetrate into its sanctuary on a driving path, and where today we roll along comfortably on the artificial road, there the primeval forest cradled its proud treetops.

The valley, however, is a side valley; no road required its development, and so it separated itself, and the magic of its imposing natural beauty, its quiet high valley solitude and silence, which were interrupted only by the thunder of the foaming river of the "Schwarz-Ache" (Schwarza), secured its consecration as the seat of one of the highest female deities of the Germanic people.

In Christian times the names partly changed according to Christian interpretation, but it is not difficult to trace them back to the old-mythical sense. Thus we know that Helia's dwelling, the underworld, became essentialized with the Christian hell. Middle High German poets wrote "hell" still "helle" and in the "Reinecke Voß" Reineke assures Isegrim: "sie tet ein tuk in d'helle". The old Hei, Helia or Helle, formerly thought of as a person, mixed with the term of her castle or dwelling to designate the Christian hell.

That our valley of hell was really consecrated to Hei is proved by many other circumstances. For example, the river flowing through the valley, the "Schwarza(ch)", which changes its name as soon as it leaves the area of this landscape (near Pitten) and is called "Leitha"² from there on. But black is everything in the area of the Hei, consequently also its river,

(2) Leitha, "Liutaha" = the light, white river.

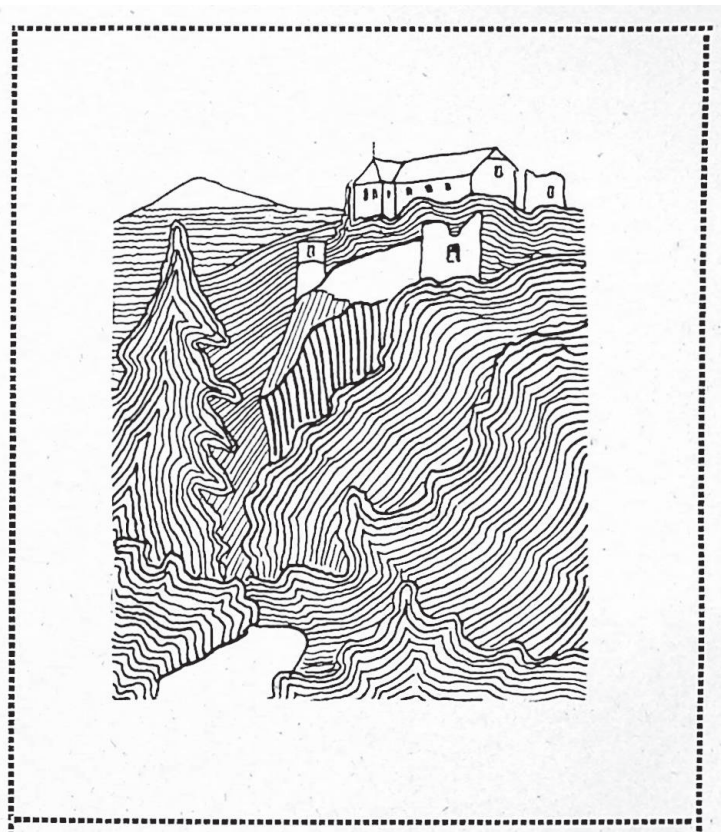
and when it once foamed through the dark pine jungle, it might have appeared black (dark).

The well of Hei, the well of the Norns (Wurt) is found in the "Kaiserbrunnen", because this name goes back only about one hundred and fifty years³ and probably displaced the old name Helbrunnen, or pre-Christian "hell well", an opinion which should hardly alienate in this environment. The term "well" remained, only the determinative word "Hei" (hell) was changed into Kaiser, because in case of a complete renaming the spring would probably have been called "Kaiserquelle", since the modern language uses the word well in a different sense.

Now this well would be the mirror image of the mythical well of the Norns, which again, as known, touch each other with Hei. The third Norn was thought to be black (dark, i.e. mysterious, unfathomable), her talents always inhibit the gifts of her two sisters, or cancel them out; she is Hei, the goddess of death, the end, the limit of all humanity. Closely connected with Hei, however, is her father Loki (Voland, Weland, Wieland the smith), the prince of the deep (Teufe) as closely connected as hell is with the devil. Now we find two side valleys in the Höllental, which are called the big and the small hell, and in the former the devil names are crowded, for here stands the devil's pulpit, the devil's bakehouse and the devil's bathhouse. Not enough of this, there is also the "Helgatter", over which Hermuth set with the god's horse, on a foothill of the Raxalpe at Grünsbacher, where a narrow rock gorge is called the "eiserne Türl", without such a thing being found or justified there.

The meaning of the "iron door" (eisernen Türleins) becomes immediately clear if one translates "iron" into "ice" and thus "iron" into "icy". (In German eisen = iron; eis = ice). The realm of Helia, the "brightness" of the Teutons was not a place filled with the glow of fire like the Christian hell, but a realm of solidification, of icing, of coldness, of death. The entrance to the icy and stiff realm of the dead may well have

(3) Emperor Charles VI is said to have discovered (?) this spring during a hunt, hence the name. The fact is that the water of the imperial well was brought by mule to Vienna to his court.



Illus. 63. See page 259. The Osterburg in Lower Austria.

been an "ice gate", an "icy door". The frequent occurrence of the local name "eisernes Türl" in the following landscapes, where it always finds the same interpretation, will completely justify this explanation. If one also considers that that part of the Jakobskogel of the Raxalpe, which bears the name "eisernes Türl", is already high up in the Krummholz region, where winter still reigns for a long time, when down in the valley the early summer has long since come into its own, then the mythical meaning of the name of this vegetationless rocky gorge, as an entrance into the realm of ice and snow, will only shine out all the more clearly.⁴

Before the Höllental was accessible by the present artificial road, it may have been accessible only over the rocky ridges of the Jakobskogel and through the rocky gorge that is still called the "eiserne Türl". It is known that in former times the rivers, especially the mountain streams, were much more important than today, and it is not difficult to assume that the Schwarza at the outlet from the Höllental made it completely inaccessible.

Behind the rock crack of the "icy door" discussed here, the first side valley in the Höllental now opens up; this is the "Wolfstal". Today, the first bridge over the Schwarza has been built there, and it is called the "Wind Bridge". This bridge is probably not older than the road, and its

(4) It should also be noted that the last ice age is far from being over, but is only slowly disappearing. The glaciers of the high Alps are their last remnants and we know very well how they are receding more and more. Thus, for example, the Schlatenkees on the Großvenediger has already completely disappeared today, even though I had drawn it in my sketchbook on August 25, 1871 as a mighty glacier tongue, which still reached down about one third of the glacier bed to the Alps. In one of the first volumes of the Yearbooks of the Austrian Alpine Club (from the beginning of the sixties of the nineteenth century), however, a color print shows the Schlatenkees not only completely filling its bed far below the Alpe, but also a narrower Kees circling the left rock cone united with the Schlatenkees. Another example is offered by the well-known karst ice field on the Dachstein, which has completely lost its glacier nature for more than fifty years and will soon be gone. Likewise, the Zugspitze, completely de-iced, has become a bare rock. Still in historical time Schneeberg and Rax were covered with eternal snow and ice and therefore the "eiserne Türl" at the Jakobskogel was actually an "Eistor (ice door)" and not only symbolic as it is today, in the unconscious memory, because there opened the gate to the "eternal ice" and that was barely three centuries ago. Not too many generations of our descendants will be able to enjoy the glacier splendor of our Alps, because in the not very distant future the last glacier in Europe will have melted away.

name can be explained quite well by the icy cold wind that continuously blows out of the Höllental, but one should not forget that the Germanic myth was a religion of nature, and embodied all natural phenomena with an unspeakably fine feeling and shaped them into legends. "The dog howls before the Helaklamm," says the Edda and gives him the guard at the Helgatter, and here we see behind the "eisernen Türl" the Wolfstal, from which that wind (dog) seems to howl. Dog and wolves, however, mythically understood, are congruent terms.

We already mentioned that Hei touches with the Norns. A side valley behind the "Helbrunnen" is called the "Frauenbachgraben", into which the boldly over-hanging rocky crags of the "Frauenbachmauern" stare up. The name Frau, applied in the old genitive, when it is found in place names, points to the cult of the Norns, and here it becomes doubly significant, as it refers the Norns directly to the realm of Helias, the underworld, where the root of the world ash tree reaches, where its fountain gushes.

But that the Norns were visibly represented by the healers does not need to be repeated here. In any case, in the caves which the "Frauenbachmauern" hold, the former dwellings of these healers (priestesses) can be recognized. Here, where there was no lack of natural caves, it was not necessary to dig the artificial ones, the so-called "Erdstalls" into the earth.

In the middle of the clefts of the narrow valley, from whose crevices disheveled pine trees spread their roots freely over the heads of those walking deep below them, the triple head of the Schneeberg rises mightily into the deep dark blue of the frighteningly narrowed arc of the sky. The highest peak boldly strives into the air, and the Königssteig (King's Path) is clearly recognizable, running hard underneath it. Below it, the notorious "Bocksgrube" opens its dark maw. This as well as the salt bars (Salzriegel) descending to the right of it still belong to the Krummholz region. Below the salt bars, the picturesque walls of the "Heuplacke" stand out, which have their base in the Saugraben.

Glowing in the sunset gold, there may hardly be a more powerful

image than this view from the Steinhaushaus bridge. No human dew, no cheerful birdsong, only the crash and roar of the black river Ache coursing through the deeply cut rock bed. Only now and then the hoarse call of a screeching vulture sounds down from the heights of the clouds, or the pattering of rolling rock reminds us of the fleeting hoof of the chamois. Then silence again all around, only the roar of the waters continues in its endless melody, because - time and water are eternally flowing.

Here is the point where the magnificence of nature appears to the observer as in a magic mirror; here is the point where man shrinks into himself to the smallness of a sun-dust, before the power of God recognized in this magnificence of the landscape!

The valley becomes narrower, wilder, more torn, where the mighty rock massifs of the Schneeberg and the Rax move closer and closer. Deep down in the narrow rocky cleft, the mountain stream rolls calmly in the gloomy pine-green-black, sometimes in a sharp downward slope, hurling white-foamy spray over the untopped rock splinters. The road leads cut into the mountain slope often up to hundred meters high over precipices, mountains and rocks pile up, up to the most dizzying heights and seem in their shifts to block the valley completely. Then, all at once, a short distant view opens up again with an ever-changing picture. The most luxuriant flowers, the lushest meadows abruptly follow the most inhospitable chalky ground, from which hardly a single hungry blade of grass springs. Every step, every bend in the path offers new, unimagined delights! -

In all these mastering changes of the landscape, the proud three-headed mountain of Schneeberg looks down seriously and sublimely, without movement, unchanging, an image of the eternal above the transient.

But if we now look at this proud three-headed mountain, we find, in addition to two names of more recent times (Kaiserstein and Klosterwappen or Alpine peak), in the "Donnerkogel" (Mitterkogel) undoubtedly a remnant of ancient mythical sanctification. Once upon a

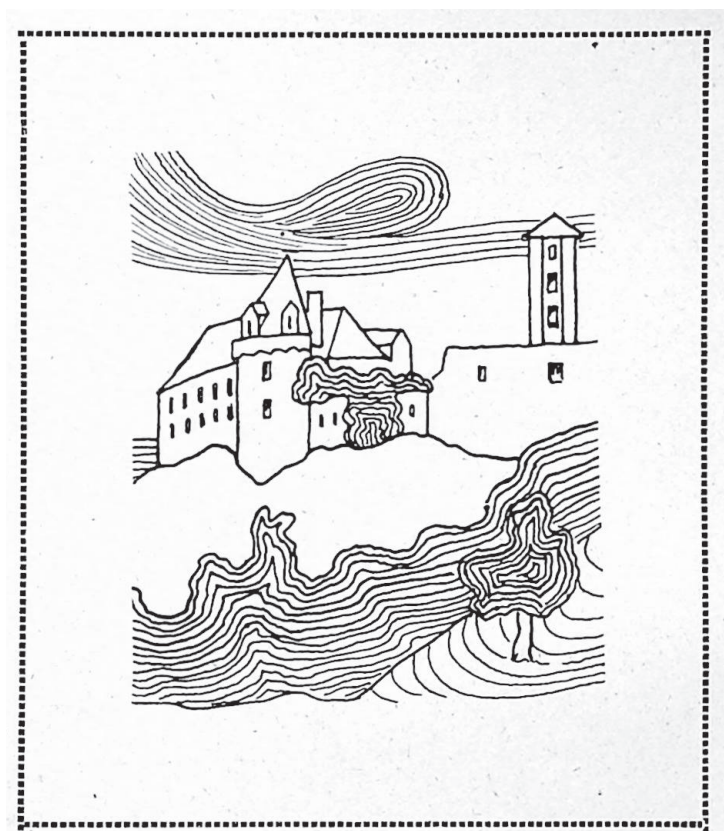


*Illus. 64. The Schneeberg near Vienna. (After a photograph by
Hatlanek in Vienna.) See pg. 390.*

time, the other two peaks may have borne Wuotan's and Loki's names to correspond to the High Holy Trinity. -

As far as the spell circle of the valley of hell reaches, we see only the serious character of the terrible forces of fate imprinted on the valley in its mythical name, and like a distant shining ray of hope from heavenly heights, the triple head of the snow mountain looks down into the "nine deep and dark valleys", which once in the early days was the seat of the highest three gods, Wuotan, Donar, Loki.

Around the Schneeberg we also find friendly deities in names and legends. Thus, the two names "Wurmgarten" and "Wurmbauer"," as well as a Lintwurm legend remind us of the Lintwurm slayer, the defeater of the frost giants, the spring sun. The Saurüssel reminds of the golden-bristled boar, the Mittagstein, whose cave contains no shade at noon, testifies to ancient sanctification, as well as a "Hutberg" and a "Hutbergtal" also reminds us of the Wuotanskult. The Schrattengraben and the Schrattental give evidence of dwarfs, as well as "Losenhaim" reminds of the fateless, which name is repeated as Losbühel in the great Höllental. In the surroundings of the Raxalpe there is the "Augenbründl", formerly certainly a Balders or Phols fountain, a "Wetterkogel", an "Übeltal", a "Predigtstuhl" and high up in the Krummholz region a "Haberfeld", whose mythical reference becomes even clearer by its days above the "Kesselboden". Sonnleitstein and Sonnwendstein need no interpretation in such surroundings. But not all the details are exhausted by far, which enter here as explanatory or demand interpretation. However, only one name shall be discussed here. It belongs to a mountain that rises "from the G'scheid", the "Tattermann". A scarecrow, which we still see in the field today, covered with an old hat, dressed in an old skirt, is called "Tattermann" and the doll was also made and named in the same way, which in former times (and here and there probably still today) was placed in the middle of the pyre during the burning of Judas or the burning of the Easter man. It represented the winter giant, the "Joten", from which misunderstood Judas became. In the old sense "tattern"



Illus. 65. see page 267. Hohenegg Castle in Lower Austria.

means trembling with fear and terror. But that now the "Tattermann" is more than a scarecrow, the following may prove: In Hugo v. Trimberg we read the following passages: "One looks at the other, as Kobolt Herr Tattermann." "Her the heathen Abgott, as I read han, were Kobolt and Tattermann." Even more quotations could be given, but we let Julius Caesar ("De bello gallico" etc., Lib. VI., Cap. 16., Pag. 16) speak here: "Other Gauls have immensely large images of gods, whose limbs, woven from willows, they fill with living men and set on fire, whereby these, surrounded by the flame, must give up the ghost. They believe that thieves, highwaymen, or other evildoers are the most pleasing victims to the gods; but if these are lacking, they are content even with innocents." If now this doddering man was synonymous with Caesar's description, then, however, a "doddering", trembling, may have come over the victims at the sight of him. That that doll at today's Judas or Easter fires were formerly real human sacrifices, is evident from a more recent example, in which likewise a doll at the "witch burning" is called the "witch (hexe)", which custom also falls in the Easter time and has the same mythical basis.

But the fact that next to the underworld goddess a "dodder man" stood and burned, agrees again with the Lintwurm legends, which just here (in the area of the Wurmgarten) is not defeated with the sword, but by fire, by the fire of the spring sun. Therefore also the realm of Hei is thought to be cold, therefore it is similar in nature to that of the winter, and therefore the valley of hell is also according to the mythical requirement in this direction.

Long ago, the spring goddess Ostara's lovely Lenzeskinder sprouted and germinated in colorful splendor throughout the land, and snow still covers the cold ravines of Hell Valley, tree-length icicles hang from the staring crevices, and while in the distant residence the most fragrant spring flowers announce her arrival from their gleaming perches, the frost giants are still entrenched in the Höllental and thunderously hurl their projectiles, the snow avalanches and ice falls, towards the onrushing spring, from this their last bulwark in our beautiful Lower Austria.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Wurmbauer, Wurmgarten, Wurmbrand¹

*"Taurus Draconem genuit
et Draco Taurum."*

*"The bull gave birth to the dragon
and the dragon to the bull."*

Once upon a time, on a beautiful late autumn day, I was strolling from Gutenstein through the Klostertal, without a destination and without a plan, as is sometimes the case when one is sent to some corner of the valley for a summer retreat. And beautiful, wonderfully beautiful is this Klostertal, so that I needed no other travel companion than this noble beauty!

Densely forested mountain masses tower up on both sides of the road, which usually runs higher than the valley floor along the mountain slopes. Here and there, small stands of pine trees rise in a cheerful green from the darkness of the Föhr or a broad carpet of flowers of lush mountain meadows laughs friendly through the shady overhang of the dew wood, whose leaf cloud edges shimmer in the golden green light into the cool chiaroscuro of a blissful resting place.

Cyclamen and dark bellflowers, tall ferns and low juniper bushes covered the forest floor where the grass growth became sparser. From below, the "cold course", a merry mountain stream, roared up, and above, the forest rustled its eternally unsung song. The cowbells sounded muffled, now and then drowned out by a cheerful "Juh-Juh-Schroa" or

flashed through by the shrill call of a golden eagle that was circling high above.

This is real and true alpine character. There the individual farmsteads, scattered on the mountain slopes, with the shiny white substructure and the dark reddish-brown wooden superstructure of corridors and pigeons and the broad, stone-weighted gable roof; there the grazing herds and there the yellow stagecoach, from whose buck the already half-forgotten "brother-in-law" blows his old "Postdreher" echoing. Everything is still original, peculiar, unaffected. -

Soon a side valley opens up on the right, soon on the left, with a farther view of distant mountain waves that weave blue into blue.

But the valley becomes narrower and narrower. The mountains move closer together, they become darker, higher, already single rock needles rise in threateningly cliffs from the Föhrendüster, which here already displaced the cheerful foliage green completely.

A forest valley opens up on the left, the "Schwarzgraben". And above it rises in broad masses the Schneeberg Steinhaupt. "Happy hiking greetings to you, the old boy up there! From below, you look quite splendid, and you'll never tempt me to kick the top of your proud head wide open like you used to! He who does not climb up, saves the descent, probably even the falling down and still some more! Farewell!"

He looks proud and commanding, the mountain giant, high above the dark forest, at the edge of which lie the Wegscheider's farm and a sawmill. This is actually a "Gauermann picture"! For these reasons, the famous animal and landscape painter of the old Viennese school got his motifs and who knows his true-to-life pictures, the full understanding for the same will only open up at such points.

The valley closes again, but it becomes more and more narrow and lonely. The "cold corridor" roars more wildly, it rushes through the forest; it seems as if the end of the forest valley had been reached here, as if it had been dismantled by giant walls. Across it, the walls of the Kuhschneeberg mountain rise up, on the left stands the gloomy Kohlberg, on the right the pine-steeped "Hut-Berg", at the foot of which

lies the farm of the "Wurmbauer".

The artificial road continues along the narrow forest valley, still a good distance behind the Wurmbauer, until again on the left a withered rocky alley opens up - the "Nestelgraben" - from which the "cold passage" shoots out white-foamy. There the road leaves the valley and swings up in long winding serpentine passages to the height of the "G'scheid", in order to lower itself over into the Voistal. -

The ordinary traveler usually misses the fact that he leaves the valley here and turns off over the mountains; he just follows the road without tormenting himself much with musings about the construction of the mountains.

But my stroll ended here; "Wurmbauer", "Hutberg", "Nesteltal" -?

There I had thrown myself hard at the borders of the "cold course" rushing here into the high grass and had spread the map before me. It should solve me also today again the runic riddles of this name accumulation.

The valley has not yet reached its end here, it only changes the name "Klostertal" with the name "Nestelgraben", and this winds ever more steeply rising and narrowing up to the "Mamau meadow".

A new puzzle name: "Mamau meadow"? But above the Mamauwiese lies the "Wurmgarten" and behind it the "Öd". On the Mamau meadow there is a "St. Sebastian's picture" and there the "Sebastian's water" rises, which flows at the precipices of the "Hühnerbüchel" forming some waterfalls worth seeing down to "Buchberg", connecting with the Sirning. Before it reaches Buchberg, however, it flows past the Predigtstuhl, the ruins of Losenheim, the Sonnleiten and the Hengsttal and pours into the Sierning, which shortly before has absorbed the Pfenningbach. Further to the east, however, lies "Stuppach", then Glocknitz, the old "Glocniza", where the hereditary tomb of the counts "Wurmbrand-Stuppach" is located, and still further over to the east, near the castles Steyersberg, Pütten, Krumbach and Kirchschatz the castle stable of the former castle "Wurmbrand", just before the Hungarian border.

I lay in the grass as if dreaming of the strange trail I had found. - The

shadows fell wider into the valley, the rays of the departing sun played gold through the branches of the proud pine and its comrades there on the protruding rocky spine, and the deeper backgrounds sank into the dark purple blue. The mountain peaks and the rocky tines shone in an ever more brilliant glow, but higher and higher the veil of night rose from the valleys, leaden-gray and sheer ghostly. Darker and darker was the arch of the sky, here and there a cheeky little star sparkled out, but the cricket chirped in the grass. On and on the torrent roared and roared at my side and it rushed like a distant organ sound through the night-dark forest.

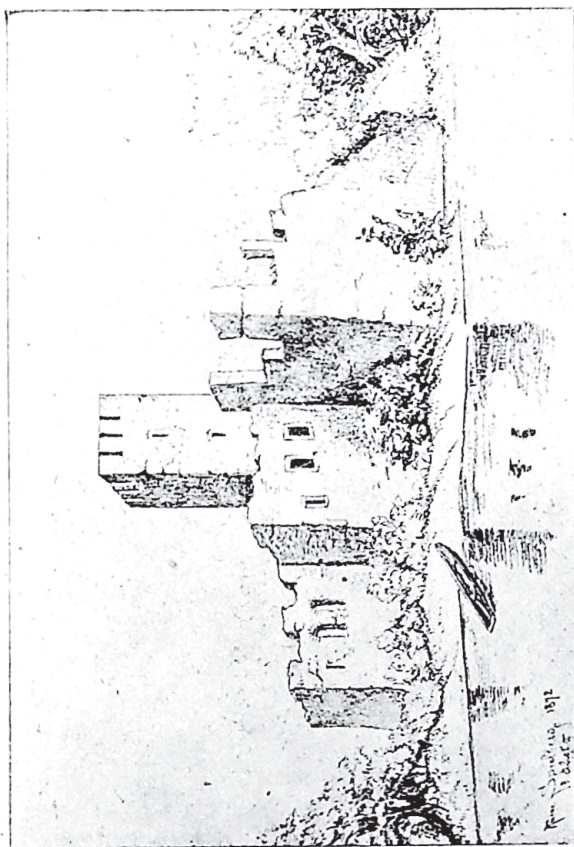
Then the full moon swung up in silent glory from the shadows of the rock wall and threw its pale lights over the picture. Crystal-clear here the hurrying water seemed to glide over a bluish shimmering stone block, to betray a shallow there transparent like an emerald. But whitish, like swans at play, the spray romped in wanton play from step to step, spraying, dissolving, and rising anew in endless play.

Whitish mists drifted down and swirled in a merry round dance above the waters and their silver-bell-like tinkling and singing. - Then a little mermaid curiously peered out of the sounding flood of foam and other mermaids circled around it and sang and danced and the waters and winds played music to it.

The mermaid pointed at me and laughed mischievously and said merrily to the giggling group of fairies: "This is also one of those who are "plagued by the rotation worm in the brain, or do you mean it differently, dear 'Wümelein'?"

Then the loose elf clan laughed and one of the "Mümeleins" said that I look just like all those who struggle with what a dead donkey carries on its back in colorful squiggles, what the learned noble guilds call certificates and diplomas. And again they laughed - the mischievous misty figures. Then, however, they floated upward and the fair mermaid called after them that they should greet the mermaid's sisters, the "Bell-Nichsa" and the "Fanin-Nichsa" nicely, if they would visit them.

And how these teasing spirits jeered at me, how they compared the precious lines of writing on the parchments with the burden on a



Illus. 66. See page 168. Ruin of Spielberg on the Danube. (From a hand drawing in the author's sketchbook).

donkey's back! Oh, about these mermaids and nixies! These teasing goblins are not gifted with female form without reason! But still the wanton mermaid of the cold corridor looked over to me half mockingly, half curiously.

Then I took heart and called the mermaid: "My lovely mermaid child! I could also send your greetings to your sisters, the Bell Mermaid and the Fanin Mermaid and the others, if you would trust me with your name, because after that cold walk, I can hardly call you by your name, my little mermaid.

Then she laughed quite brightly and did several somersaults, so that the white spray splashed around my head.

"You are right, but know that man must never ask us 'name and kind' if we are not to flee from him, for our nature is different when we visibly approach you. Therefore let the questioning cease, my name is just - twisted."

So we began to talk about the times and what had happened there. Many things became known to me, including this:

Once upon a time, in the seams of the Schneeberg, up in the crevice next to the "Mümeleinwiese" (Mamauwiese), there lived a horrible tin worm, which is still called "in the wasteland" and in the "worm garden". The worm devoured everything, man and beast, and devastated the area disgracefully. Then it happened that a man pacified his farm with piles. Before he put them into the ground, he burned the stakes to protect them from rotting. Suddenly the lindworm comes snorting straight at the man. He was not lazy, but thrust the firebrand into the lintworm's throat, so that the monster burst from it. The land was freed from the beast. But the people called their savior Wormbrand and gave him many loads of red treasure gold in honor of him. From this, the Lintworm Slayer built a castle in the same place to which he gave his name, and from that hour onward he carried the worm with the firebrand in its throat on his shield, in eternal remembrance.

I have given the many people the answer that such fairy tales are not important, because no one has written them on parchment, which is to

be deplored, because I know some who swear only on what is written, and say that everything else would be old wives' tales. The first Wurmbrand would have been the very noble Lord Poppo von Wurmbrand and Stuppach, as he is named as the first witness on a deed of donation of the Archbishopric of Salzburg; and he lived around the year 1013. - So that's it, because no manuscript would have come down to us from earlier times, ergo -

But the mermaid laughed out loud, and again did several somersaults over the boulders, as if they were all padded with eiderdown instead of unburned lime. When she noticed, however, that I was not too serious about the parchments, and that I did not despise other information as a document, the Nixfrau became serious again and began anew to report from prehistoric times.

I soon realized what a deep meaning lay hidden behind what the mewling mouth of the mermaid child revealed to me in pre-calendar words.

Kotinge were the names of the kings and their clans in the Wuotanistic Germania, but according to the old, ancient Aryan family sagas, the royal families descended in a straight line from the gods. The Eddie song "Ringsmal" as well as the Siegfried saga prove this exactly. Since the tribal and heraldic legends of the Wurmbrande, in accordance with their "speaking" coat of arms, contain just the Siegfried legend in its oldest version, so this proves first of all the descent of the family from an old Aryan Koting or royal family. This already because the oldest Siegfried legend kills the Lintwurm with a burning tree, exactly as in the worm fire legend; only in far later legends the "Balmung" replaced the "firebrand". -

According to recent research results, which I fully agree with, the Aryans came from the polar region in the north and sent their migratory crowds simultaneously in meridional direction to the west and east, to Europe and Asia.¹ The main mass of the people, which we call today the

(1) "Origines Ariacae" by Karl Penka.

German, sits since primeval days in the country and might have displaced the perhaps dwarf and red-skinned primeval race. Accordingly, the Aryans came to Europe and Asia at the same time, as a common flowering of a tribe, forming everywhere according to the local conditions to their special form, here as Ario-Germanic, in Asia as Ario-Indian.

The Wurmbrand now belong to the primitive nobility, since the legend of the gods is tied to their coat of arms.² They might have sat here for a long time, defied the Saxon butcher from here and finally pushed eastward, toward the Huns, where still today the "Burgstall", namely the place where the castle Wurmbrand stood, reminds us of their shield duties.

Once we have come this far, we return to the legend of the lintworm or dragon.

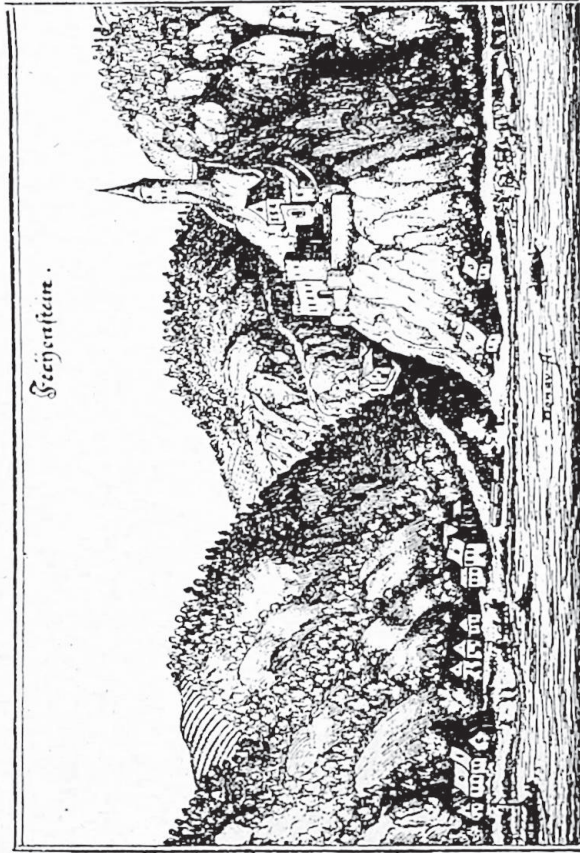
The Siegfried legend, like the Wurmbrand story, is a Germanic spring myth and therefore belongs to the first group of the often mentioned tripartite division, namely to that of the emergence, the birth and therefore naturally falls into the cult circle of the spring goddess Ostara.³

Noteworthy are the Easter customs, in which - contrary to the customs of other festivals - fire and water are united. In addition to the Easter fires, which blaze on the mountains here and throughout Styria, Easter water also plays an important role. Today both are a popular amusement, but in former times both belonged to the cult of Ostara. On the night of her feast or at the beginning of dawn, the girls washed their faces in the "spring of salvation" and today they still do it "to stay beautiful", as they say. But they do it silently, even without greeting the person they meet or returning his greeting, so as not to inhibit the effect, in accordance with the ancient law of the belief in magic.

These customs, which are still practiced today, are of great mythical age and are based on the belief that the feast of joy can only be celebrated

(2) See also my historical novel: *Carnuntum*.

(3) See: "Osterburg, Hohenegg, Mauer and the great saint of this book."



Illus. 67 See page 170 Freyenstein on the Danube. On the Danube one sees 2 ship trains; on the left in the ascent, on the right in the descent. (After an engraving by Merian in 1677).

purely by fire and water. The Easter egg is also ancient. In the Persian (i.e. Aryan) creation story it is told that the firstborn of the creation, the original bull, broke the world egg by a horn blow, from which the individual beings of the creation would have emerged. In the springtime, when the "Perchtenlaufen" takes place, the disguises of the "Perchten" are cow skins together with the horns, which form the headdress of the Perchten. This points to cow sacrifices, which were brought in the spring of Frouwa or Ostara and since Easter falls in the time in which the sun is in the constellation of the bull, that just at this time, in the spring of the gods, the wedding under bull and cow design was created.

Many myths increase this probability almost up to the certainty; so the well-known myths of the Io, the Europa, the cult of the "ox-eyed" Hera on Argos, which had a white cow team, like the Nerthus, which is no other than our Ostara.

Just as Pan loved Luna in the month of Aries (March), likewise the conjunction of the sun and the moon in the month of Taurus (April) was represented under the conception of a wedding of the sun god and the moon goddess in the form of bull and cow. That is why Easter is a moveable feast, because it is naturally tied to the first night of the full moon in spring. The full moon is just the magic ring, of which that oracle said that the woman keeps the fidelity to the man only as long as he has this ring on his finger; it is the ring Träuflet (Draupnir), which was burned with Balder; also it is the riddle solution of the eighteenth rune, of which Wuotan sings in the rune song:

*The eighteenth (rune song) I will never eternally
To a woman or girl avoid,
That forms the songs best resolution,
What one of all only knows
Except the woman who honestly embraces me
And is also sister to me*

(4) Frouwa was Wuotan's wife and sister, much like Zeus and Hera were thought to be siblings.

The solution of this rune song, however, like the hidden sense of all these myths is the resurrection of nature, the rebirth in the incarnation, the eternal cycle, the eternal return.

Accordingly, the Ario-Germanic people called the Easter time a wedding, which designation could only have a mystical sense, but in Christianity, like so many other words, forfeited its original meaning, and the term wedding in today's sense is nothing more than simply a nonsense, because the point of comparison (deep time) is missing.

If it is time in the sky, one can think of a high time and designate thereby place and time in their connection, and the original sense of the word would be clarified. But when is it time in the sky? In the spring equinox, which, mythically formulated, says that if the sun-hero misses this moment, then winter would be master of the whole year. Therefore also those dragon and linworm fights, in which the dragon loses, happen in the spring, and those in which the dragon wins, however, are in the autumn.

If it is said in the song of the "hearing Siegfried" that the dragon became a man on an Easter day and announced to Chrimhild that he would get his human form again in five (seven) years to marry her, where she then would have to go to hell with body and soul and stay there until the youngest day, then here years should be understood as months, and hell as the sleep-like life of the gods - under the earth, with Helia, in winter. That means: The dragon, which is defeated in the spring (St. George, April 23rd) possesses Chrimhild six winter months (he keeps her hidden six fathoms deep) and loses her and his life just at Easter time to Siegfried, who also possesses her only six months, after which time he also succumbs again to the winter giant (dragon, Hagen). This fight is commemorated around St. Michael's Day (September 29), but Christianity understandably could not let the dragon be the victor in order not to contradict itself.

From this it becomes clear why with the term "Easter" the highest bliss is expressed and the word in the original sense means the climax of a

love relationship. The reference is clear: the sun hero fights with the dragon for the captive Ostara, frees her and the wedding day is called "Easter day". Therefore, lovers call each other "Osterwonne" (Titurel, Tristan), therefore the Easter light, the Easter fire, the Easter candle and also the wurmbrand bonfire is a sign of salvation. If now with Easter day the term wedding is so closely connected, then also the Easter egg hunt behind the bushes of the garden is to be attached Odinic meaning, exactly in the same sense as the slipping of the hare into the myrtle bushes was interpreted and to the foundation of the city Aphrodisias the legendary cause was delivered. The meaning of the Easter hare, who lays the Easter eggs, is now no longer a mystery.

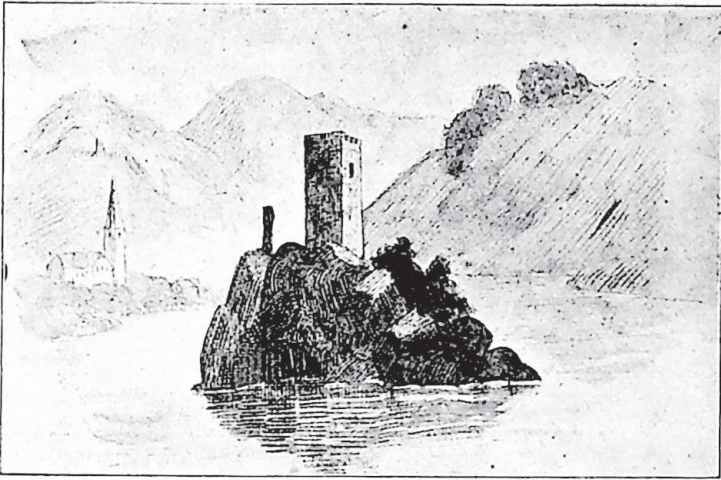
According to all that has been said here, Easter is to be understood as the marriage of the snowdrop-wreathed spring goddess Ostara, but the question remains unsolved as to whom she took as her husband. Should her husband be the Osterman of the children's tale, or that Eoster of whom Valvasor speaks? - In the "History of the Möllendorf Monastery" Paul gives to the image of Ostara also cow horns as symbols of moon-shine, which symbols we find also in Frouwa and Freya, as well as in other related mythologies.

Accordingly Ostara's bride-man is the young sun-god and it is completely indifferent which name he was given in this special case. Since no other name than "Eoster" or "Ostermann" is of importance for the solution of the present question, so one can calmly accept the Ostermann, behind which, however, the young sun-god himself hides as husband.⁵ -

At Easter time the gods return from the underworld and among them Bacchos, laughing, horned and with a bull's foot. This explains the proverb coming from the mysteries of Dionysus (Bacchos): "Taurus Draconem genuit et Draco Taurum"; in German: "The bull has begotten the dragon and the dragon the bull."

Also the "horned Siegfried" is described with a laughing temperament

(5) We have seen above in the section "Hermannskogel" that Ostara's bride husband is the Osterman, Zeizzo the Beautiful.



Illus. 68. See page 166 and page 172. The now blasted away "Hausstein" in the Danube vortex near St. Nikola in Upper Austria. (Hand drawing from the author's sketchbook.)

and might have risen from the underworld with bull horns like Bacchus before he had lost his divinity. Only later these were forgotten and confused with the horn skin. Already above the cycle of the year was shown in the Siegfried saga; he kills the Lintworm, but is later himself murdered by Hagen (the winter dragon). The "horned Siegfried" will therefore probably have been the groom of Ostara and be similar in nature to Zeizzo the Beautiful, the Osterman and all the other young sun gods.

There is nothing against the assumption of a bull cult in the German paganism and would confirm such old country and family coats of arms, thus old salvation signs; so the bull head in the coat of arms of Mecklenburg and the country name like the coat of arms of Styria.

The French heraldist Menestrier literally says the following concerning the Styrian heraldic animal, the so-called panther:

"Styria, Province of Germany, with a vertical white dragon or cat, with flames from the ears and nostrils. Those who have not heard that Stier in German means a bull, and that the coat of arms of Styria, have made of it a monstrous animal in the shape of a griffin".

Dr. Karl v. Querfurth adds this remarkable gloss to that passage: "So we have to learn German from a Frenchman! Also Reinhard pronounces straight that the coat of arms of Styria had been a literal one, namely a bull, originally. (Stieria, Stiermark, Styria). Similarly, we read in the learned Spener well-founded deductions, which amount to the view that the Styrian, so-called panther, was originally a bull and in the famous Zurich coat of arms he is actually depicted with horns like a bull." -

So far the heraldist v. Querfurth -

If we consider, however, that coats of arms were signs of salvation - talismans -, therefore were not chosen arbitrarily, so we see especially for Styria the bull cult proven by coats of arms and in connection with the Easter fires still cultivated today in Styria, the Ostara cult in the aforementioned sense is authenticated. But also in a strange heraldic connection the dragon (lintworm) is found as a sign of salvation of families and cities. It must be noted that the county of Pütten did not belong to Lower Austria, but to Styria, so that the ancestral cradle of the

counts of Wurmbrand must be placed within the old borders of Styria.

The relationship of the bull to the dragon becomes even more interesting by the quite strange circumstance that at the time when Styria became a duchy, two border counties were established; one in the north was Putene (Pütten), the other in the south Pettau. Both counties had the dragon in their coat of arms, but without feet; the Pettau county also had the fire in its throat. Since now the Styrian bull, by ornamentation, perhaps even under the influence of the Wurmbrand-Pütten-Pettau dragon changed into the panther, it is not improbable that the Traungauer, the first dukes of Styria - were not only related to the Wurmbrands, but even of their tribe. If this list is correct, then the Wurmbrands are the ancestral family; they have the name and the unruffled coat of arms; the Pettauers would be the secondary genealogy, since they did not have fire, but the Lintwurm in their coat of arms; the tertia genealogy would be those of Putene, whose dragon in the feet is also missing the firebrand. That, if this premise is correct, the Traungauers certainly belonged to the main tribe, can hardly be doubted; as margraves as well as dukes, they naturally led the national coat of arms, which, as said, was ornamented like a dragon to the panther.

At least it is interesting that the archive of the now imperial count family of the von Wurmbrand-Stuppach, possesses a coat of arms picture from the year 1130, in which already the lintworm appears with the firebrand in the throat.

That the Wurmbrands must be "Kotinge", namely descendants of a pre-Christian-Germanic royal house, seems to have been known or at least guessed by the historiographer of his family, the genealogist Count Johann Wilhelm von Wurmbrand-Stuppach, who lived in Frankfurt as President of the Imperial Council under the emperors Leopold I, Josef I and Charles VI, because he wrote in the family history:

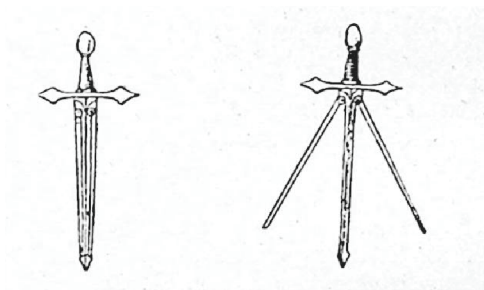
"The age of the family is not to be named, because it always was, but in primeval times it was much more glorious than now."

Should such meeting of bull and dragon be only coincidence? - No, certainly not! -

„Taurus Draconem genuit, et Draco Taurum!“

If now the mythical connection of the Ostara cult with the healing signs of the bull as well as of the lintworm has arisen, then also the first legendary worm fire, the lintworm slayer, is mythically explained. He is not the "man", not the "worm-builder", he himself is the young sun hero, he himself is the Osterman, the groom of Ostara, he himself is Zeizzo the Beautiful. Also by this interpretation the old-Aryan condition is fulfilled, which called the kings "sons of the sun", a title which naturally had to disappear in Christian time, but in other Aryan states, which have not accepted Christianity yet, it is still used today, e.g. in Persia.

According to what has been said here and with reference to what has been stated in the section of this book: "The Helenental and the holy Feme on Rauhenstein", it can be assumed with certainty that also the Wurmbrande once were in possession of a Freistuhl of the holy Feme, like the Hohenzollerns, the Hohenlohe and others. The weapon collection of the Hohenzollerns at Sigmaringen possesses strangely also still a monument to the Hohenzollern free-court, in a dagger, a so-called "Dag". The presiding lord of the chair carried a short rapier, which had three blades united into one. When the "thing", namely the meeting, was opened, he put the "Dag" on the table, pressed a spring and the three blades opened. This was to indicate "open Dag", "open day", the "court is opened".





Illus. 69. See page 169. The Danube River at Grein (Upper Austria), on the left the temple-priory castle Werffenstein (today Burg Werffenstein), on the right the rock of the island Wörth. (From the picture collection of Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels).

Perhaps the family still owns somewhere an unrecognized device with the indicative runes 41 41 or the letters S. S. G. G. or with a cross and under it a V.

But this is only covered incidentally as a reminiscent review of an earlier picture, to prove that everything is connected and done so that only in the context of a complete painting will our so long veiled prehistory unroll.

But now to the interpretation of the very peculiar place, forest, river and field names. The name "Wurmbauer" probably refers to the place where the first of the Wurmbrands had its seat in ancient times, under which one may think of a very simple farm, but by no means a medieval stronghold in the style of Hohenegg. This was already in pre-Roman times, but at the latest immediately after the destruction of Carnunt in the year 375 of our era, that the Wurmbrands established themselves here. Nevertheless, it is possible, even highly probable, that the Wurmbrands with their genealogical and heraldic legends settled down here only in the year 375 and moved out from their former ancestral seat on the other side of the Danube, because in the Waldviertel of Lower Austria there also exists a village with the name Wurmbrand. There, as can hardly be doubted, the Wurmbrande settled before the beginning of the migration of the peoples or, what says the same, before the destruction of Carnuntum in 375, in which they undoubtedly played an outstanding leading role and settled here to guard the Alpine passes after they had just gained the road over the Semmering to Italy.

So much for the prehistory of the Wurmbrand house corrected by place names, or rather restored.

Now behind the "Wurmbauer" stands the so highly significant "Hutberg", which from the frame of the prehistory leads us back again to the mythology. The Wurmbrande were Kotinge, as the Baldur myth proves in its heraldic legend. The old legend of the gods has been wonderfully preserved in the family saga of the lineage, but in Christian times the first of the lineage had been gradually humanized and its former divinity had not been remembered for understandable reasons. The



Illus. 70. Halgadam Maid. (Drawn by J. Langl.) See p. 18.

dragon slayer, the Ostermann became a simple "man", he was represented humanly. The legend does not name the progenitor of the lineage, nor the manner of the progenitor's death. The legend takes for granted that he "took a wife, begat children and died". But since we recognized him as a son of the sun, whose mythical mission was to beget a royal family, we suddenly feel the gap. He had to take a "wife from among the people" to beget a human race, he had to go out of the world in an extraordinary way to take into account the finiteness of human life, otherwise he would have had to endow his mortal wife with immortality. But the German mythology knows no example of an apotheosis in such a sense, as it also knows no example of deified men. In the chapter "Ad pontem Ises" further ahead this became even clearer; here only so much: Since now the first Wurmbrand, according to the myth, was a son of God in human sham form, he was not allowed to die, but also not to stay longer on earth, than until his intention had been fulfilled and he had produced human offspring with the mortal woman. Then he had to leave it.

Because he was not allowed to die now, however, he undoubtedly went into the mountain, namely into the "Hutberg" behind the Wurmbauer, where he sleeps like Redbeard in the Kyffhäuser, to the hat of the Semmering road to Rome, which he opened up. Undoubtedly, that part of the legend of the Wurmbrande has been lost and undoubtedly, this part of the legend will have once known that he was the guardian of his family and that he would give them divine protection in the days of need. In the male sense, he will have been the same family ghost of his gender, which in the female sense is "the white woman" of so many royal houses (e.g. Habsburg, Hohenzollern, Liechtenstein and many others). This family ghost is always the divine ancestor or the divine ancestress of a gender, which was recognized as its guardian spirit even in Christian times, as long as the gender remained faithful to its divine mission, but which goes out like a flickering torch, if such a gender forgets its divinity, degenerates and sinks into the crowd, as it renounces its divinity by degraded race crossing. So far the special reference of the "hutberg" to the worm's edge legend. In general, the "Hutberg" is just that mountain, in which the gods

sleep in the winter time like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg (see: The Venusberg near Traismauer), and like Wuotan in the Untersberg (see this).

The lintwurm (dragon) is just the death of the nature in the hibernation, at the time when all procreation stops. Therefore, the young sun god must kill him, whose representative was resident here in the person or, better said, in the tribe of the Wurmbrand, which united king, priest and judge dignity in itself. The access to the wasteland and to the Wurmgarten, whose interpretation is clear, goes through the "Nesteltal". A well-known superstition says that through the "Nestelknpfen" a marriage would be inhibited, through magical prevention of the marital duties. And indeed, the Nestelgraben is a barren, desolate rocky gorge, quite suitable for the gate of a dragon's dwelling. The Mamau meadow as the home of the Mümleins or elves has already been explained. St. Sebastian is the constant companion of St. Rochus, both of whom are venerated as patrons against the plague. The god who sends an evil, however, is also at the same time the healing god against it; this was already shown by the great saint.⁶ The winter god is the plague god, just as Helia appears as the "plague virgin", as the "Plague-wife". Yes, even when the cholera raged so terribly in Vienna at the beginning of the fifties of the 19th century, the mythical figure of the plague woman revived and the common man had much to tell about a black woman as the essentialization of the cholera. Such myths are immortal. - Sebastian's Fountain is such a salvation fountain and the legend really clings to it that those who fled up there during the plague were spared from the disease; after killing the dragon, the procreator, nature came back to life on Ostara's wedding day".

Losenheim is the place where the fate lots were read and there also stands the sermon chair, which has nothing to do with the preachers; it is just a sacrificial stone. - Buchberg is the place where after the defeated winter "in the blossom grove" the gods play with the golden discs. The Pfenningbach is the brook of the Fanin, the procreator, multiplier. With

(6) See: "Osterburg, Hohenegg, Mauer and the Great Saint."

him it goes out into the fertile land, to Stuppach, to Wurmbrand. -

There a loose wind drove rough through the wood, creaking the old pines bent in the autumn storm; dust whirled up. The snow mountain had pulled its camouflage cap over its ears, and that is an ominous sign of the approach of bad weather. The "cold aisle" roared as if it had come to a boil; and my fair nixie-wife had disappeared. The air was lead-gray over the storm-swamped rocky trench and let us suspect that it was not far until sunrise, but gloomy clouds hindered the young day's entry into the valley. Above, the weather was already shining precariously, and from afar, an indeterminate murmur rolled, heralding an imminent roar of thunder. -

Then I hurriedly said goodbye to the resting place, which without my intention had become my night's lodging, and sought to reach the Voi valley with a quick step over the heights to find a hospitable roof at the "Höhbauern" or the "Singerin" along with ample bodily needs.

I found it excellently and later also the post office, which brought me back to Gutenstein under pouring rain and the most wonderful high thunderstorm symphony.

The fair mermaid of the "cold corridor", however, did not want to appear to me anymore, although I did not ask her "for name and kind." -

CHAPTER TWENTY

St. Leonhard¹

"Here lies buried our spiritual lord, the monastic brother of Oberburg; God grant him eternal rest!" These words were said with simple and therefore quite peculiar dignity by the sacristan of the small church of St. Leonhard, which lies half-forgotten in the forest shadows under the rugged precipices of the Rogac in the southwestern corner of Styria.

With Professor Frischauf's "Sanntalerführer" in our pockets, we had come over from Kappel to hike over the Rogac into the Leuschtal and on to Sulzbach in the Sanntal; the St. Leonhards-Mesner was to serve as our guide. The backpack with the clanking crampons on our backs, in full travelling gear, we entered the lonely, age-grey little mountain church. The most striking feature was a heavy iron chain that enclosed the church from the outside under the cornice. We entered; a simple building had welcomed us. The presbytery was simply vaulted, the nave was closed off by a floorboard ceiling like a farmhouse parlor, and the floor was paved with bricks, so this house of God presented itself most inconspicuously; only the words of the sacristan mentioned at the beginning made an indeterminable impression on us. There he stood in the middle of the church and pointed to the ground, but no gravestone, no epitaph was noticeable. But the brick slabs of the pavement showed the stamped date

(1) First published: Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, 1890.

1529; that was the same year in which the Turk first lay outside Vienna's walls. A further look around the modest sanctuary led us to discover a very strange church ornament on the right wall. Again it was chains!

"They have been hanging there since Turkish times," the sacristan explained. That were exactly counted two pairs of leg irons, a pair of handcuffs together with the chains, a long chain still with the padlock and moreover still another horseshoe.

Thus the curiosity for the meaning of these consecrations - for that is what they obviously were - was lively, but the good sacristan knew as much to answer our questions as most of his peers in similar cases, namely nothing. Even the closest question, who was that monk, when did he live? was answered in a very uncertain way.

"Many hundred years ago," we were told, "a monastic brother was banished to this forest wilderness by his abbot; he lived here, did good, and after his death was buried in the middle of the church. Since his death, every year on All Saints' Day, one of the peasants who have their single-owner farmsteads here goes to Oberburg, formerly to the abbot, now, since the monastery has been abolished, to the priest, and asks him that a priest come to St. Leonhard on November 3, at the expense of the peasants, in order to hold the annual day with vigil and mass for their spiritual lord who is resting there".

This annually renewed request for the priest from Oberburg is all the more striking because the church of St. Leonard is a branch church of the parish of Eisenkappel. Who might have been that friar, whom the local farmer keeps in memory for many centuries, without actually knowing why?

We left the little wild church at 1332 meters above sea level. The sacristan, who was loaded with our provisions, walked briskly as a guide, and we ascended through the shady corner of the forest, which was charmingly overlooked by the rocky peaks of Rogac. Here and there, a single-storey farmstead shone through the pine forest in the glow of the sun. After barely half an hour of climbing, we reached a magnificent rock

spring, which the guide-Mesner called the "consecrated well" (geweihten brunnen). -

Again a riddle!

Also next to the Leonhard church a crystal clear spring was bubbling. Whether the same was also consecrated, the good one did not know of course, admitted it however as possible. Who consecrates the "consecrated well", our escort understandably did not know either; but he did know that once a bishop on his passage from Sulzbach to Carinthia lay exhausted with his retinue in front of this spring, and consecrated it in thanks for the refreshment.²

The views of the magnificent wild alpine splendor of the Sanntal that soon opened up, however, pushed back for the time being all the budding questions about these mysteries; for many years they were to remain buried under the rubble of memory.

Later hikes through Tyrol's and Salzburg's mountains, through Austria's and Bavaria's magnificent alpine world, made me set my foot in front of many a church of St. Leonhard and taught me that it is precisely the churches and chapels of this church saint which, almost without exception, stand out above all other churches, especially pilgrimage churches, not only by their outer appearance alone, but in many cases also by the peculiarity of the pilgrims' customs.

In the outer appearance it is the iron chain, which surrounds the church under the cornice and makes it recognizable from afar as Leonhard's church. To name just a few, the church on the Kalvarienberg near Tölz, the church of Ganacker, the church of Tolbath, the church of St. Leonard near Bischofshofen - on the Gisela railroad, as well as many others could be mentioned. By the way, the most remarkable in terms of the chain winding around the church building from the outside should be

(2) Frischauf's Sannlalerführer, in case this is a historical memory, which it should not be, gives the interesting information that that bishop was probably a patriarch of Aquileia, because the bishopric of Ljubljana came into being only in 1463, which time would not correspond to the great age of the parishes and churches in this region. The episcopal visitations in those days were very difficult in these regions, because they had to be made on foot.

the Leonhard church on a mountain near Brixen. There a heavy iron chain encircles the church two and a quarter times; the links are each a foot long and one link is supposed to be forged annually from the iron offerings. When the chain will encircle the church three times, the end of the world will dawn.

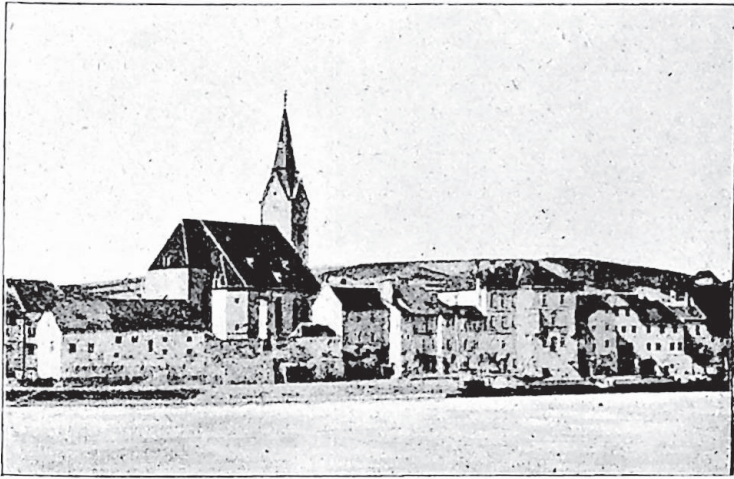
This is reminiscent of Redbeard's beard, which must grow three times around the stone table until the mountain-crazed sleeper awakens to fight the last battles. In the Leonhard churches at Aigen and Inchenhofen, this chain was inside the church, the latter of which weighed 242 pounds.

If this chain is the actual emblem of the churches of Leonhard, then the strange offerings of the pilgrims are no less, which are forged for the most part of iron, in contrast to other pilgrimage churches, in which the votive offerings of the faithful are made of wax or silver, even gold.

These wrought-iron votive images depict all kinds of domestic animals, such as oxen, cows, horses, poultry, or parts of a human body, such as arms, legs, female breasts and the like, in childlike naive sculpture, or they depict plowshares (hugely enlarged), chains and shackles and other strange things.

No less peculiar than these consecration gifts of iron is also the service in these churches themselves. To this belonged in former times and belongs in some places probably also still today the lifting and carrying around of so-called Leonhard's blocks and Leonhard's nails, which formed a kind of ordeal beside the purpose to rehearse its strength. Only the one who had cleansed himself of sins through repentance could lift the Leonhard nails, was the belief.

But the peculiar customs at such Leonhard churches, namely at the one in Inchenhofen in Lower Bavaria, are described in a rare booklet, from which some of the information may be excerpted here. It is this: "Martinus, synopsis miraculorum etc. 1659, newly published at Augsburg 1712." In this very interesting booklet Martinus gives only a part of "the noble miraculous works, which God, through the merit and intercession of St. Leonhardi at his Gotteshaus in Inchenhofen from four hundred years ago, has had collected from various old miracle books".



Illus. 71. See page 175. Ybbs in Lower Austria. On the left, below the church, a Romanesque house, one of the few and oldest secular buildings of this style in Germany.

From these records of Martinus, however, it is quite clear that just the Leonhard cult not only shows a very high age, but infinitely many features from the German Wuotanskult preserved until today. This seemingly inexplicable fact becomes immediately clear if one remembers the letter written by Pope Gregory to Mellitus of Canterbury, which was printed in the mythological landscape "Eburodunum before the Wuotan Valley" on page 140 of this book in its passages related here.

Martinus writes, among other things:

"The images outside, first bands (shackles, chains), iron crutches, iron hands and feet, prove how many were helped out of their distresses." "Hereby, the large iron nail, which is the conscious identification and landmark of this holy place (Inchenhofen), and which has been there since time immemorial, as well as the large chains hanging over towards the Sacristy (which are made of the ironwork weighing two hundred forty-two pounds ...), are to be removed, in such a measure) should not be forgotten, why this (the nail namely) remained safe from the church robbers? And is still picked up by the church pilgrims and carried from time to time? Some take it upon themselves out of good devotion, to wear out their shoulders as well with an assumed work of penance; some want to investigate whether they still have grave sins upon them', some want to exercise and boast of their bodily strength; some carry it out of folly, etc. Each one can make his intention and opinion as he wants, but at the same time he must remember that it is not always profitable to commit an outrage (sic). Many a churchman has been frightened and worried under this strange castle, until he came out of it unharmed and free.

*Can also just this nail,
Which one wants to carry out of sacrilege,
Faster than lightning and hail
Soon strike everyone to the ground. "*

Furthermore, Martinus reports about the vows and answered invocations, which makes clear the great extent of the cult of this saint.

The saint loosens: 1. the shackles of innocent prisoners, which they then offer to him; 2. he also helps those who are "imprisoned for life and limb" because of crimes. For example, in 1384 Bertholdus Fischer of Weilham, "because he introduced false dice to deceive others in gambling," was condemned, bound hand and foot and thrown from the bridge into the Lech. In distress, he invokes St. Leonhard; the bonds are loosened, he swims to shore, and Duke Stephan gives him life; 3. he "strengthens the crooked and the lame"; 4. he "enlightens the blind and the evil-sighted eyes"; 5. he "gives the use of the mind to the disturbed (insane)"; 6. he "expels the semolina and stain"; 7. he "brings back the hearing"; 8. he "also shows his power in preserving the unreasonable cattle":

*"Therefore here for gratitude,
Even after the summer season has passed,
Still yearly many herdsman
Sacrifice to Him their Goods.
With shepherds' gifts and gifts from the fields,
They are mindful of the kindness,
Eavors to him, their shepherd,
Whom they cannot praise enough
They praise, and with reason
According to his high dignities.
They praise him with the sound of horns
Three hundred shepherds at times,
Each one blows his horn,
Piercing heart and ears. "*

9. "Gives speech to the dumb"; 10. "Cures the falling addiction"; 11. "Helps even those who have been touched by a blow"; 12. "Discharges from the danger of fire"; 13. "Comes to the aid of sore throats, tumors, and broken bones"; 14. "Pleases the hard-to-conceive women, obtains the fruit of the barren womb"; 15. "Turns away the body's injuries and gout"; 16. "Protects from hail, wind, lightning, etc."; 17. "Repairs all kinds of

fevers"; 18. "Revives and restores those who were thought dead"; 19. "Reminds those who put their glow into oblivion". And finally, Martinus lists 134 "neighborhoods" by name, which have annually "engaged a wagon or plow iron for the protection of the crops at St. Leonhard later Juchenhofen".

All these offerings, as conscientiously recorded, have their peculiar character; here are only a few significant examples: "1437, walk around the church with an iron picture, all in Allmusen to view (determine)." "1603, two iron rings a whole year to carry." "1592, with an iron belt to travel to church." "1445, to carry an iron image with chains six pounds heavy on bare body under the usual clothes as a sacrifice." "1510, an iron ring on the neck as St. Leonhard's obligation to wear all her life." "1434, one iron scale." "1512, an iron ear." "1601, a whole year to wear a ring around the neck, and to have the sign proclaimed." "1422, iron." "1511, iron ring." "1512, an iron hand, a iron ring, as St. Leonhard's prisoner, his life day around the neck, on hands and feet but a whole year to wear." "1512, an iron house." "1509, Horseshoes." "1570, iron barn." "1513, an iron ring on the neck his as St. Leonhard's goodwill and obligation prisoner to wear all his life time." "1511, iron Schynnn to beg." "1410, iron belt and pants." "1428, iron image." "1510, iron underpants."

These few examples explain the masses of wrought-iron offerings of the pilgrims, which are kept in Leonhardskirchen. Such sacrificial objects are now rarely forged, but a kind of loan system takes the place of the original sacrifice. From the hundreds of forged animals, which for example the Leonhardskirche of Ganacker has, each pilgrim now chooses so many pieces at the church door for a small silver coin, which is thrown into the offering box. With the so released wrought-iron oxen, cows, horses etc. in the hat he walks around the altar three times during the offering and throws these pieces into the box which stands behind the altar. From there the sacristan fetches new supplies to his position at the church door when the need arises.

At St. Leonhard's church trips it is always high and colorful and yet

forty to fifty years ago it is said to have been incomparably more grandiose. These church trips are held on the "Lienhard days", which are the first three Sundays of July, and the whole month is often called "in the Lienhard days".

The "Lienhard wagons" with the colorful "Lienhard chests" arrive with the array of the most accomplished peasant splendor and often thirty to forty of them rattle around the Leonhard churches in threes, whereby the horse-drawn steersmen show their best art, and their female relatives, who sit on the Lienhard chests, admire their best finery.

A legend tells:

On a Leonhardsfeste drove the "Kammerloherbauer with his housemates on completely new Leonhardswagen to Reichersdorf near Miesbach. When he, according to custom, wanted to drive three times around the church, suddenly the four stately and richly harnessed horses could no longer move the wagon. The Kaminerloher handed over the reins to his head servant, got off the wagon, took the axe hanging between the rear wheels, went around the mounts three times and said, "Now I ask you if you will let me drive?" But the wagon stopped. It is customary for wainwrights to make a cross in the first spoke they insert into a new wheel. The chamberlain cut one of the crossed spokes with the axe; at the moment the horses pulled up, the wagon went forward; but in the midst of the crowd the cry of an old tailoress was heard, whose leg had suddenly been broken off. -

In Aigen, too, there is a famous pilgrimage church of St. Leonhard (dialect: Lean-herd), which attracts many hundreds of pilgrims from the Innviertel and the Rottal during the Lienhard days. In former times the pilgrims brought live geese, chickens and ducks, carried them three times around the altar and then let them run through an oval window of the church wall as an offering into a specially built stable in front of the church. Today this hole is walled up.³ They also brought all their horses

(3) In a church in Styria - I can't remember which one - there was such an oval peephole in the churchyard wall, through which the horse's head was put after the third ride in order to protect it from disease and epidemic. This reminds me of old horse sacrifices.

and both men and women rode around the church three times. Often the crowd was so great that the churchyard surrounding the church could not hold the devotees, so that some of them had to ride around outside the churchyard wall and throw their wrought-iron votive images over the churchyard wall during this ride. It is said that one cannot make a spade cut in the churchyard without coming across such votive pieces. Behind the high altar hang chains, tires, horse bits, keys, hand and foot cuffs, scythes, plowshares, horseshoes, horse feet, all of iron and of supernatural size.

In the past, there was also a heavy iron chain in the church, which the churchgoers lifted or tried to lift; however, it was taken away because the constant clattering disturbed the service too much. On one wall of the church there is a picture of St. Leonard trying to make sense of the chain. The saint stands in the clouds and holds in each hand the end of a long chain, which descends to the earth and embraces numerous praying people including priests and nobles.

In a wooden hut of the churchyard, however, the Leonhard nails or blocks are housed; this hut is called the Wiirdinger hut. In it the following iron nails are placed:

1. the worthy (Wirtinger, Wiirdinger). It is the headless torso of a harnessed man cast of iron, with hands folded in prayer; it is 19 ¹/₂ inches high, 14 inches wide, and weighs 220 pounds. The broken bearded head with the iron hood, 12 inches high and weighing 60 pounds, lies with it.

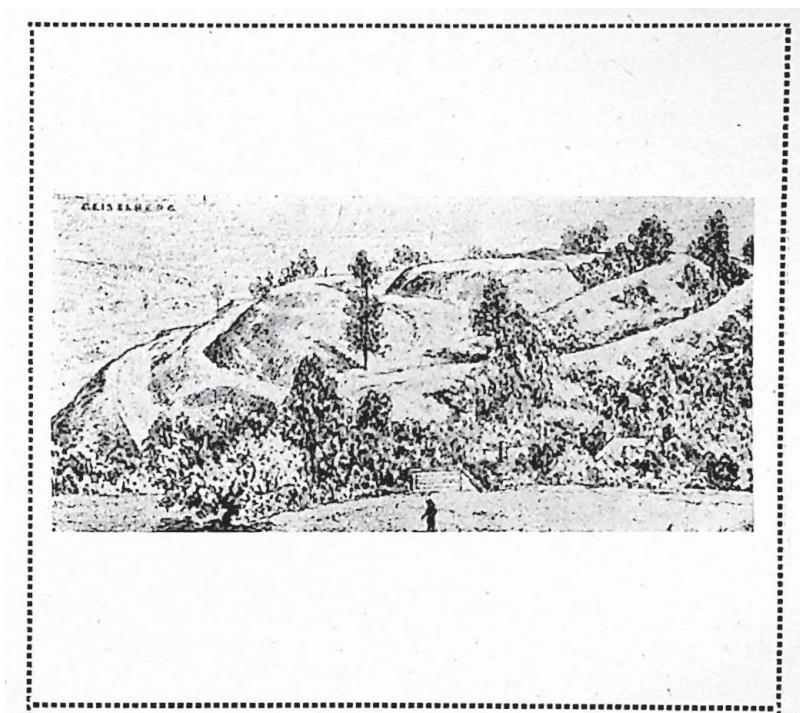
2. the man's leonhard (Manalean'l), also Raunagel, is a torso without head, arms and feet, 16 inches high, 6 inches wide, made of wrought iron.

3. the Weiberleonhard (Weibalean'l), 19 inches high, 8 inches wide and weighing 80 pounds, made of wrought iron.

4. the Kolmandl, 20 inches high, 9 inches wide, forged.

5. the Fatschenkind, 20 inches high, 5 inches wide, forged.

Once the pilgrims have gone around the church three times with prayer, men and women, whether old or young, gather at the Wiirdinger Hütte to try their hand at a "Lean'ln". They try to lift them, to throw

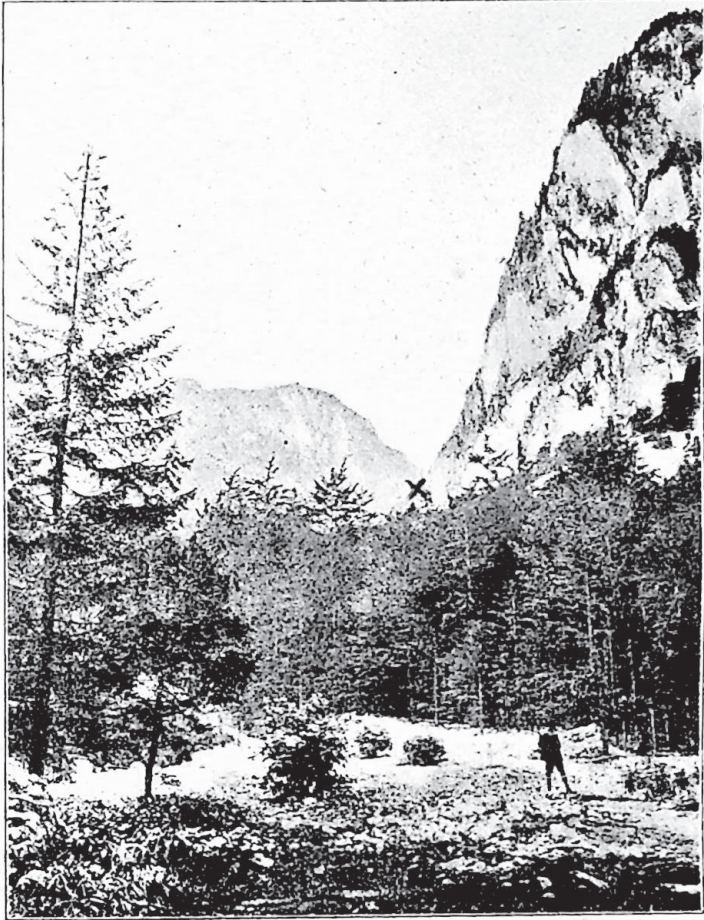


Illus. 72. See page 96. The Geiselberg, a gigantic local mountain with its three ring ramparts in Lower Austria. (After a drawing by Ignaz Spöttl.)

them over their heads and backs; but hardly anyone is able to pass the worthy among hundreds! Many a one says: - "I have often carried a sack of grain, weighing three hundredweight, up the stairs, but I want to master these little things! But now the worthy man proves his gravity: the wicked man does not bring him to his knees; he may blow as much as he likes! "You can't throw him!" the bystanders call to him with a sneer; "you are not yet clean of sins!" Ashamed, he "leaves the hut and perhaps his conscience forces him to confess what he has concealed. Now a Rottaler enters the hut, a sturdy, strong-boned codger. As if mocking, he looks over the little men on whom the weak are struggling. His scrutinizing gaze clings to the worthy one. Now he touches him below, with both hands. But these are also after it. With shuddering horror, one thinks that no grass will grow for a long time on the back that these fists blister at the next fairground scuffle. With a powerful jerk, he has swung the dignitary onto his knee, then he clutches it in the middle and pushes it onto his chest. Silently, with reverent looks, the circle of admirers stands around; one hears only the working of the lungs of the mighty one. Now he has it on his armpit and now he pushes the worthy onto his neck and now he makes a jerk and the worthy flies out in a wide arc and burrows into the ground with a dull thud. Astonishment all around. The giant repeats his feat of strength several more times.

It was said that some of the strongest men had managed to lift and throw the worthy man fifteen to twenty times in this way; but no one had yet been able to accomplish what a Rottaler had succeeded in doing about 250 years ago. At that time the worthy still had his head in the right place and therefore weighed a full 280 pounds. An over-strong woman carried him up the church tower, from where she hurled him down with such force that the poor worthy lost his head. Now it lies beside him in the sand.

These Leonhard's nails used to be in the church itself until the beginning of the 19th century, when an attempt was made to shut down this original service. The worthy one was hidden under a bridge, from where the others also disappeared. Later, when the bridge was rebuilt, the



Illus. 73: See page 385: Scenery from the Große Höllental. At the spot marked with an X, the author fell on May 8, 1871, and then had a chain path built at his own expense, which was opened on June 21, 1871 as the "Guido List Climb".

Wirdinger reappeared and soon his companions, who in the meantime had performed the unworthy service of herb weights for farmers, were dressed again. Although the church was and remained closed to them, they had solemnly entered the Wirdinger hut.

Also other Leonhard churches have similar "Lean'ln". Everywhere the legends of carrying away the "Leonhardsnägel" occur; they were buried, thrown into wells, swamps, eddies, hedges, carried far, but they always returned.

The main features of the founding legends are almost the same everywhere; prisoners are freed from the greatest need and build the church. Often the people think that in a Leonhard church or its churchyard the saint "rests", i.e. lies buried; so in Ganacker and presumably also in the St. Leonhard church near Oberburg, where the monastic brother, who died there in exile, may well have sprung from such popular belief.

Now we know, however, that the throwing of these Leonhard iron blocks was an ancient Germanic custom.

In the Nibelungenlied it says:

*"Then she (Brunhilde) hurried, and her courage was fierce;
The stone she lifted high, the beautiful maiden well,
And swung it with all her might, far away from her,
That from Lord Gunther's sword each began to wonder.
The stone was hurled by her twelve fathoms away,
And yet the well-bred maiden jumped over it."*

And just as here - like the strong Rottalerin - Brunhilde threw the stone, so the strong Duke Christoph of Bavaria hurled the large Lydian stone, which is still on display in the royal residence in Munich. The memorial plaque announces:

*"When after Christ's birth was counted,
Fourteen hundred and ninety years,
Duke Christoph was born,*

*A hero chosen for the better,
A stone from the free earth he did heave,
And threw it far without a foe.
Weighing three hundred four and sixty pounds,
The stone and the writing bear witness to this."*

The second panel gives an account of the duke's high jump.

But still other highly significant features, which point to a high age of the Leonhard customs, are to be emphasized. The image of the saint served the pilgrims not only to rehearse their strength - for originally every Leonhard's block was such, at least symbolically. They carried it in processions from one village to another or often themselves, sliding on their knees, laboriously around the church. They sank it into streams and other hidden places, but it always came to light again by virtue of its higher nature, where it was then solemnly brought back to the church. The threefold driving around, riding around, walking around or even the threefold sliding around on the knees is an old Germanic custom. One of the blocks in Aigen is called "Raunagel" and "Leonhardsnagel" was the name of the block or the image of this saint in Inchenhofen. Also the church of Leonhard in Bittenwiesen had an image weighing about 80 pounds, called "Leonhardsnagel". In place names, however, Wirting occurs as well as Nagel. The former means vortex, to which the legend of Aigen fits very well, according to which the first Leonhardsklotz of wood floated around in an Inn vortex. Perhaps the name Wirtinger is to be derived from it and not from the term of the dignity.

In the Fichtelgebirge, however, one says that the two villages Nagel and Reichenbach are the devil's Leibgeding, which Satan therefore also claimed when he tempted Christ and promised him the world if he worshipped him. A golden chain is wrapped around the Nagelberg in Middle Franconia, which is inhabited by mountain people. This, like the red silk thread with which Caurin's and Chrimhilden's rose gardens are enclosed, lead back to the chain which entwines the Leonhard churches. Particularly clear is the pull to the Wuotanstum at the Brixen church, as

was already mentioned above. The saint now wraps this chain around his congregation, as the picture in the church at Aigen tries to show. This means that the saint frees from illnesses, ailments, even imprisonment, if the person concerned voluntarily enters his captivity. Such a prisoner then voluntarily wears a ring around his neck, body, arms and feet instead of chains, for a time determined by the vow. An often recurring vow formula is: "To wear a ring around the neck for the rest of his life, as a St. Leonhard prisoner of good will and obligation". Such a ring is nothing less than a neck iron, as it was forged on prisoners, only it lacked the chains, which, however, were hung up in the church as a votive offering. "To beg all in all" and "to have the sign proclaimed" are often recurring extensions of the vow formulas. From this sprang the superstition of the so-called gout rings. In order to drive away the gout, an iron finger ring must be made, the cost of which must be begged, but no thanks may be given to the giver, because the begged has to hand over the gift "for God's sake".

These "iron rings", which play such an important role here, go back, however, deeply into the Germanic antiquity. Cornelius Tacitus says in his "Germania", II, 31.: "A custom, to which the bravery only got entrance with individual other Germanic peoples, is generally accepted with the Chatten. It consists in the fact that from their first manhood they let their hair and beard grow and do not discard this wild appearance, to which they commit themselves by a vow of bravery, until they have killed an enemy. Over blood and booty they unveil the face; only then do they believe to have won the prize of birth, to be worthy of their fatherland, of their parents. Cowardly and unwarlike remain the feral face. Moreover, each of the bravest wears an iron ring, a sign of shame to this people, as a shackle, as it were, until he has freed himself from it by slaying an enemy. This custom is popular with most of the Chatti. They gray in this distinction, and are thereby at once known to foe and friend."

The wearing and taking off of this iron ring, which symbolically resembles a fetter, was therefore already in "Tacitus' times a custom of the Teutons bound to vows. And such a vow was in the age of the Wuotans

cult completely equal to a Christian vow of today. Then, as now, the vow is a contract entered into with the deity, concluded with religious solemnity, which had to be paid off like a debt with the greatest conscientiousness.

Yes even the origin of the iron finger rings brings the old god's teachings with fetters, even if not directly in connection. Prometheus had to wear an iron finger ring as a sign of shame of the suffered punishment. The gem was cut from the rock to which he had been bound.

But also the hanging up of the chains of those who are released from their imprisonment finds its counterpart in the grayest antiquity.

Pausanias offers a surprising passage for comparison: "On the castle of the Phliasians there is a cypress grove (thus a forest, which is peculiar to all Leonhard churches) and a highly sacred temple from ancient times. The goddess to whom this temple is dedicated is called Ganymeda by the oldest Phliasians, and Hebe by the younger ones - this goddess is held in high honor by the Phliasians, but in the highest honor because those who implore her for protection obtain impunity, whatever their crime may be. Prisoners released from bonds hang the fetters on the trees of the grove as a sacrificial gift."

Herodotus offers a still far older, more venerable testimony. He relates that the Lacedaemonians, misled by an oracle, had invaded Tegea and, full of confidence of victory, had immediately taken the chains with them to bind the Tegeates to be ensnared. But things turned out differently than the Lacedaemonians expected. They were defeated and the surviving captured Lacedaemonians were now beaten by the Tegeates into the shackles they had brought with them.

"These very shackles" - Herodotus reports - "were still well preserved in my time in Tegea, where they hung all around the temple of Athena Aiea".

Still Pausanias reports that he saw these fetters, "as far as the rust did not consume them", at the temple of Athena.

As already thought, according to the legend, the first Leonhard's image at Aigen had been a black wooden block, which had floated in the

whirlpool of the Inn and had been pulled ashore by a fisherman. That sounds really Wuotanistic! Equally wuotanistic, however, is the peculiarity of the blocks, which may be carried away and hidden wherever and however, but always return to the church.

Whirlpools and rapids were considered to be the dwellings of the highest gods, and even today popular belief fills the Danube cataracts with mermaids and water sprites, and it is especially the Danube whirlpool that tolerates nothing unholy. Only virgins or women were allowed to sail it, fallen girls had to leave the ship; that was *Fergensatzung* on the Danube. But it is also known of many highly venerated images of saints that they did not want to leave their favorite place on a tree or rock and always returned there, no matter how often they were taken to a neighboring church. Often they did not even tolerate that one builds a chapel or even only a shelter over them; they wanted to stand in free Godly nature, blown around by resin-scented forest coolness.⁴

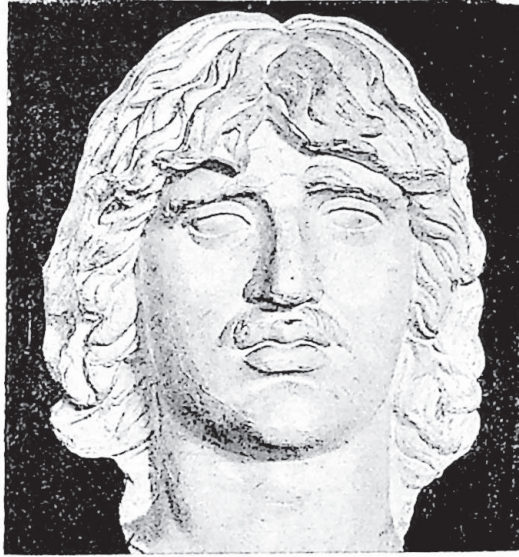
Yes, that is really Wuotanistic-Germanic! Tacitus says in his "Germania", I., 9.: "Incidentally, it does not correspond to the Germanic view of the majesty of the celestials to imprison them between walls or to make images of them with human features. Forests and groves are their temples, and under the names of their gods they invoke that inscrutable power which reveals itself to them only in worship."

That St. Leonhard must have become known to our ancestors at the time of the Christianization of the Germanic tribes, or very soon thereafter, is proven by these strange memories of pagan sacrificial service in the cult of this saint.

If it is now found that St. Leonhard took the place of a Germanic deity, that therefore the old Leonhard churches rose from the sanctuaries of just this deity, then only the question remains, to which of the old gods this former "pagan church" was dedicated.

Here, too, the conscientious Tacitus guides us in his "Germania", II,

(4) For example, the "great saint" (St. Zeno) at Mauer near Melk does not tolerate a protective roof; as often as one was built over the statue, the next night the storm threw it over the pile. Compare with these customs and opinions also what was said on page 53 about the animated healing stones.



*Illus. 74: Ancient portrait bust of a Germanic man
(Arminius?) in the British Museum. (From the cliché collection of
Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels.)*

39: "Another kind of reverence is shown to this (by the ancestors' sacrifice and awe-inspiring age sacred) grove. No one enters it other than bound, as a sign of submission to the deities' omnipotence. If someone falls to the ground, he must neither get up nor allow himself to get up; on the ground he must roll out. All these customs are based on the assumption that here is the cradle of the people, here is the all-controlling God, to whom everything else is dependent and submissive.

Thus, the fetters were a main symbol of the worship of the highest god, whereby every other god figure seems to be excluded from the beginning, if it is necessary to answer the question, to which of the Aesir those healing places were consecrated, above which the St. Leonhard churches rise today.

But not enough of that; also the iron arm ring of the Hagestalden points to Wuotan. As the Hechs were the earthly counterpart of the Valkyries, so the Hagestalde was the mirror image of the heavenly Einheriar, Wuotan's closest drinking companions in Valhalla's mead hall. The horse, like the holy well connected with it, all, all other protectorates of St. Leonhard point back from the house father of Walhall, to the god-king Wuotan "to the all-ruling god, to whom everything else is dependent and subject".

But also the Ur-Germanic ordeal (proving of innocence by a trying experience, from Old English *ordal*) has been preserved by the lifting and throwing of Leonhard's nails; because throwing and jumping was an ordeal: after all, throwing and jumping decided on the bridehood of Brunhild.

Thus we may recognize in each of the old St. Leonard's churches a former Odinic holy place. We may approach those doubly sacred forest churches with reverence, for they are venerable witnesses of those misty times in which Hari-Wuotan's mysterious slogan "Eternal cycle, eternal rebirth!" still murmured through the leafy clouds of his highly sacred Hainhalgadam.

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

On the Iron Road¹

Few of the many who daily roll along the iron road to the south² should be aware that one and a half millennia ago the same iron road was also rode, but in a different sense by our forefathers for the journey to Rome through its iron belt. At that time, the armies of the nations did not roll along on iron rails; they carried the iron in their fists and called it a sword.

Today, travel is different.

With the modern travel devices, which facilitate travel so much, even devalue it, so that one begins to regard the raced-through area, the countryside, only as a splendid illustrated picture, which one leafs through like a pretty magazine, in order to then push it aside unread - with these modern travel devices the journey, for its own sake, has lost an infinite amount of attraction and value.

Countries have moved closer together, roads have become shorter. The sights of the tourists are carefully spread out on the broadly trodden path; indeed, the traveler no more notices the finer shades, the inconspicuous gradations and transitions from the peculiarity of one people to the special development of another; he now simply overlooks

(1) First published: Leipzig. Daheim, April 28, 1880; Vienna, Deutsche Zeitung, March 18, 1885, and elsewhere.

(2) This refers to the southern railway line from Vienna to Italy.

the once significant resting points of the journey, and unheeded they flit past the carriage window, a different one every quarter of an hour.

In the times of the Posthorn, it was different, and at that time there were still those who, like Johann Gottfried Seume, walked from Grimma to Syracuse by pedes apostolorum. One of the most interesting phenomena, however, lost to the steam-winged traveler, are the national and linguistic borders which rarely or never coincide with the political borders of the country. These striking phenomena, however, forced the traveler of the old school - if he had otherwise-normally constructed thinking tools, which were not granted to everyone at that time - necessarily to ask a question, the answer to which shall be attempted here.

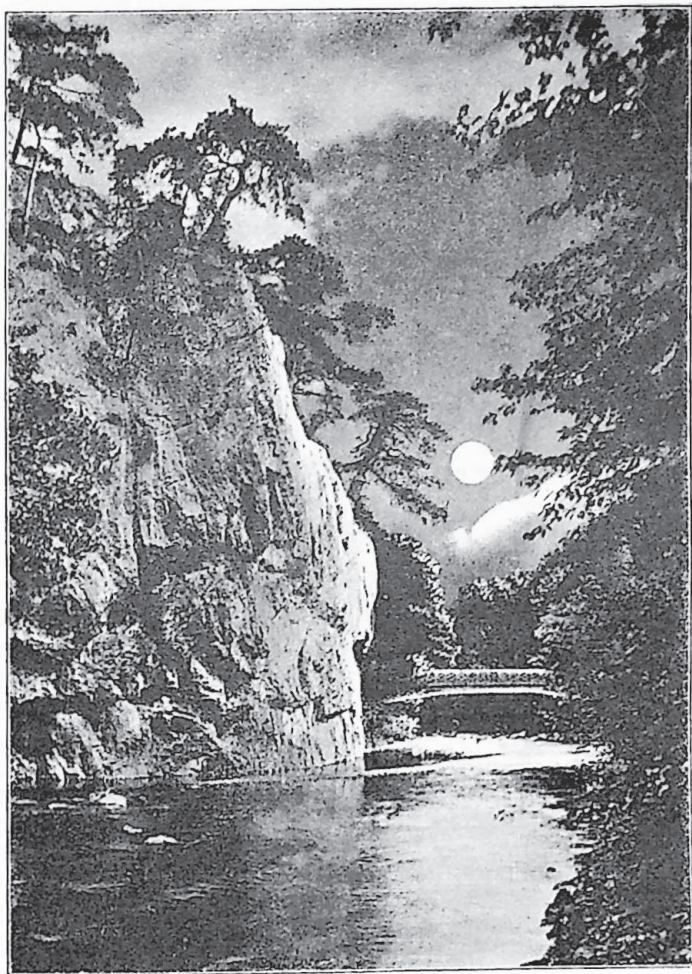
The living language, regardless of its sound, is an eternally flowing stream, splitting into countless arms of dialects, which are only with difficulty preserved by the dam of the written language in a halfway similar sound. There it rushes over cliffs, there it glides calmly and clearly through blooming meadows, here the floods are transparent like reflecting crystal, at another place again turbidly interspersed with foreign components, waiting for clarification; there the linguistic stream runs even two-colored in one bed, although the demarcation is not a sharp one, because the searching eye recognizes small eddies and frictions at the colorful border, which seem to mix both shades.

So also at the border of the German and Italian tongues.

This, once far down in the south, where Dietrich, the legendary Bernese, was its valiant border guard, is today moving ever more threateningly to the north, and it almost seems as if the Brenner were destined to be the landmark of the language border in the future: favored by un-German Roman priests and un-German unpatriotic authorities, who fanatically encourage the ever more widespread adulteration of the beautiful Etschland.

One example for many:

During the construction of the Brenner Railway, the name of the station in Bolzano was painted in Italian on the fronts and gables of the station building, and despite all the objections, despite the indignation of



Illus. 75 The Urtelstein (Urdastein) in the Helenental near Baden. See p. 328.

the purely German population of Bolzano, it was deemed good not to pay attention to them.

Then, one fine day, the sun shone golden and clear over the laughter-friendly Bolzano, the dolomite jaggedness of the Schlern shone in the rosy inks and King Laurin's rose garden blossomed in the fieriest ether scent. Did we hear right? Was this not the roll of drums? - And there that crowd of men with flying flags coming out of the city - are the Bersaglieri in the procession? - Down here in the valley, out of the red of the iron, shall blood roses spring from the sand and redden it, as up there the cliff reddens in the reflection of King Laurin's roses! -

But no! - They are already close enough to judge that they are weaponless, and yet - what's with the getup? They carry ladders and on a festively decorated litter, painters ride and in the middle of it a giant pot full of black paint. Now the station building is reached. The ladders are put on, in full chords resounds: "Was ist das deutschen Vaterland?" and while the song fades away, also on all sides the name "BOLZANO" has disappeared and in fresh color shines in the same place the good German: "BOZEN" - and still today, after more than twenty years the German city name can be read there.

With her kindest radiance, the giver of all light transfigured this boyishly manly action of the gymnasts of Bolzano, for it was these splendid boys who dared to make up with courageous action for the wrong done to the German Bozen.

After a strong roll of drums, hurrahs and heilos, fresh, cheerful songs resounded once again, the gymnastic squads arranged themselves, again the banners flew, again the bearers of the ladders and the color pots followed them, and the procession duly moved back to the German Bozen.

This is what the German gymnasts of the Bozen did! -

Further down south, one hears strangely constructed words, e.g.: *il Vagerle, il Tragerle*, instead of *der Wagen, der Träger*, and the like; these are the easily explainable "frictions and eddies" that form at the language border. -

And this is only the beginning! For now the lost posts of the Germanic troops on the army road to the Germanic grave we call Italia chase each other as one flies by. Now the railroad train roars through a rugged and thorny rocky cleft and it sounds almost legendary that the old German name "Bernerklause" is still loosely attached to it, although it can also be called "Clusa di Verona" - Veroneser Klause.

Now the train stops in front of the good old Bern, the former stronghold of the strong-armed Ostrogoth Theodoric, of the famous Dietrich of Bern. The mythical figures of warriors dawn before our inner eye, but these wonderful images are dispelled like an evil incantation by the conductor's call, who yells into the open door of the carriage: "Verona! Porta vescova!"

But how differently this happened on an earlier trip, according to the ways of traveling scholars! At that time, the railroad was left on the right or on the left, as the case may be, and the road was happily traveled on foot or on horseback, depending on one's mood and needs.

I had already thought that my beloved German was behind my heels, when in the middle of this spoiled country German sounds unexpectedly struck my ears again, spoken in German villages, surrounded by the foreign idiom - like a forgotten island in the ocean. - It sounded full and rough, this German, to some it might hardly appear as such, who were used to respect only our school German for real German, but these full vowels sounded strange, as if they came from a distant century.

How pleasantly surprising it was to come across larger areas deep down in the Etsch Valley, as well as in its eastern side valleys, where the German tongue still sounds and where German place names, even if already partially withered, easily betray the German word core. And this latter even in today already completely italicized communities, far southward of the today assumed border of the German language. These are really and truly forgotten outposts of Germanism along the highway of peoples to Rome, to the spacious Germanic grave - Italia.

Noteworthy is the distribution of these Germanic language islands "in the middle of the Italian language area at the lower Adige near

"Trident" and "Rovereuth" and the eastern valleys, where they enclose a large area of pure German tongue - the sette comuni - but everywhere isolated, fully justifying the designation "German language islands".

At that time we took the road from Trento eastward, leaving the Adige Valley, through the "Vai Fersina" over a rocky pass into the "Vai Sugana" flooded by the "Brenta" to "Venice". The wonderfully wild rocky valley, where the road runs over long, mighty stone embankments along the broken rocky cliffs, partly blasted into them, awakens all the magic of the heroic legends with its proud majesty and remote wilderness solitude. So we drove along those paths to Feltre, the old Fritila castle³, and the figures of the Vilcina legend surrounded us like the buzzing of ghosts.

Here, where every stone, every castle rubble offers testimony, here the simple, rough language of the heroic legend has a doubly invigorating effect on the formative thinking power of a poetically feeling mind. From all outlooking points the castle ruins greet down, reminding how these roads trembled in earlier times under the hooves of heavy war horses and how those rock cliffs which today at the most return the post horn sound in the echo call, once thunderously threw around the horn blasts of the men's-territorial army.

Yes, Dietleib the Dane took this road when he was looking for Dietrich the Bernese in Venice. The Vilcina legend tells this train literally as follows:

"The legend goes, how Dietleib on the way to Bern (Verona) learned that Dietrich was riding to Rome to the king Ermanrich, who was his Ohm. However, he wanted to meet Dietrich on the way himself and therefore explored the next way to Venice. But Gotzswin, who knew the way, told him: "This way is shorter, because Dietrich will hardly go straight to Rome, because I was told that he wants to make a detour east to the sea to Venice and stay there for several days before he rides south. And when you come to "Tridentsthal", halfway to "Trident" (Trento) itself, leave the road that leads to Bern and ride eastward through the

(3) See: "The Venusberg near Traismauer", page 233.



*Illus. 76: Ancient marble bust of a Germanic woman.
(Thusnelda?) (Logia dei Lanzi, Florence. From the cliché
collection of Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels.)*

gorge (today the Fersina Valley), which you will see open before you. And if you come now in the east to the sea, then certainly every child will tell you where Heer Dietrich is."

The legend then says of the further journey of the Dane Dietleib: "He then came to a castle, and this was called Fritilaburg (today Feltre)."

And this was Fritilaburg! Here, in the middle of the Italian country, a castle of the fair German Freya! The pen can hardly glide over this name without reminding us again of the noble Tannhauser and telling us what wonders he did with Frau Venusinnen. But these sheets have already reported about this in another place.

And all around, what a splendor of memories!

If one explores the names of those crumbling castles, one will find the name of some of them forgotten by the people, but in the case of some others it will be easy to extract the German core from the Italian-sounding shell. Thus, "Pergine", which proudly dominates a respectable market on the top of the pass, can easily be traced back to the German "Bergen" or "Perghin". Further on we meet the castle "Hohentelfs" or "Torcegno", the ruins of the castle "Telfs" (Telvana)" and after a further hike we reach "Grigno", the old German "Griegn", where from the north the wild Tessino gorge opens, from which the "Grigno" gushes out.

Germans can be found all along the valley, although - unfortunately - the younger generation prefers Italian, and this continues until Feltre, the old "Fritilaburg" of the Bernese. Near "Primolano", in a moderately large cave, there are the ruins of the ancient castle "Kosel", today changed into "Covelo". This was one of those defended caves, like Lueg in Kram, Chalons in southern Styria, like Klamm and Wollersdorf in Lower Austria.

However, according to the map of the famous Tyrolean farmer Peter Anich we can further complement that scanty yield.

Other maps from the Middle Ages, which depict these areas, can be used for comparison; they provide important hints in the direction indicated. Particularly noteworthy are also the maps of the famous naturalist and historian, the Viennese physician Wolfgang Lazius, two of

which are included in this book after the edition of Johann Amos Comenius. (1514-1565.) Peter Anich's map lists no less than fourteen German castle names between Trento and Kofel, starting with Trento: "Sergnan", "Puel", (Bühel, hill), "Formasch", "Grüll", "Mala", "Bergen", "Selva", two castles named "Marter", "Telfs", "Hohentelfs", "Striegn", "Griegn" and "Kofel".

In the valley of the Fersina, even before crossing the Joch height towards Vai Sugana, we still find German place names such as "Puel", "Raut", "Erlach", "Rieslach" (Risolengo), "Grüll",

"Lafraun" and "Gareut" (Friassilongo). In Gareut we stopped for a rest day in the "German House" - how pleasant this name sounded on this forgotten - peoples army road! The innkeeper of the "German House", Mr. Dominikus Holzer, is one of those rare innkeepers who knows what interests their guests. He will give a reasonable answer to anyone who asks him questions in the sense of this book and will know how to give important hints according to the direction of research, which should be mentioned here in particular.

Such "fathers of their guests" are unfortunately also becoming rarer and rarer in the age of round trip tickets and find themselves replaced by the foppish befrackten waiters and the hoteliers going like Grand-Seigneurs very meaningless. This only so incidentally. -

Exactly the same appearance can be seen in the valleys that run eastward from Rovereto, the old "Rovereuth", Vai Terragnuola and Vai Arsa.

In the Adige Valley itself, however, there is still the pure German mountain village of Folgern (Folgaria).

All these places mentioned so far may be considered as the first group of German language islands.

The second, larger one is situated on the left bank of the upper Brenta and are its German speaking communities: "Torcegno", "Vignola", "Roncegno" and "Roveda", which are related to the German speaking villages of the Vai Sugana.

The largest of all, the "sette comuni", with 30,000 souls, is made up

of thirteen villages and is located between Vai Sugana and Vai Arsa.

So how do these three large German language islands explain themselves?

They consider themselves "Cimbri", call their language therefore also the "Cimbrian language" and derive themselves from the remains of the Cimbri invasion blasted by Marius, in 13 before Christ. The map of Lazijs becomes more significant for the present study because it contains the following inscriptions near the "sette comuni": "Aquea sextiae ad quas Marius Cos. Cymbros Tentones vicit." Schmeller, the famous Bavarian researcher, however, considers them to be Alemanni, who probably settled here after the battle of Tolpiacum. I do not want to profess either opinion, but I do think that they are remnants of the Goths, who gathered here more densely in order to have the Brenner road, which branches out strongly here, always in safe hands, in order not to be cut off from the native people, in order to always be able to rely on fresh influxes from them and to always remain in contact with them. The influence that the migrated peoples still exerted on their homeland is frequently mentioned in history, among others in the Vita Santi Severini, which reports the same thing about Odovakar.

The times of Theodoric (Dietrich of Bern) and Odovakar were the times when the Brenner road was secured by an important military force and this military force kept faithful watch through the times of the migration of peoples, it kept the Roman road open for the Frankish king Charles and later for the Ottonians and Hohenstaufens through German blood and with German swordplay; it remained on its castle guard until today, when it sank to a - forgotten guard post.

The "Cimbri" of the three large Germanic language islands are the remains of old Germanic settlements as passport posts, in order to keep the mouths of the Alpine passes on Italian soil always open to the Germanic mother country in the back, which meaning and purpose they had to fulfill still in the Middle Ages. They are the Germanic remnants of the old Germanic margraviate "Bern" (Verona) and were called "Cenomani", namely: fighting men. (Dietrich of Bern, Hilbedrand,



Abb. 77. Siehe Seite 384. Geschichte und Sage.
(Nach einer Zeichnung von J. Langt.)

Illus. 77. see page 321, History and Legend. (After a drawing by J. Langt.)

Hadubrand, Wolfbrand etc.)- That it must not have been a temporary Germanic settlement, which at best had remained there by chance during a military campaign, but a settlement founded on a permanent existence, is proven by the place-naming of their administration and school places, whereby a systematically initiated and firmly founded land seizure is attested, which even a thousand-year neglect on the part of their German mother country was not able to destroy. The place of administration of the "seven communities" was "Asiago" - a purely German, not Italian name! - which as: "asi" = champion, support, carrier (Äsen) and "ago" = move, act, clearly points to the "acting champion", who had their seat there. - In the "thirteen communes" we find "velo", "saline" and "salva di progno". Velo resolves in "vel" = "uel" = "ul" or "ol" = spirit, knowledge, and "lo" = place, thus: place of knowledge, namely the place where knowledge was cultivated, where the school (sa-ule = seat of the spirit, knowledge) existed. - "Saline": "sal" = salvation; "ine" = ini = men; thus: salvation or ar-men. - "Selva" (di Progno): "sei" = sal = salvation, and "va" = fa = begetting; thus, "salvation". And in San Bartholomeo tedesco is likewise still the name "Bartel" (bar= life; tel = part, earth) = earthly life, thus the administration of civil affairs, hidden meaning. - As epithet of Wuotan, however, Bartel esoterically hides the "begetting from the Urfyr", thus "the highest governing God."

But the most significant is the folk name "Cimbri", which the inhabitants of this linguistic island attached to themselves and which caused so many headaches to the "scholars". They overlooked that it is not a real people's name at all and is not connected with any of the Germanic people's names in linguistic history, but originated independently and simply means "germ formation" ("kim" = germ (keim), and "bern" = to give birth (gebären), to come into being), thus designating them as the germ bearers of a (Germanic) people transplanted there, whose destiny it was to grow stronger to become the powerful border people of the German empire, to shield, protect and defend it.

The fact that all this and they themselves could be forgotten does not give the truest and noblest of German power and German honor the

highest glory.

Three rivers showed the Germans the ways to world domination; the "free German Rhine" across the ocean, the "blue Danube" - the well-known "Nibelungenstrasse" to the east and the German Etsch provided the merry armies a journey to the sunny south, to Rome and further to Carthage and to the Canary Islands, where the people of the Wantschen were found as remains of the Vandals, like the inhabitants of the "sette communi" as remains of the Goths and Quades.

Hierarchy and bureaucracy have fanatically promoted and almost achieved Italianization even here in the small mountainous country between the Brenta and the Astico. And the German idiom of the old Germanic "Wegwarten", forgotten by the German people, has been abandoned to drift away. Nevertheless, at this point a small literary monument may be erected to those tribal brothers on the Brenta's borders, from the days of the extinction of the German lute in the spacious Germanic grave - Italy. -

That literary monument, however, is the obituary of the nineteen-year-old daughter of the mayor of Asiago or in Cimbrian - "Siege", the main town of the "sette communi", who died on July 13, 1890.

This obituary now, printed in large folio format with hand-width black margins, is written in "Cimbrian" but with Italian translation. The original text is as follows:

"Hennesle, Libe Tochter von Kav. Jäkel vun Rigen un Ludet von Müllarn, nochent geentet neuzen Jahr in Morgant vun dreizenen Hobiot tausend achthundert und neünzk stirbe. Vorborgenes schmechtegez Genzele, Plümle vor minsche gebracht in vrömeda Hearda in beelz Vater und Mutter ligen iar Ehlar — iar Trost — iar Gadingen vluterte in Hümmele sin oanegez un selegez Lant. O guta — o linne o dorpamega Tochter boatan dizzan armez Fant af din Grab lödeg ableget din Vater-Ksell.

Siege in 14. Hobiot 1890.

J. Dr. v. Bischovarn

In literal translation into our High German, this touching obituary reads:

"Hannchen, dear daughter of the cavalier Jakob von Riegen and Lucie von Müllarn, died in her unfinished 19th year in the morning of the 13th of July, 1890. Hidden, fragrant Priemelchen, Blümlein, for a short time brought to foreign soil, in which father and mother put their honor, their comfort and their hope, she flew to heaven, her only, blessed fatherland. O good, O beautiful, O merciful daughter, weeping and sorrowful we lay this poor pledge on thy grave - your father's friend (Gesell) J. Dr. v. Bischovarn. - Siege, July 14, 1890."

That these islands of Germanism on the southern Adige River date back to the days of the Migration of Nations, or rather to the days of Rome's decline, is undoubted. The powerful Longobard Empire and the "mighty Bavaria" held not only Upper Italy, but also Aquileia and Friuli in safe guard. And therefore it was not easy for the Frankish king to establish his marks also in Upper Italy and Friuli, that is, to stamp already existing things as Frankish institutions, because he did not establish those marks, he only found them.

Already the migratory peoples of the Germans built along the Roman roads to Italy fixed places with weapons factories, horse breeding and other precautions for permanent possession of the Roman roads. Thus, the German "Gottschee" in Carniola is just such a remnant of a Gothic "Wegwarte", as the name still says today. And other similar "Wegwarten" can be found along the Roman roads.

These ancient German protections of the "people's roads", into which the old Roman roads had now been transformed, the Germans held firmly in their strong hand and did not allow themselves to be wrested from them, even when the imperial sword had fallen from the powerless Carolingians. Under the Ottonians it became significant again, since under them a new period in German Roman travel began. Today, when the time of the erroneously conceived and erroneously named migration of nations has found its correct interpretation, no one would seriously



Illus. 78. see page 464. the "Pagan's Gate" on the ruined field of Carnuntum. (Hand drawing from the author's

want to place the birth of those German-speaking communities in this period.

Of the four Roman roads that led across the Alps, only three had strategic importance for the German migratory peoples as well as for Germany itself, both pre- and post-Carolingian.

The first one went from Vianomina (Vienna) and Juvavia (Salzburg), via Virnum (Klagenfurt), crossing the Praedil and the Karst, to Aquileia.

The second ran from Augsburg over the Brenner Pass through the Adige Valley.

The third, finally, went from Chur over the Splügen to Lake Tomo⁴.

The German kings, of course, were very keen to know that these three roads were always in strict guard, and already the *Vilcina* legend tells of the battles over passes and bridges, which all revolve around these roads, namely around the Brenner road. The concern for the protection of these three roads to Italy, namely where they lead out of the Alpine countries on the Italian side, was, as already mentioned, a fully justified one for Germany, in order to always have an open way to Italy, to always have its back covered on military campaigns, and otherwise to be protected itself from renewed Roman invasions.

The road over the Splügen was easily defended; it had no ramifications on Italian soil and was adequately protected by the military centers of Pavia, Milan and Como, which rested in the safety of the Longobards. Not so the other two.

Therefore we see Bern already in the 5th century in the strong hand of Theodoric and we see in all the peoples' campaigns the most stubborn fight for Aquileia, therefore we saw the German Riark "Gotschee" "arise, like the "Wegwarten" at the lower Eis in Bern's back, behind the Bernerklause.

Therefore we see under the Franconian Charles maintained the border marks against the Avars and Slavs, and also those against Italy were

(4) The fourth road went over the Great St. Bernard from Gaul to Aosta and Milan.

held under the Ottonians with a strong hand. Among them, first of all, Friuli and the Patriarchate of Aquileia, which were granted by old natural necessity, not as a new institution, only to powerful German princes, for the protection of the road over the Karst. In Austria, too, the centuries-old traditions had not been forgotten; after all, as part of the once mighty Bavarian Empire, which Charles the Saxon butcher crushed, it had been in ancient joint possession of the two most important Roman roads over the Brenner as well as over the Karst. When Austria gained its position of power, the Babenbergs were immediately anxious to secure for themselves these same roads to Italy. Therefore, already at an early stage we see Portenau (today Pordenone) as the Babenbergs' own.

And this is neither a mere coincidence nor even less a capricious acquisition of ownership of the Babenbergs, but well-calculated and well-justified high politics! - Just compare one of the enclosed maps of Doctor Wolfgang Lazzius, which bears the inscription: "Rhetia alpestris descriptio in qua hodie Tirolis Comitatus", and look closely at the bottom right of the drawing, which reads: "AQUAE SEXTIAE, ad quas Marius Cos. Cymbros & Teutones vincet."

This is more than a huge rectification of the so-called historical geography! - Until now, this Aquae Sextiae was assumed to be in Gallia Narbonnensis, today's Aix in Provence, and historical science claims: "When the Cimbrians and Teutons threatened Italy, Marius Gajus, as the most proven commander 104-100 (before Chr.), was repeatedly given the consulship. He justified the trust and destroyed the Teutons and Ambrons in 102 at Aquä Sextiä, now Aix in Provence, and the Cimbri united with Quintus Lutatius Latulus in August 101 at Vercellä."

But the old Lazzius had already recognized that this army of peoples had gone to Italy on the Roman road via Virnum (Klagenfurt), crossing the Predil and the Karst, and therefore Noreja, Aquae Sextiae and Vercellae must have been located on this route. The fact that such armies of peoples could in no case master distances, as between Rhontal and Potal, in so short time, needs no further reasoning. Aquae Sextiae is therefore to be looked for there, where Dr. Wolfgang Lazzius had marked

it on the map, which does not absolutely exclude the existence of another *Aquae Sextiae* in the Provence, but in any case makes it impossible that that battle was fought at the Rhone. The same buck-legged error is at play here as we have corrected above in the case of the *Fritila* castle. One must never leave out of consideration with such historical-geographical determinations the historical course of the roads which simply could not be avoided.

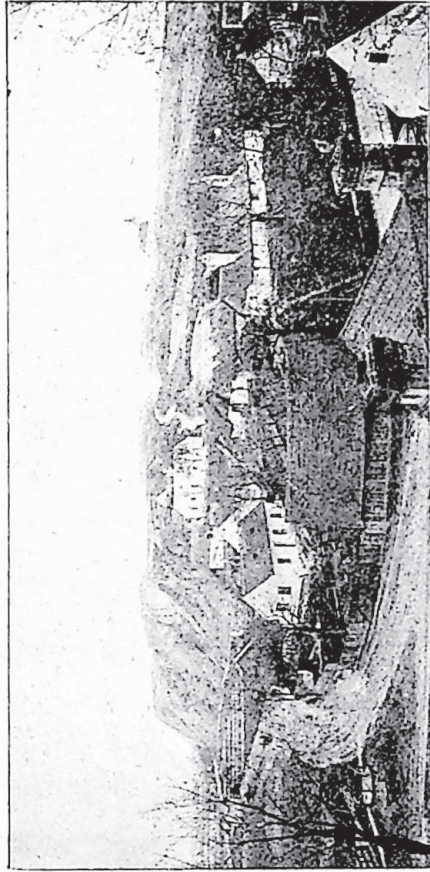
And just this road over the *Predil* and the *Karst*, which is here again ensured by the *Istvaonic* train of the *Cimbri* and *Teutons*, the *Babenbergs* had wisely preserved and feasted for their *Ostarland* for all future. -

The most difficult defense was undoubtedly the *Brenner* road, built by *Caesar Drusus* and elevated to a military road by *Caesar Claudius*, because of the many fortifications on Italian soil. Therefore, we also see there already in the earliest days the German marks (border castles) *Bern* and *Vicenta* erected.

This road, which was probably the most important, united all the German side roads at *Bozen* with the *Brenner* road and from there it went in a line to *Trento*, from where the first, eastern branch branched off through the *Fersina* and *Sugana* valleys. From this branch, one branch branched off again to the south at *Primolano* via *Bassano* into the *Lombard* lowlands, while the first branch led to *Aquileia* via the old *Fritilei* castle (*Feltre*) to send another branch to *Treviso* and *Venice*.

Below *Trento*, the main road branched out again at *Rovereuth* (*Rovereto*), from where the second eastern branch branched off through the *Arsa* Valley towards *Vicenta* and *Padua*. From *Rovereuth*, however, the road ran undivided and strongly preserved through the bottlenecks at *Saravalla* and the *Berner Klause* straight to *Bern* (*Verona*) and further.

These numerous, threatening ramifications for the fighting nations of the Germans required their most powerful protection at all starting points and junctions, namely by well-fortified cities and castles. That is why we find all these margravates since the beginning of the migration of peoples only in the possession of German army kings famous for their legends and songs and in the later period of the German Middle Ages again only



Illus. 79. See page 51. The gigantic old Germanic Walburg Stillfried in Lower Austria. (Photograph and reproduction of the k. graphische Lehr- und Versuchsanstalt in Vienna).

granted as Marks to powerful German (never Italian) princely families.

According to Ario-Germanic, far pre-medieval German customs, therefore, also in the Mark of Bern (Verona), which is of particular interest to us here, the castle manor was lent to noble families, who for the most part were able to trace their ancestral lines back to the Migration Period, and now, as a natural consequence, gathered free German servants around themselves again.

This is how the numerous German castles came into being, of which the Sugana Valley alone has fourteen; this is how the language islands that still exist today came into being along the branches of the old Brenner road, the most important of which, the "sette communi", lies between the two eastern arms of the road, shielding both branches of the road with its power in the German shield office. How powerful, however, this one "Wegwarte" was, is proven by the fact that it alone was able to put 15,000 belligerent Germans into the field.

Up at the Brenner, however, was the German armory, also called Gothensaß (Gotensitz, today Gossensaß), where Wieland the blacksmith, whom his father Wate had carried to the dwarves to learn the art of sword forging, sat as master. There he forged Urda's bolt with magic spells, which prevented the Roman from ever again carrying a sword into Germany's territories.

Thus those roads, which were built to the ruin of the Germans, were appointed as their shield and protection, and those lonely German language islands, swayed by the Italian idiom, those forgotten outposts of Germanicism still stand before the border of the German tongue, for a millennium and a half hardly known any more by their tribal people, as - abandoned posts!

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Carnuntum¹

Carnuntum! What magic-suggestive power lies in the magic word Carnuntum! Of course, there are not too many people who have become aware of the power of this magic word, because Carnuntum has only become known to a few people, and only a few of these few have already walked on the holy ground, in which Carnuntum sank more than one and a half millennia ago, like the Vineta of legend, and the fewest of these few are able to hear what the stones murmur there, what the mermaids of the old Amelungen River proclaim there in their eternal songs of the water, from long ago forgotten times of the old warriors.

Yes, Carnuntum?

Well, Baiae, Carthage, Babylon, Memphis, Heliopolis, Palmyra, Pompeii - they are known, at least from hearsay, but Carnuntum? Carnuntum is only in Austria and that says enough!

But one of those fortunate ones who had heard and understood the murmur of the stones, the song of the river, had sung a song, and this song aroused vibrations of like-tuned strings in my child soul, sensations which never ceased, which still today dominate all my feeling, thinking, and striving, which were perhaps the basic cause that I walked lonely paths through my life, off the broad road of the rest of mankind.

(1) First published 1881, Vienna.

But that song sounded like this:

Who asks, why I love what some fool dislikes!"

Who asks, why am I sullen when many were merry?"

Who asks, why does an abandoned royal building stand here,

When there in narrow alleys the mad people turn?"

That was on June 23, 1875. In the back dining room of the old inn "zur Linde" in Rotenturmstraße in Vienna, several friends met that day - as they did every day - at their regulars' table to take their midday meal together and to make the free noon hour pleasant through stimulating conversation.

The young summer, barely two days old, did its best to make its rule tangible, to make it seem as blissful as possible to the dear humanity outside in the green, but as uncomfortable as conceivable inside the "dining room of the linden tree". But this was not too difficult to do in the cheerful young summer of the one thousand eight hundred and seventy-fifth year of our era, because the "dining room" of the "Linde" was a dull hole in the wall, in which even in the brightest midday sunshine the venerable butterfly gas flames mockingly flickered questions to themselves, whether such a people deserves the most beautiful of the suns, when they crawl away from it into such a miserable troglodyte crypt.

Those at the table, however, noticed nothing of such discourse between the three butterfly flames or pretended to notice nothing of it and were, as befits wise disciples of the laughing Democritus, cheerful and in good spirits.

There was only one among the five who was more silent today than was usual for him and who looked steadily into the flickering butterfly flame above the table as if he wanted to fathom its essence, all the way up the ladder, from the primeval fire to the last world fire.

"Sweetest of all philosophers," his friend Oberlinger called over to the

silent one with a cheerful wink; "since when have you been a fire worshipper?"

The thus called one woke up as if from a dream, rubbed his forehead and kept silent, but he smiled quite peculiarly like one who does not want to say what he would like to say.

But long brooding is not the business of a cheerful round table, and the conversation took a different turn, in which the wish formed the leitmotif, instead of sitting here under the "adorable eternal fire", it would be better to sit outside somewhere, where the sun would give its most golden green light through beech leaves and blue flowers would sprout between crumbling wall debris.

A fivefold sigh confirmed that this was the longing of all, and at the same time five clocks flew out of the vest pockets, for sighing everyone had remembered his duty and at the same time realized that the beautiful free hour had expired.

Friend Eberius, however, said with a comfortable grin that he had taken the day off to while away the afternoon.

This irritated the others, and a few minutes later three servants rushed to three different offices with very differently stylized apology cards to report that the most important events prevented the sender from working today.

So what to do now? was the general question.

"Aren't we five!" cried Eberius joyfully, adding, "At once we'll go to our boathouse and take a boat ride!"

"That would be delightful," said Oberlinger, "but I and friend Saruba don't know our way around an oar pole like you three others."

"That doesn't mean anything!" retorted Trebbin. "It's a deal! You'll ride with us. Clothes for two such splendors as you are can also be found in our bunks. So forward!"

Soon a hackney carriage with our five chased into the boathouse of the "Donau-ort" rowing club, which was then still at the Kaisermühlen, and in a short time all five friends were in dress.

"But now where to?"

"With two freshmen on board, of course, you can't go to Klosterneuburg, that is, to the fisherman over at the Säulenhafen?"

"Why not! To the fisherman!" cried Trebbin, laughing; "just get on board, the rest will show how it's done." And at this he exchanged eloquent glances with the one whom earlier friend Oberlinger had called a "fire-worshipper." The latter smiled, nodded and remained silent, for he too, like friend Eberius, had even yesterday told the office he would be off duty for today.

The "Siegfried" was made ready for the journey, in which a huge battery of wine bottles and giant packages with cold snacks, canned food and other needs were stowed, as well as blankets.

The three club members, the fire worshipper, Trebbin and Eberius, took care of the loading of the Sieg with a zeal and mutual secret waving, which indicated that a secret plan was being carried out, which should only become clear to the two "newcomers" when they were possibly already at their destination.

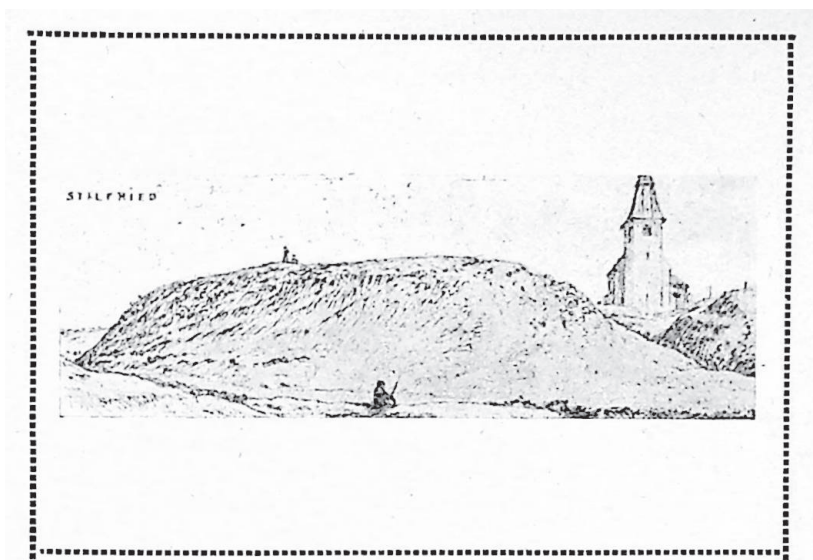
The latter - unfamiliar with club life in the "Donauhof" - did not suspect any skulduggery aimed at kidnapping, but only thought they saw preparations for a picnic in some Danube spot and looked forward to departure.

"All hands on board!" now shouted Eberius, taking a seat on the wheel well and pulling the two steering lines under his armpits. The fire-worshipper took the bow oar, Trebbin the stroke oar, but today this was the second oar instead of the fourth, since the two guests - ignorant of rowing - were not given oars.

Oberlinger and Suraba took their places on the bower from which the stroke oar is usually guided. The bow line was hauled in and the Sieg pushed off from the shore.

It was a delightfully beautiful trip! -

First the wonderfully beautiful floodplains with their numerous narrow watercourses between the ancient floodplain forest trees, which towered over the young willows approached, shifted like forest backdrops and opened and closed vistas, which made the island wealth of the



Illus. 80. See page 52. A part of the large firewall of Stillfried in Lower Austria. (After a drawing by Ignaz Spöttl.)

Danube more foreboding than recognizable, of which even the Danube traveler is hardly able to form an idea, let alone the Viennese, who never finds or even seeks the opportunity to discover the individual secrets of this Danube wildlife park. Soon the Sieg glided through narrow waterways between high alluvial forest trees, whose crowns interlocked and were so overgrown by a sheer impenetrable thicket of wild hops and forest vines that no ray of sunlight was able to glide down onto the dark waters, over which the eternal twilight of the primeval forest broods. Oberlinger and Saruba silently marveled at the unprecedented, unexpected, almost tropical image of a primeval forest splendor, of whose real existence so close to Vienna they could hardly believe the conviction of their own eyes. The Stadelau railroad bridge had long been at their backs, and still the two did not realize that they had been brashly abducted.

The enormous gate tower of Kaiser-Ebersdorf with its fish, which had become a landmark, had long since come out of sight when Oberlinger thought that it was time to return, for this would probably be arduous and time-consuming.

"Heilo, Narro!" the fire-worshipper shouted, laughing exuberantly and his fellow students joined in laughing, so that Oberlinger and Saruba stared wordlessly at the laughers with a gesture of astonishment, since they could not fathom what this meant.

Since it is now common knowledge that the gesture of astonishment is never accompanied by a particularly witty facial expression, it need not be said that the facial expression of the two abductees was by no means a witty one.

But when Oberlinger asked the question that was supposed to give him certainty about the destination of the voyage, and was assured that the "Siegfried" would steer its course to where the "Black Sea" was blackest, the two abductees laughed and took out another bottle to console themselves against the terrible agony of doubt "concerning" the veiled destination of the "Amelungen voyage".

At last the Sieg glided along the right bank of the Wagrein, and the

fire-worshipper called out to his friends from the bow-strap: "Do you see the remains of the wall protruding from the ground there? They are partly jutting out a long way and ready to fall."

"What is that?" asked Oberlinger and Saruba, as if in one voice.

"Carnuntum!" meaningfully spoke the fire-worshipper.

"Carnuntum?!" cried the two in amazement, almost exultation.

"Surely we're not passing that way? Let's land!"

"That's our destination for today," replied the fire-worshipper excitedly. "I suppose you have no idea what day it is?"

"Speak, O darling of the three eternal gas flames by the 'linden tree,' speak O fire worshipper, speak it out, what day we celebrate today! Is it your name day?!"

"Patience!" was the fire worshipper's short answer.

The landing stage of the steamships at Deutsch-Altenburg was reached, the "Siegfried" was handed over to the agent for transportation home to Vienna, and then the way was started to the "Heidentor", the only visible landmark of Carnuntum at that time.

Leaving unnoticed the mighty "Hutberg" near Deutsch-Altenburg, the significance of which had not yet come to the attention of the writer of these lines on that day, the five fighters, heavily packed with their wine bottles and drinking supplies like the blankets, strode bravely along the Reichsstraße to reach the destination of their hike, the "Heidentor", before nightfall.

The small caravan was in that solemn mood that comes over pilgrims when they first see the towers of the sanctuary from afar. The joking was all over with, and every teasing word vanished as the more recognizable the ruins of the Roman city became, which the vernacular calls the "pagan gate" stood out more and more from its background, the more serious and expectant the mood became. What meaning, however, to attach to that consecrated place of remembrance, the fire worshipper knew quite clearly and definitely, and somewhat Oberlinger, while to the three others only something of a Roman city that existed here, and that in very unclear terms, floated before the senses.

The fire worshipper, however, knew exactly what he wanted here, just as he knew no less clearly why he dressed his intention in this form. Therefore, his longing drove him just today to this holy place and his regret was only the circumstance that the 24th of June fell on a Thursday and not on a Sunday. Yes, then all the boats of the "Donauhört" would have had to go to Carnuntum and perhaps a small section of the tourist club would have been able to make a pilgrimage here. But so - God be lamented! - it had hardly become possible for him to - swindle himself out of his duties! And yet a four-ship had been manned, on a weekday, and by what a wonderful coincidence to boot! Gratefully, he recognized this coincidence as a favorable twist of fate.

With an iron will, however, he concealed what he wanted to say and do only under the pagan gate, and most carefully hid all the prepared items. In fact, none of his companions knew what was packed in the heavy parcels that they helped him to carry to the Heathen Gate in the sweat of their faces. They thought it was wine and other mouthfuls of food, which, however, had not been forgotten.

At last the pagan gate was reached, but - O horror! - it stood in the middle of a waving cornfield - inaccessible! -

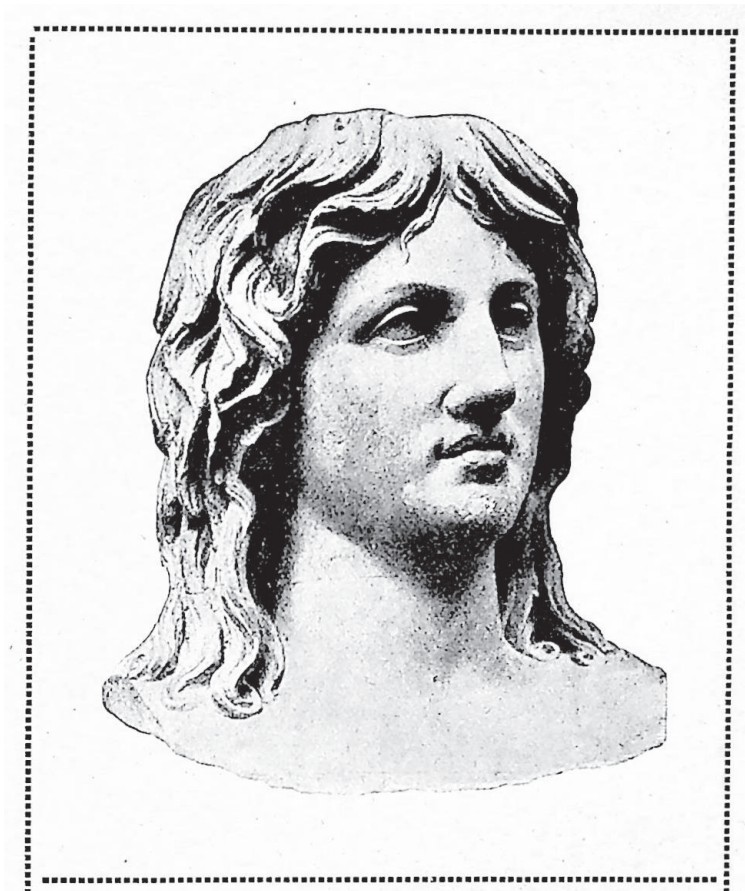
This was more than a bit of bad fate, this was fate's fate! -

But whoever sets out on adventures on water and land in a Donau horde, whoever pays homage to the old motto: "Clear the way!", does not retreat when he stands before the goal.

It was still light enough to find a track and to approach the ruin in single file. Fortunately, it was not overgrown with grain, but stood only between grass and brushwood. The high arch swung sparingly into the twilight and the giant wall block in front of it stood out of the grass and weeds like an old sacrificial stone.

"So! - Here we stay for the night!" shouted the fire-worshipper, cautiously placing his load as far away as possible from the small free space between the arched pillars and the wall block.

His companions thought they did not understand, but they kept silent and put their loads aside, where the fire-worshipper had put his.



Illus. 81. see page 248. "Frau Saelde." Antique marble bust of a Germanic woman. British Museum. From the cliché collection of Dr. Lanz von Liebenfels).

As it usually happens in similar expeditions, so it was true here. The caravan stood in front of the ruins and no one really knew what he was supposed to do here, and even for a whole long night in the open field.

The fire-worshipper cared little for the obvious disappointment of his fellow travelers, but began to clear the place of grass and herbage with his long, dagger-like bowie knife, and to lay the latter aside to prepare, as he said, the camp.

Since nothing could be brought out of him, the other four helped to complete his work, whereupon the place was soon as far as possible laid bare of plant growth. Now the fire-worshipper opened one of his packages and took from it a small digging stick - a so-called plant pricker - with which he cut out turf bricks just under the arch of the heathen gate, carefully lifted them off and laid them sideways on top of each other, in order to later put them back in the places from which he had lifted them off. Thus he laid the earth bare in a circular area about two meters in diameter and then quickly dug a small pit, forming a small protective wall around this pit with the excavated earth and stone masses.

Shaking their heads, his friends watched him perform this strange act.

"You darling of the three eternal gas flames at the 'Linde'!" exclaimed Mr. Oberlinger with comic pathos, "you, mystagogue of the higher fire worship, have you gone and become a treasure digger?"

"Saint Christopher help us!" cried Saruba.

But laughing, the fire-worshipper returned, "Just you wait, you shall be amazed!" Then he continued to work, obviously anxious to finish his work before night fell, to take advantage of the last remnants of twilight.

And really, his friends were amazed. He had peeled firewood in logs from his packages and with these he had piled up a veritable pyre, and laid pitchy shavings, candle remnants and paper, as well as otherwise easily ignitable objects as a base.

"So, that would be the nest for 'Bergar', the fire-red rooster!" cried delightedly the fire-worshipper. "Now let's see how the kitchen and cellar are and how you have arranged the blankets."

Saruba had already spread out the blankets and said that as a maid in the hotel "The Rheumatic Troglodyte" he had done well, for the mown grasses and herbs would make quite excellent beds, only he feared that the stove might smoke a little, since it had not been heated here for a very long time.

"You guessed it" interjected the fire worshipper, adding the question, "How long do you think was the last time a stove was heated here?"

"Darling of all three gas flames and great fire-worshippers," laughed Oberlinger; "that must have been long, long ago, for such fools as we hardly get such grandiose ideas every hundred years to bring themselves firewood in parcels from Vienna to light a fire somewhere in the country, to be smoked, and to look forward to various other comforts."

"You speak like a Philistine," Eberius interjected, "I suppose a night in a Roman ruin is worth a little snort."

"Even being detained by the highly praised gendarmerie and fined for unauthorized fire lighting and for forbidden sleeping in the open," Trebbin remarked, chuckling.

"Well, all that and more!" said the fire-worshipper calmly. "But because no one wants to guess when the last fire blazed here, I will tell you: it was exactly one thousand five hundred years before today!"

"Don't make any bad jokes!" cried Eberius, laughing, and Trebbin laughed brightly and said, "You were certainly there?"

Oberlinger, however, frowned and said thoughtfully, "That might be possible; unfortunately, I don't have the years in my memory for sure."

"Tell us, Mystagogue!" was Saruba's interjection, and in a jocular rumble he rumbled on: "Give yourself air at last, so that we can at least find out why we got here. Maybe then I can forgive myself for debasing myself to a wooden carrier in the opinion that I have protected beautifully helmeted noble wines like little children!"

Then there was a tremendous laughter at Saruba's ironic confession, which, however, gave way to a sudden grave silence, for from the bow it giggled like the laughter of teasing goblins. Such an unexpected sound in a lonely place in the dark of night always has an alienating effect, even on

the most cold-blooded, like a greeting from a world, from a world of which one neither wants to assume that it is, nor that it is not.

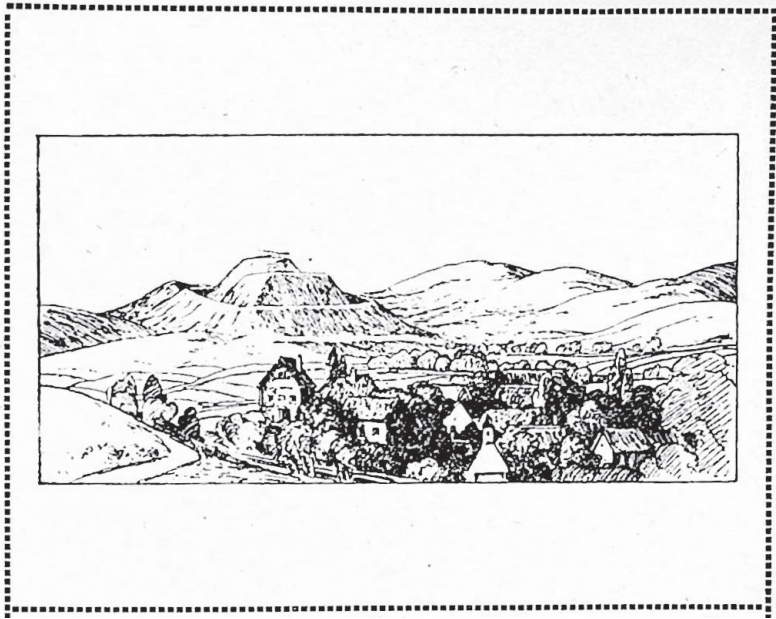
Then the fire worshipper lit the fuse. A small flame slipped, guided by it, into the resinous chips, blue and red flames soon flickered out between the logs and it was not long before all the individually rising fire tongues had united into a single flame, which was barely half a man high, but nevertheless, because of its unusual sight, powerfully excited the small group of adventurers.

It was also a very strange picture. The enormous arch, still mighty in its ruins, shining in the bright glow of the fire, stood out massively against the deep dark starry sky and seemed to sway and waver briskly in the flickering of the flame, as if it wanted to stretch and widen, to rejuvenate itself into its old shape, remembering its vanished splendor. On its pillars, as on the wall block, the shadowy outlines of the five fellow travelers flitted back and forth like ghostly shadows, up and down, soon enlarging, soon diminishing, soon reappearing outside in the cornfield when a cloud of smoke slowly drifted through. Around the fire, however, the five friends sat or lay stretched out on their blankets and gazed mutely into the lambent flames into the glowing coals of the smoldering logs, which were crumbling to ashes.

Then Saruba broke the silence. "So, fifteen hundred years, you say?"

"It is probably exactly one and a half millennia to the present day that our ancestors, the Quado-Markomans, today's German-Austrians, destroyed Carnuntum and thus laid the foundation for the unification of the whole of Germany. That was the most powerful solstice fire that had ever blazed, and to commemorate it we have lit this little solstice fire today on the one thousand five hundredth anniversary. Drink, fellow students, Carnunt's Minne!"

The glasses clinked, cries of salvation went up, and hissing, the flame received its libation in several drops of sparkling wine. But again it sounded and hissed, ran and giggled from the vaulted arch and from the cracks in the wall, so that everyone looked around in amazement and looked at each other questioningly.



*Illus. 82. See page 29. The Hausberg of Stronegg in Lower Austria.
(Reproduction of the k. k. graphische Lehr- und Versuchsanstalt in
Vienna.)*

"We're getting guests," Saruba opined, "The Men of Old Carnuntum are waking up to celebrate the anniversary with us! Maybe, maybe not, but either way, I drink them Minne!"

The glasses clinked, shouts of salvation rang out, and again the strange counter-sounds answered from the arches.

"But you say too much," Oberlinger now let himself be heard, in order to break the eerie silence, which the strange sound phenomena had caused. While it was clear to all that it was only the echo of their own talking, laughing, and glass tinkling, it still sounded so strange here in the vast wasteland, where every single stalk of grain had already become an exciter of audible and unusual sounds. "Yes, you say that too much! How should Carnuntum's fall of June 24, 375, relate to the later German Empire?"

"Probably more than you know!" replied the fire-worshipper, and continued, after freshly filling his glass with Donaperle. "The Varus Battle in the Teutoburg Forest resulted in the complete disruption of the Teutons; they were powerless, Arminius -"

"Hermann, my dearest, Hermann will you say, O darling -" Oberlinger interjected, emptying his glass to fill it anew.

"No, dearest! Arminius, not Hermann! Arminius, even with the suffix 'us' is pure German! So: Arminius was killed, Thusnelda and her little son were captured, and Germany was weaker than ever before. Only when the Quad king Gambin was cowardly murdered here before Carnuntum, the fury of the Quadomarkomanni broke the city, Carnuntum, slew its garrison - 30,000 men! - on Solstice night 375, completely destroyed Carnuntum and advanced as far as Aquileia. The Germans had realized the power that lay in unification, and from then on they merged more and more into great unions of nations, which eventually became kingdoms. With the day of Carnuntum the migration of peoples began, and with it that period of world history which we call the Middle Ages; Carnuntum became the 'Porta germanica sacra', all Germanic armies moved from here to Rome, and so also came one hundred years later Odovakar, the first German king of Rome, who had

abolished the throne of Caesar. This and much more took place on this consecrated ground and this ground would tell you many things if you wanted to hear them."

"That's what we want," they all shouted, "but fill the glasses and see if the bags are really already plundered empty," and Saruba added, rumbling, "Our Mystagogue has only provided for his fire god and forgotten that we are no less hungry than he."

"There," laughed Oberlinger, bringing out a large pack of hams and the like, "there, sacrifice to your ancient holy ground and keep the peace! But count the bottles, I almost fear our henchmen are already greatly decimated; more dead than alive! - O, darling of the three gas-flames, only thirteen more Donauperle! -"

"That is enough to cite all the spirits of Carnuntum!" cried Eberius, laughing, while all shared fraternally in Oberlinger's provisions, and one began to feel quite at ease in the "dinning-room of the Hotel zum rheumatischen Troglodyten."

"Ad vocem! Geisterbannen!" Oberlinger shouted, emptying his glass and filling it freshly. "Friend Saruba, after all, said earlier that we were getting guests; he greeted the men of the old Carnuntum with a deep drink Minnesong! I do likewise, and if our fire-worshipper will not or cannot cite them, I do so and call them! Genius loci, to thee be this glass!" Speaking thus, Oberlinger waved his Roman so that several drops bubbled into the half-burned flames and hissingly evaporated therein, while he emptied the glass to the nines.

"Genius loci! Thee we salute, be our guest and announce us -"

This was shouted by all with a loud clink of glasses, but was suddenly silenced, for high up in the arch there was almost the sound of a gunshot, the ground seemed to shake and the arch to waver.

The fire could only be kept alive with care and only small flames flickered out of the hot ashes, so that the boat lantern had to be lit to banish the darkness. Again it had become almost eerily quiet.

"Friends," now began the fire-worshipper, "friends, you commit sacrilege with such citation if you desecrate it for jest! Here the stones

speak, the earth murmurs, and in the grasses it whispers as from tombs! A solemn hour of consecration in a sacred place, consecrated by the blood of our ancestors, we shall spend here, and the genius loci, whom we have called, he will announce wonders to us! Not with our ears shall we hear, not with our eyes shall we see, but within us shall dawn knowledge of whose coming we can scarcely account. The spirits you called, they hover around us, but not according to the rules of rock-philosophy! (ed: realism, realistic philosophy, materialism, atheism). If you are serious, the genius loci is joyfully welcomed!"

Again there was a shot-like crackling in the arch above, and almost frightened, everyone started up, and Saruba cried: "You almost make us afraid, and yet it's nothing other than the rotten masonry that seems to be thinking about whether it should collapse right away or wants to remain standing for several more years."

"Worry not," the fire-worshipper reassured his friend. "The warming by our solstice fire and not ghost haunting makes the arch crack. I know that well; after all, this is not my first bonfire, which I lit in a ruin to - hold discourse with the genius loci."

"And?" asked Oberlinger, ruffling his frizzy black hair.

"And - he always comes!" was the fire-worshipper's earnest reply.

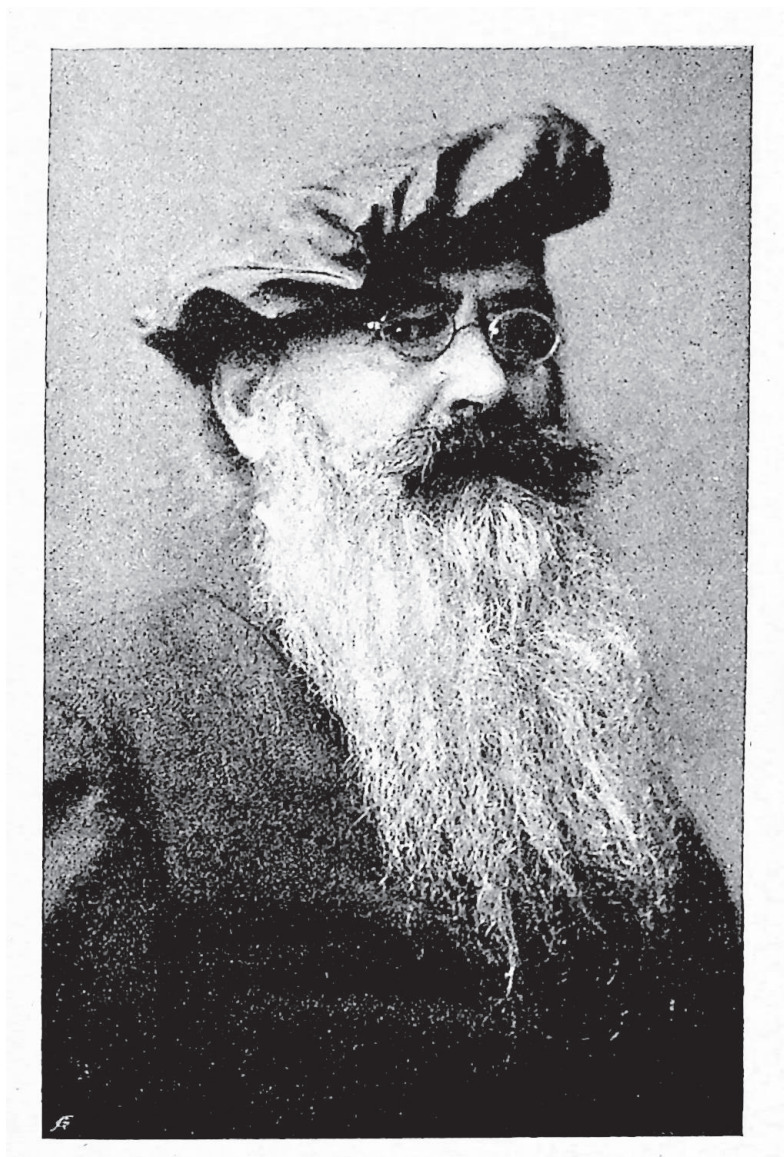
"And when he comes, I look backward and forward into the distances of time, like a wanderer who climbs a height on his way and gains a view toward the starting point and the goal of his wandering."

"Prost!" laughed Oberlinger, clinking his Roman against that of the fire-worshipper, "Prost! You call that the genius loci, which other sensible people call the imagination."

"Call him so, this - spirit; or as you like, his - actual, individual influence, however, you cannot deny."

"Especially not after the twelfth Donauperle!" laughed Saruba.

"You do not know," returned the fire-worshipper, smiling, "what is going on in me now; the genius loci makes me see a world, and its figures rush around me, demanding concentration from me. The arch above us widens to a hall, houses and palaces stand outside, and long streets stretch



Illus. 83: The author in 1910.

along, enlivened with beings of a distant, distant time!"

"It's the genius Donauperle," Trebbin said with a laugh, and threw a bottle he had just emptied at the wall block so that it shattered, clinking, into a thousand shards.

"Laugh as much as you want and as much as you can!" the fire worshipper replied laughing and added: "But notice one thing: It is dangerous to approach the compressor of such etheric creatures in such hours of consecration, because quickly such an etheric being is driven into one of the approachers, takes possession of his body and the unfortunate one then lives a most restless spiritual life in the germinating poetry. Therefore flee, I have warned you of what's inside me!"

Again they all laughed so heartily that the sound echoed down from the arch and rolled like goblin spook.

Then Oberlinger had uncorked a new bottle, carefully filled the glasses, raised his, and with an ambiguous smile had spoken to the fire-worshipper:

"Do you remember me?"

The others looked expectantly at the fire.

But the latter, with the seriousness of a grand augur, lifted his goblet towards Oberlinger, ready to clink glasses, and shouted emphatically: "Do I know you! You, Caius Publius Petronius, you, the favorite of three deified emperors! Thee I know well!"

"And me, too?" cried Saruba, laughing.

"And when everyone laughed at this joke, the fire-worshipper continued: "I know you too, you are Phanius, the friend of the proconsul, and you Eberius are the Magister armorum, Markus Equitius!"

Then Trebbin had bowed his thanks for his Phanius as had Eberius for his Magister armorum, but the fire-worshipper said in earnest: "What you now consider to be jest is profound truth, you have now become to me those as whom I addressed you, and the time will come in which you will find yourselves again. You yourselves, step by step, word by word. You are banished, and you can never escape this spell."

They laughed a lot, but were not able to interpret the meaning of the

fire-worshipper's words, and did not even bother to do so, because the four travelers were shivering from the Bacchus in their heads, and soon they had fallen asleep on their soft pads in the arms of the vine-wreathed genius-bibere.

The fire worshipper, however, threw his planter into the pit in which the solstice fire had burned out, laid eight of the emptied wine bottles in the shape of a fyrfos on the ashes and the remains of the coals, and covered the turf squares over them again. Then he sat down against the wall block to await the dawning of the morning and to converse with the genius loci.

Then, before his inner eye, the old Carnuntum stretched out in its classical splendor. Between the two forts lay the civilian city with miles of space, almost unmanageable. - Over on the Donau, the round building? That must be the arena? And up there, high on the mountain, the gabled facades? That must be the Acropolis, the Capitol of Carnuntum? But what is this fearful running and crowding? Firelight there, there, everywhere? Waving battle rages through the city? The Romans give way, horrible prey holds the death. -

Carnuntum has disappeared, as if the ground had swallowed it up. -

And in the middle of the Limes? What are the men wearing in their helmets? A hill rises higher from blood-soaked earth?

Seven men's height has it towered over? - That is the place of drawing the sign of victory, the bar of the rampart, which blocks the entrance to the judged city. The genius loci knows this very well. There the heroes rest and keep faithful vigil so that Carnuntum will never rise, but they will come again against Rome to help you, because they have only half defeated it and can only enter Valhalla when the other Rome will also be defeated. Yes, the genius loci knows this very well.

"The other Rome? Romulus Augustulus died, didn't he, and with him the last Caesar Augustus?!"

"Well, well! The genius loci knows that well, but . . ."

Then the cock crowed over in Petronell, and golden sunshine spread over the waving cornfield, from which, in the early rays of the solstice

sun, the arch of the pagan gate swung up like a bridge guiding to times slumbering far back in the twilight shadows of mankind.

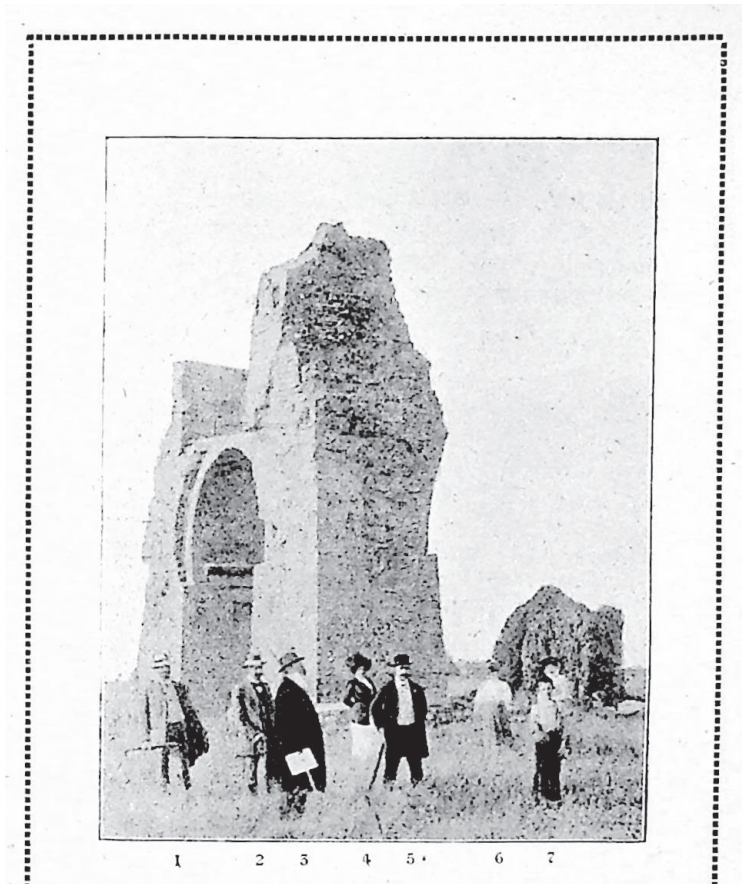
The fire-worshipper descended from his block of wall and roused his friends. Soon these were ready to march, and since the baggage had dwindled almost completely to zero, the march back to Deutsch-Altenburg, where the outer man was to be repaired, also proceeded quickly.

But how strange? There, where the fire worshipper had seen the arena in a dream - it must have been a dream? - the arena, there was an oval hollow in the waving field? - And there? - How strange! - The straight road of the empire there avoids in a wide curve a hill, in order to continue behind the same again in the straight direction? - Strange! -

But soon the sharp march had chased away all fog clouds of the genius-bibere from the small adventurer consortium and cheerfully and in good spirits they entered the bathing hotel in Deutsch-Altenburg to wash the traces of the past night from their bodies.

The names Petronius, Candusinus, Phanius and Markus Equitius, however, remained with the four companions of the fire worshipper, who had held similar symposia with them several times under the Heidantor, but who had sat there alone with the genius loci in intimate dialogue even more often, and when finally thirteen years later the poetry had seen the light of the printers' ink, then each of the four could convince himself of how they had borrowed their figures from the drink-hungry etheric beings Petronius, Candusinus, Phanius and Markus Equitius, in which these now lead a restless life in the spiritually resurrected "Carnuntum".

Thirty-six years have passed since that solstice day of 1875 in the stream of eternity. Again the solstice was celebrated under Carnuntum-Heidantor, again it was granted to me to lead a select group of friends there, to that sacred place of our old hereditary earth, to that highly sacred place of our dear Ostarland, where exactly one thousand five hundred and thirty-six years ago the three Norns sat in judgment, where the third Norn, the Guilt, drew a thick line under the last main piece of world history, where the second Norn, the Werdandi, turned the page and



Illus. 84. See pg. 482. The "heidentor" on the ruins of Carnuntum in its present form on June 26, 1911 (from a photograph by the Royal Building Councilor Wilhelm Koehne in Berlin). 1. Mr. F. O. Wannieck, 2. Mr. Eugen Mertens, 3. Guido von List, 4. Frau Anna von List, wife of the author, 5. Mr. Philipp Stauff, 6. Mrs. Augusta Koehne, 7. Mrs. Fritz Janko.

wrote on the new page in fiery runes the word: "Middle Ages", while the first Norn, the Urda, murmured to it the healing spell: "Eternal cycle! - Eternal rebirth!" -

At the time of the summer solstice in the year 1911 my friends had come from Berlin, Hamburg, Munich and Vienna to consult how the Armanism found and proclaimed by me could be realized on the basis of my explanations in the volumes of the Guido-List-Bücherei published until then and how this newly discovered, old and nevertheless eternally young doctrine of salvation could be imparted to the people of the Germans in order to make them receptive for this doctrine of salvation so that they would be able to shape their lives and works accordingly.

In order to show these friends the ways in which I arrived at my intuitions, it was agreed that I would take them during the period of June 21st to June 27th to such places of our magnificent Ostarland as are sanctified by ancestral consecration and awe-inspiring age, where the breath of divinity is still felt, in which Hari-Wuotan's spirit still reigns, in order to communicate with them in intimate dialogue, to those who possess that sense which the others lack, to those who still have something which the others do not understand.

Such was our first trip to the ancient Trojan town of Frö, the catacombs of our venerable Metropolitan Church of St. Stephen in Vienna.

It was in the year 1862 - I was then in my fourteenth year - when, after much pleading, I received permission from my father to join him and his company, who planned to visit the catacombs, then still in their original state. We descended and what we saw and felt stirred me with a power that I can no longer comprehend today. There we came - it was, if I remember correctly - in the third or fourth nave, before a ruined altar. The guide said that we were now under the old post office (today the house Wollzeile No. 8). There my excitement had risen to the highest and as if in a feverish delirium I called out loudly to myself in front of this altar the solemn vow: "When I am once grown up, I will build a Wuotan temple!"

I was laughed at, of course, and several companions said that a child did not belong in such a place, and so on. Of course, all of them, these good people, did not grasp what had happened in my child soul, could not grasp it, and even to me it is difficult to explain today. I did not know more about Wuotan than what I had read about him in "Volmer's Dictionary of Mythology". - It was just, as the "highly illustrious Tarnhari", the princely head of the still living "W. . . tribe", who revealed himself to me and with whom I communicate in writing, wrote on November 11, 1911, that "mysterious hereditary memory let me make my findings, which completely coincide with the tribal traditions of the W..., by which he saw himself prompted to reveal himself to me, what happened for the first time since more than three thousand years". Yes, this mysterious memory of inheritance was then mysteriously awakened in me - the barely fourteen-year-old - in a high, holy hour of consecration, which the others did not understand, could not understand, because they did not have what was ours. That's why our first walk - fifty years had passed in the meantime! - was the descent to the catacombs. It is not the task of this paper to give a description of them, it is enough to state that all the charm has been taken away from them; everything has disappeared, so that today they hardly give more than the impression of empty cellar vaults. They have also been walled off, only two chambers are still accessible and these only in a very limited perimeter. Also the altar, at which the sixty-four-year-old sought to give an account of the vow of the fourteen-year-old to that inscrutable power of Hari Wuotan, which at that time called him in such a mysterious way, also this altar had disappeared, sunk back into the night of silence like the sunken castle of fairy tales. But what was denied to the bodily eye to see, that stood all the more clearly before the spiritual eye. In lofty beauty Hari Wuotan's Walaskialf was emblazoned in the bright heights of another sun, and through the empty halls of the dead it ran like ghostly whispers: "Eternal cycle! - Eternal rebirth! - There we Armans had found each other and fraternized. Yes, samir Arahari!-----"

On the same day, June 25, 1911, the second pilgrimage was undertaken

to other healing places of Hari Wuotan, namely: Kahlenberg, Leopoldsberg and Klosterneuburg, the old Asturis.

The third pilgrimage was made on June 24 to Brühl near Mödling, the fourth on June 25 to Kreuzenstein Castle, the old "Krajanstain", and the fifth on June 26, 1911 to Carnuntum, to the highly sacred place where the great Ario-Germanic folk spirit Hari Wuotan had shown the world's destinies new paths on June 24, 375!

There I stood now with my fraternal friends full thirty-six years after that solstice night of 1875.

Received by the curator of the Carnuntum Museum, Mr. Josef Bortlik, in the most gracious manner and personally guided through the museum, one thing touched us as immensely painful, although not particularly surprising, how modern scholars now suddenly want to have discovered that the destruction of Carnuntum in 375 did not take place at all, but that the city died a natural death, so to speak. And one dares to say this in view of the many thousands of pieces of evidence stored in the Carnuntum Museum! - Michel! Michel! Michel!!! Do you still not realize why? - They want to erase all memories of your greatness and power, around you and in you, in order to reduce you to the willing herd of cattle, as which those rulers would so like to see you! - Michel! Michel! Michel! - Open your eyes! - Wake up! -

In fact, also the new edition of the "Guide to Carnuntum" has taken full account of this very latest "scientific" discovery and has deleted the destruction of Carnuntum by the Quades in 375. It would be too sad if it were not so funny! Under loud laughing rejection of this latest quirk of our "highly scientific historical - hm! - research", we bid a fond farewell to our kind guide through the Carnuntum Museum, Custodian Josef Bortlik, in order to visit the great Hutberg, the magnificent Gothic church, the venerable Romanesque chapel - the "pagan temple!" - and the arena of Deutsch-Altenburg.

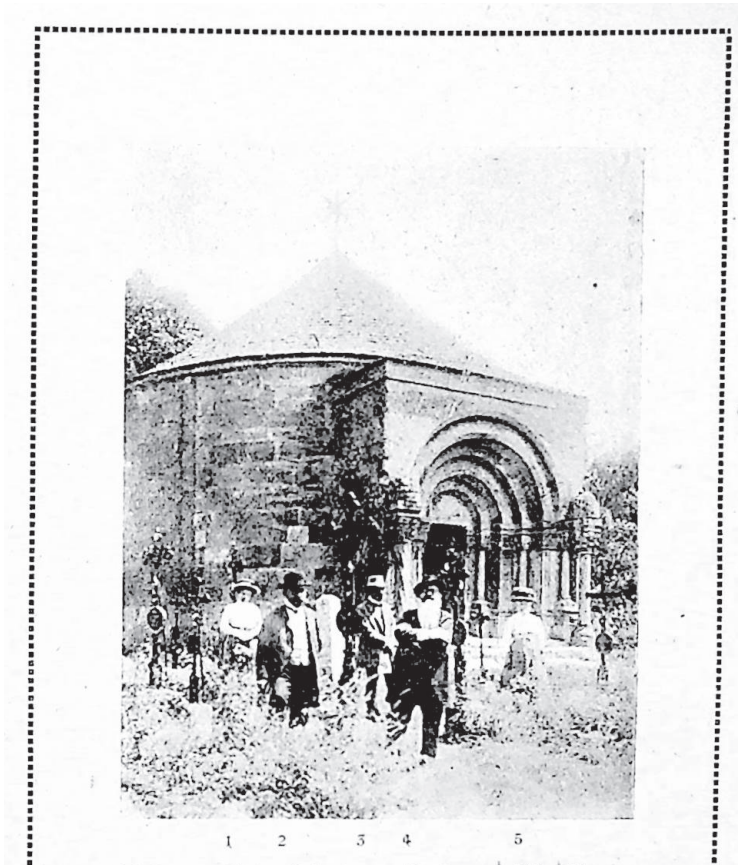


Fig. 85. See page 482. The Romanesque cloister in Deutsch-Altenburg near Carnuntum. (After a photograph by the Kgl. Baurate Wilhelm Koehne in Berlin.)

1st Mrs. Fritz Janko. 2nd Mr. Philipp Stauff. 3. Mr. Eugen Mertens. 4. the author. 5th Mrs. Kgl. Baurat Auguste Koehne.

Mr. Königl. Baurat Wilhelm Koehne from Berlin² was so kind to leave some photographic examples, which he had made on that day, to me for reproduction here. Noteworthy is also the one coat of arms on a pillar of the Gothic church, which shows two lions with one head and which resolves "kalisch" as follows:

"an hofut thue Lewe", i.e. "According to the one main knowledge you live", namely: "according to the main knowledge of the Wuotans faith, Armanism, you shall live! - Yes, samir Arahari, this is how we want to and will live! -

In the afternoon we went out to the "Heidentor". -1 had not really hoped to find there my mark of June 24, 1875, under the layer of grass, namely the eight wine bottles laid in the Fyrfos H, because it was known to me that there had been excavations under the Heidentor, to which that mark must have fallen victim. But how astonished I was when I saw the pagan gate again! It had risen more than two meters from the rubble by restoring the height - or depth - of the original ground surface by clearing away the rubble, the thickness of which here was more than two meters.

Thus the high point of the "Halgadoms pilgrimages" of our Armanenthing was reached. There at that hallowed place, where the

(2) Mr. W. Koehne unfortunately died while these lines were going to press. The "Post", Berlin May 14, 1912 and many other papers carried the following obituary:

Wilhelm Koehne. On Saturday, May 11, 1912, at 10 o'clock in the morning, after a short, serious illness, the Royal Building Councilor Wilhelm Koehne, retired First Lieutenant in the Kaiser Alexander Guard Grenadier Regiment No. I, Knight of the Iron Cross and various other orders, passed away in Friedenau. With him a German man of rare national loyalty and creative power has departed from life. Only a few weeks ago he held a lecture on the runes in the All-German Association (local group Berlin), with which he emphatically referred to the duty to make the spiritual treasures of our ancestors, which prove to be far richer and more noble than one would have dared to hope a decade ago, usable again for the present and the future in the sense of Simrock. He was one of the first in the empire to recognize the significance of the research of the Viennese Guido von List, and it was at his suggestion that the peculiar Truthenfuß-Bismarck memorial stone made of erratic blocks from the Mark Brandenburg was erected in Schollehne near Rathenow, which bears the name of the former Chancellor of the Reich in runic script and is probably the first monument of this kind in Germany's territories. Koehne was also a co-founder of the H. A. O., as whose second member he has now passed away. As a participant in the Franco-German War, he knew how to inspire all those with whom he met to the door of that great German time and to inflame for faithful preservation of the goods, which at that time the fate of our own strength and loyalty bestowed upon us.

greatest solstice fire ever lit by Hari Wuotan had blazed to usher in a new period of world history, the Middle Ages, there at that point of our globe, there at that thrice hallowed place of our God-blessed Ostarland, there, where the stones speak, the grasses whisper, the winds talk and the waves murmur, there I wanted to bring to the attention of my fraternal friends the glory and honor of our ancient Aero-Germanic Ostarland, but I remained - silent! - Only a few words I was able to say, because there, where Hari Wuotan himself speaks, there the language fails the human being and he himself would be Hari Wuotan's enthusiastic herald!

Only a few words were exchanged and a mute meaningful handshake: Yes, samir Arahari!

A few weeks after these incomparably beautiful days we received the deeply sad news that one of the participants of the Armanenthings, Dr. Heinrich Winter, died on July 18, 1911 in Hamburg.

Dr. Heinrich Winter was an Armanen through and through. He is one of those, who will lead the Armanism to the goal in his next re-embodiment, because he was an adept-positive-active-male-I-ness and will pursue in his next re-embodiment again as such without wavering and go straight ahead towards his solar goal, as an Einherier of Hari Wuotan! Therefore, from his gravestone appears the swan with crown ring and chain as a symbol of the temple iron of the highest initiates of Armanism, to announce it to all who know how to experience such a sign of salvation, that the thus dead one lives and will live in us and with us in all eternity! Loyalty to Armanen and love for him for all eternity!

Since we wished to offer his and our friends the picture of his grave, we turned for this reason to Mr. Hugo Winter in Hamburg, the brother of the immortalized, for permission and received the following letter, which we publish herewith for the sake of the biographical data.

The letter reads:

Hamburg; February 26, 1912.

Esteemed Master.

To the inquiry on the part of your secretary, whether I agree with a

publication of the picture of the gravesite of my brother, I answer herewith readily agreeing. The first draft was made by the painter Otto Kofahl, Munich, an intimate friend of my brother, and the execution by Helfried Küsthard, Hildesheim.

With regard to the requested biographical data, I can report the following:

Heinrich Winter was born in Lübeck on February 22, 1864, and attended the Catharineum there until he graduated from high school. He then studied chemistry in Freiburg in Breisgau and later in Berlin, turning his attention specifically to the sugar trade. On the recommendation of a Berlin professor of the agricultural college, my brother was offered even before his doctoral thesis a position at an experimental station for sugar, if I remember correctly Kemangeln from Java, where he fought a disease of the sugar cane by special bacteriological work. In addition, very significant improvements and inventions in machinery and fertilization methods are said to be due to him. After the expiration of the first contract, my brother returned to Germany, obtained his doctorate in Berlin, and was considered an authority in his subject. This led to a new engagement with the firm of Fraser Eaton & Co in Surabaya, for which my brother became an adviser, supervisor of a number of sugar factories, and laid the foundation of a handsome fortune by his patented fertilizing process.

With several interruptions due to trips to Europe, my brother spent about 18 years in Java and laid the foundation for laboratories in the sugar industry, trained students and also co-founded a sugar factory, which is still flourishing after about 10 years.

During his stay in Java, he had a special interest in the psyche of the natives, their demonic customs and manners, the old deep wisdom of Indian traditions in them, as well as the question of race, and could describe his observations for hours with captivating eloquence. Unfortunately, he lacked time and habit to make records about it, but he attached greater importance to conversations and exchange of thoughts



Illus. 86. see p. 483. a contemporary Armanen tomb.

about magic, mystical powers of fakirs and similar things, he spoke with a certain holy shyness and did not suffer superficial counter remarks of conceited enlightened people in his presence.

After a stay of 18 years, the effects of the tropics became noticeable in his health and he suddenly decided to break off all relations in Java and return to Germany. He took up residence in Berlin and in the first years still made great mountain tours and journeys, until a heart condition set in, which forced him to lead a quieter life.

During his time in Berlin, he worked with great fruitfulness on patents, of which a total of 35 patents were granted, which kept him busy until the end, with more or less success. Berlin, however, did not offer my brother enough satisfaction in time and so he decided to find peace in Hamburg with its Low German population and with his family there. It has been granted to him to see his son, in which the kind and race of his father seems to have been reincarnated, and it has been an inner joy to him in the last year to have passed on the torch of life, as he expressed it, and to have inherited his spirit.

All efforts for the elevation of the Germanic being had his full participation. Thus he supported the efforts of the Hammer Gemeinde by contributions to "Heimland" and when, through their works and the efforts of the Guido von List Society, the hope grew in him that our culture could perhaps still be saved and would not have to sink with ever greater speed into the swamp of the chaos of nations, then hope arose in him anew for his people. Again and again he came back to the importance of the single true Armanen blood, because from him, this only one, the salvation of the Germanic being could be born anew and this only one he found in you, honored master, and adored and loved with all the ardor of his fiery soul.

If, apart from this outline, you would like to know the exact dates of his studies, his stay in Java, his return and his life in Europe, I will have to find out myself from the rest of the family. We brothers have been apart for many years, since I was in South America, and my brother has made few records about his life.

His participation in the book by R. Burger is known to you, you have become acquainted with his manner and attitude yourself.

Our father, a pure Armanen head, is approaching 90 years of age and still participates in all processes of life, as far as his body allows it.

I hope to have given you herewith the desired data at hand and am available of course with pleasure further, if more details are wished.

I remain with the greatest respect

Your devoted

Hugo Winter**

The Barrow

*Shining from the evening light
Lying quietly in the forest valley
Swarmed by the bees of the heath,
Sits an old heroic monument*

*A giant sleeps inside -
There for a very long time....
And summer threads spin
Over the simple tomb.*

*The blackthorn's bushes grasp
It on three sides!
Only one spot do
The green bushes leave free.*

*Many wild goats graze
All around amused in the reeds.
The shepherd sits in the grass
And blows an old song.*

*A song thought faded away
A thousand years ago,
As if many a heart had leapt
At its wafting sound,*

*For every heart on earth
Will understand this song:
The song of being and becoming,
Of withering and passing away*

Philipp Stauff.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

Vianiomina¹

S. L. V. S.

Because you, dear fellow traveler, after many a happy day of wandering, which has strengthened your heart and chest, are willing to return to the "artificial caves" of your urban dwelling, because you are descending from the rocky region of the Alps and are passing through a blissful hilly country, you will soon reach the shores of the great stone sea, whose rigid and yet again so full of life tides and waves surround so infinitely much of the beautiful that you would not be able to tire of being swayed by those waves, of letting its melodies sing and tell you of the early days to the present. Yes, I would like to be like that highly happy ancestor of the Brunnstädt family under the celebrated diadem

S. L. V. S.

I would like to fight victoriously for this sea of stone until my blessed dying hour, for that sea of stone, into which I now lead you at the end of our wanderings, that sea of stone is my beloved Vianiomina and

You Love and Win

is my salvation slogan for my singing and speaking.

(1) In countless magazines at home and abroad since 1881, such as "Heimat", Vossische Zeitung (Berlin 1890)". Laufcs-Allgcmcinc Kunstchronik (Vienna, 1889, issues 9, 10, 11), "Alt-Wien" etc.

Once upon a time, the ancestor of the Brunnstädt family had been busy with noble hunting, when a cave opened up in the deep forest, inside which a merry little stream glistened, on which a Nixie woman sang. She wore a shining diadem like a crown, from which the enigmatic letters S. L. V. S. shone like magical moonlight. The hunter won the Vielholde as his spouse, and she became the progenitor of the family.

But there, where the well stood, the city Schleusingen was built. The one from Brunnstädt had probably read "Sius" and formed Schleusingen from it; however, this had happened in a misunderstanding, because the letters were to be understood in such a way: *Sie Lieben Und Segen*."

And if you do not spare the effort to climb our mighty St. Stephen's Tower and look out from above between the twelve mighty pinnacles, each of which seems to be a turret in itself, although seen from below they are hardly larger than a toothpick, when you are there in the dizzy heights above the maze of roofs, the swarm of ants in the streets, then your soul will cheer, because you will see the cheerful wreath of wine that a friendly god has wrapped around the fair Vianiomina, you will see the blond-gold harvest wreath that a benevolent goddess has added to the wreath of wine. Beyond, you perceive the mountains and valleys that we have wandered through. There the Hermannskogel with its Habsburgwarte rises from the course of the Zeizzoberge, and there the mighty Schneebergs Steinhaupt, at the foot of which lies the Helaklamm, in which the Helbrunnen murmurs its intoxicating songs. There stands the Untersberg, behind which the Wurmgarten stretches its sterile rocky cleft, and there the Brühl spreads out, and behind it the Helenental with all the sanatoriums winds up to Merkenstein. On that bare hill there rises the legendary border column of the holy Feme, the old crumbling spinner on the cross. -

And if you turn your eyes to the depths and look at the many towers and domes, you will see by the course of the streets, how in ever wider rings, like the growth of the tree, the city has expanded in the course of the millennia. In the millennia! For it always excites my laughing muscles,

when I hear quite seriously lectures, that Vienna was founded in the year 1158 by Duke Heinrich Jasomirgott! As if one could found a city like one might start, for instance, an "International Wechselreiter Bank!" Look down, dear friend, on the proud cathedral, the stone heart of Vienna, there on the dome of St. Peter's, there on the inconspicuous turret of St. Ruprecht's, and there on the dome of St. Peter's, and there on the dome of St. Peter's. Ruprecht and there, "where" "at the court" the palace of the papal nunciature stands, but formerly the little church of St. Pancratius stood; but remember these places well, of which you shall "hear miracles said", and then - well then you too will laugh more grandly, because of the opinion that Vienna is not older than 732 years, as you laughed no less, because of the assumption of a foundation at all.

Those four "holy sanctuaries", which existed as "holy chairs" of the Wuotan cult long before the Avar apostles Conuald and Gisalrich established Christianity in Vienna in the 8th century, give evidence of the existence of Vienna in far pre-Roman times, and moreover prove that already in those distant times Vienna must have been a - relatively - important settlement, since it had four temple sites, a rarely occurring number.

Two, at the most three, but mostly only one sanctuary were what existed in settlement places in Wuotanistic time; the occurrence of four places of worship, however, proves the importance of the old Vianiomina, which later the Roman - as it was his custom everywhere - renamed Vindobona. -

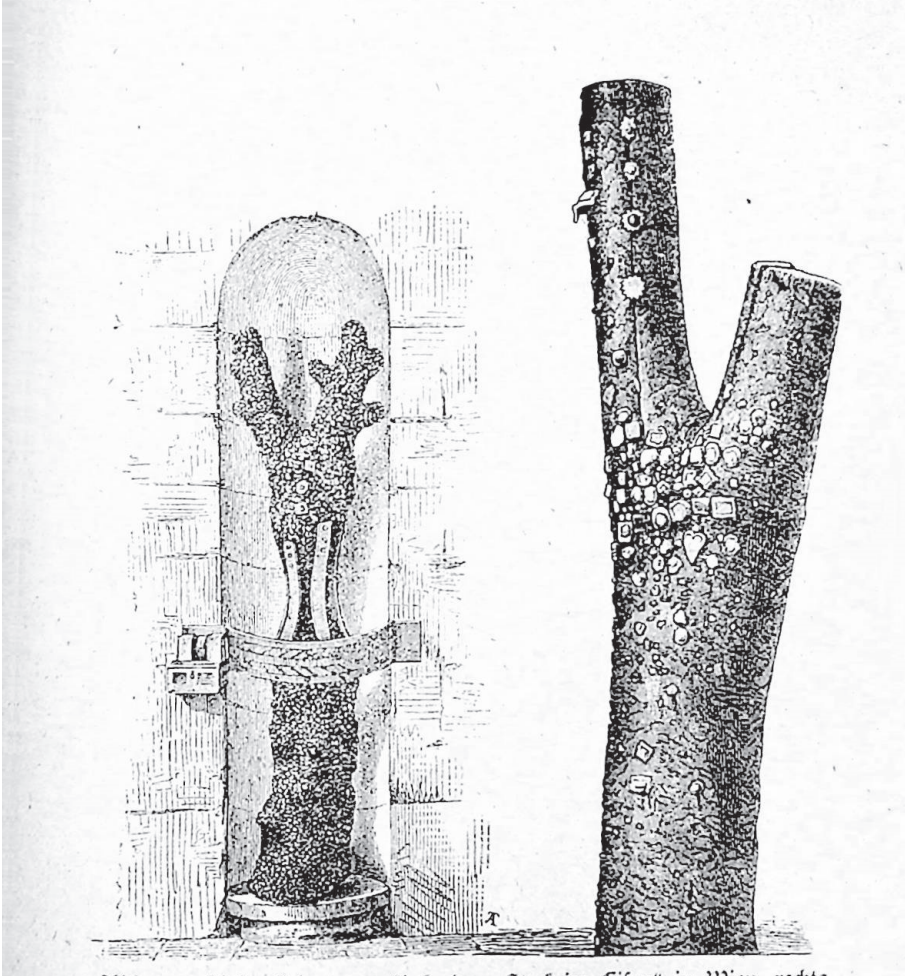
The good Vianiomina existed and flourished for an immense time, when its "first founder", Caesar Claudius, declared it a municipality between the years 41 and 54, and fortified it in the Roman way. Vienna did not share the fate of Carnunt, which was destroyed by the Quades in 375, but like many other municipalities, e.g. Fafiana, today's Mautern an der Donau, it survived the storms of the migration of peoples by placing itself under the protection of some Germanic army king, as is also proven of Fafiana. And the most important of those Germanic army kings, who sat in Vianiomina under crown, was no less than the Ostrogoth Dietrich

of Bern - the people know him still today legendarily as the "Banadietrich" (Bernerdietrich) - who as Theodoric the Great had become the second German king of Rome and the successor of Odovakar; he also moved from here along the Iron Road to Rome. Thus Vianiomina with its Roman fortifications came into the possession of the Babenbergs, and only in 1880 the last Roman tower fell victim to the redevelopment of Vienna - alas, alas! - to the victim. -

The Roman fortress buildings were a welcome base for the Germanic kings and dukes, who owned Vienna in turn; the Viennese of those distant days, however, only changed masters, but they themselves remained seated in their houses, which they have continued to inherit from generation to generation. Huns and Avars did not destroy Vienna for quite the same reasons.

The Song of the Nibelungs, based on old folk tradition, has King Etzel marry Thrimhilde in Vienna, just as it mentions the towns of Tulin, Traismauer, Pöchlarn, Hainburg and the market town of Melk. As here the popular tradition presents a relatively favorable picture of the rule of the Huns, so history offers the same picture of the rule of the Avars in the country; the Huns and Avars did not manage by far as badly as the Frankish falsifiers of history would have us believe; they were by far not as cruel as the "Great" Charles.

It is historically attested that the Avars spared the cities and their inhabitants and knew how to protect and use their advantages for themselves. The peasants had to provide them with crops, horses and cattle; the townsmen with weapons, clothes and jewelry; but otherwise they left citizens and peasants "undefeated", just as the *Sachsenspiegel* reports about the Saxons. It is also known that Christian missionaries could travel unhindered through the Avar kingdom; in fact, two of them, Conuald and Gisalrich, came to Vienna in 740 (i.e. 418 years before the "foundation!"), during the time of the Avar rule, and converted an underground Wuotan sanctuary into a Christian church, namely St. Ruprecht, and undoubtedly also the sanctuary to St. Stephen. - But more about that later. -



Illus. 87. See page 499. Left is the "Stock im Eisen" (staff in iron, or nagelbaum, nail tree) in Vienna, right is the "Stock im Eisen" in Waidhofen an der Ybbs.

However, Vienna possesses even older monuments as proof of its uninterrupted existence after the expulsion of the Romans. Under the Rugian rule the last Roman provincials left the country with the corpse of the last pillar of Romanism on the Danube, namely with the corpse of St. Severin. But not for long did the Rugians assert themselves as masters of the Danubian lands, for the more powerful Ostrogoths usurped the dominion. Jemandes explicitly mentions "Vianiomina" as one of their cities. The Ostrogoths ruled the country until 530, a period from which a curious monument has survived, namely a tomb discovered in 1662 during the construction of the Leopoldine wing of the Hofburg. It consisted of a sarcophagus that had been broken open earlier, containing human bones mixed with earth and jumbled together, but with a small, elongated round case of pure gold, closed at the top and bottom with lids. In the golden box there was a second one made of ore, in this one a third one made of silver and finally in this one a rolled up gold leaf with the inscription in Gothic language:

"Nasci o Kut, salida / is jaindre Dasvina / menida ab Satana / ubl akranis manva / bi huam dindos knoba / Kabangona."

In the translation into our German, this corresponds to the following words: "Save O God! Thither sacrificed is Dasvina, whom the evil Satan threatened when she was ready to bear fruit; Thou before whom the people's knees are bent!"

Thus, this is the tomb of a Christian woman, namely the Gotin Dasvina, who died in the crib. This important monument, which probably dates back to the middle of the 5th century, is besides the only Ostrogothic one that has been saved to the history of literature.

From this it follows, on the one hand, that Vienna not only did not perish during the migration of peoples and remained continuously populated, that Margrave Leopold could not own and have a hunting lodge here, that the "Great" Charles could not introduce Christianity here²,

(2) According to an inscription stone on the Esterhazy Palace in Naglergasse, the hunting lodge of Margrave Leopold was supposed to have stood in the ruins of Roman Vienna in the place of this palace.

since this had demonstrably existed long before his invasion of the country.

It is not the intention of this study to elaborate on this; the statement of the fact may suffice. It is thus proven that Vienna not only existed in pre-Roman times, that it must have been very populous, that it remained uninterruptedly populated since its existence, that it was never a desolate, abandoned city, and finally, that it was already devoted to Christianity before Charles' arrival, thus at least an age of many thousand years must be assumed for the uninterrupted settlement of Vienna. How else could the ground layout, the property boundaries have been strictly preserved in the old lines, on which one can still precisely trace the growth of the city since primitive times, where the course of the Roman roads, their urban layout, the irregular streets of the old civil city completely correspond to the present street and alley network of Old Vienna. A ruined city would never have been repopulated, this is shown by Klagenfurt next to the ruins of Virunum on Zollfelde, Salzburg next to Juvavia, Altenburg, Petroneli and Hainburg next to Carnuntum and many other examples.

The ancient Germanic healing places of Vianiomina are now the following:

A. The sacred grove, with the sanctuary of Frö, our present St. Stephen's Cathedral;

B. The Hutberg of Hruoperaht, our St. Ruprecht's Church;

C. The sanctuary of Donar, presently St. Peter's Church;

D. The sanctuary of the wintry Wuotan (Uller), where later the Pankrazius Church rose, and perhaps a fifth place of worship;

E. Dedicated to Freya or the female Three, known today as the church of "Maria-Stiegen" or "Maria am Gestade".

Let us now turn our attention to the most important sanctuary of the Germanic-Wuotanistic Vianiomina, which, Christianized as St. Stephen's Cathedral, still maintains its first rank in our good old Vienna and thus, as a place of worship, may claim the certainly venerable age of certainly

more than three millennia.

In order to understand how this could have happened, it is necessary to take a closer look at the way in which the converters began to turn the people away from Wuotanism and towards Christianity. First of all, we have to consider two periods of Christianization of our country, fundamentally different from each other: the peaceful, pre-Carolingian period and the period of fire and sword of Charles and his successors. The first period reaches back to the second century, where Christianity had already taken root under Marcus Aurelius' legions. Gradually the doctrine spread, especially Severin was active with spreading it, although he should not be considered the apostle of the Danubian Germans, since he was hostile to the Germans and friendly to the Romans, always protecting the latter against the steps of the German kings and working in their favor. After Severin, it was the Goths who, as zealous Christians, helped to spread the new faith more and more; even the Avars and Huns were nowhere an obstacle to the preachers of the Gospel. But the second period of "conversion", which was carried out by fire and sword according to Muhammad's example, began terribly with the Walloon Charles.

Charles' goal was by no means furthering Christianity, which was only a means to an end for him; he regarded it as an institution of the state, which he used and abused in a similar way as the modern state abuses the police. Therefore, he cared little for conviction, but much for formal acceptance through baptism, for the purely external ceremonial service, in order to better keep the converted in check through priestly supervision. Everyone could think and believe what he wanted, if he was only baptized, went to church, paid the tithe willingly and punctually and kept the prescribed exercises and fast days. Therefore, under Charles, we find the previously unknown fact, which can only be explained by the foregoing, that in one day thousands took baptism, but also - if they felt strong enough - just as quickly, just as many became "apostates" again. Baptism lost its sanctifying character in those sad days and sank under Charles to a simple ceremony of submission.

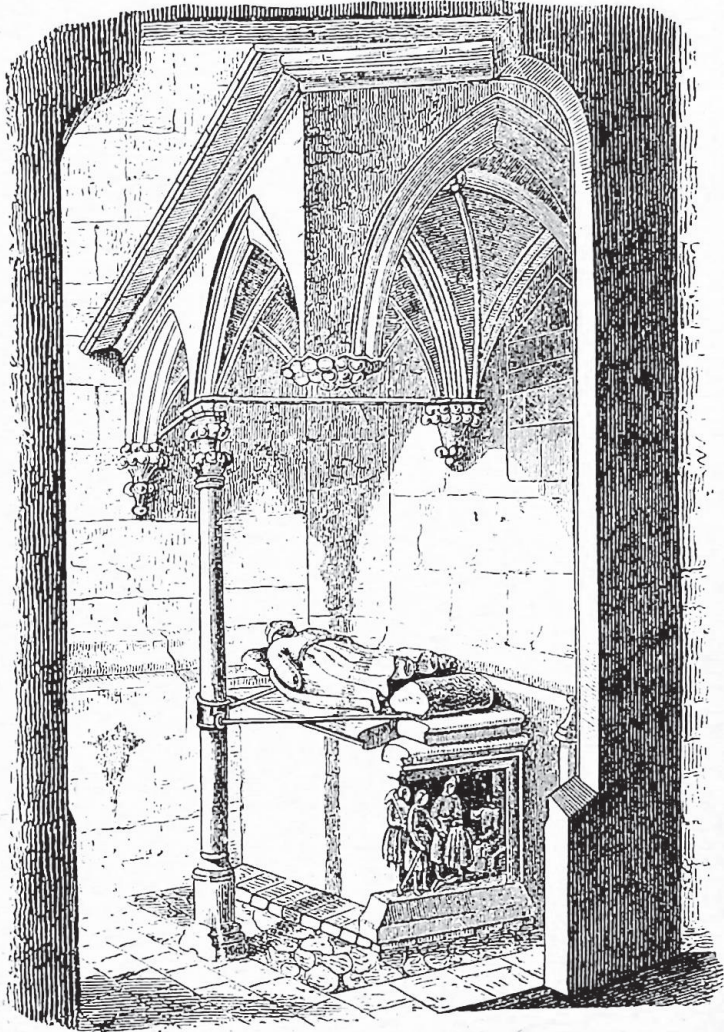


Fig. 88: An old tomb of an Armanen. The tomb of Otto Nitharts Fuchs, called "Bauernfeind", "lustiger Rat" of Duke Otto the Merry, at St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna.

But also in the first period of the Christianization of our people a weapon was used, but more in the sense of the customs than of a real assault. The example of the felling of the Donar oak by Boniface may explain this.

The Teutons were a warlike people and therefore their gods were also considered to be defensive heroic ideals. That a people accustomed to such proud gods could find little applause in a mild, suffering god of humility is too obvious to appear incomprehensible. That is why people were anxious to give even the sufferer hanging on the cross a belligerent martial glow. Even today the clergy, especially the monks, speak of "spiritual weapons", they speak of "battles with the adversary", the "Antichrist", of "nine legions of devils" and the "heavenly hosts". Yes, the "Heliand", an old Saxon poem of the 9th century, presents Jesus as a king of armies and describes his apostles and disciples like the followers of such a king.

This warlike Christian God, carried by the "Ecclesia militans", preceded by the host of the dear saints, the "Ecclesia triumphans" in cloudy heights, actually stormed the old Wuotan castles, which were surrounded with ramparts and moats like fortresses³, and proceeded - actually and symbolically - exactly like a storming army king warring against a castle to be conquered. If the castle of the gods was conquered and taken, which understandably could not happen without sword swinging and split skulls, then the symbol (simulacrum) of the defeated Aesir enthroned in it was treated like a captured enemy king. The victorious Christian church, out of clever calculation, did not in any way deny the existence of the old sun-god, nor did it kill him, but it showed his powerlessness to the apparently powerless, but nevertheless strong crucified one. The now humiliated Aesir⁴ was then soon degraded to a demon, a devil.

In order to make the "pagan church", now consecrated to the crucifixion, more sympathetic to the people, each chapel was dedicated to

(3) See "German mythological monuments in the vicinity of Vienna". "Eburodunum", "Schallaburg" and others.

a saint whose legend showed similarities with the myth of the suppressed pagan god. And around this legendary figure, in the course of time, the pagan myth together with its belief in miracles grew, so that soon double figures arose in cult and custom, as we see in more detail with the saints Leonard, Christopher and Corona, where church belief and popular belief are virtually opposed to each other.

Thus, St. Stephen stood in for Frey, who in folk belief as well as in fairy tales is called the "Horse (Pferde) Steffen", just as the people call our St. Stephen the "Old Steffel".

The existent Odinic symbols then were made to bear all ignominy of a captured king in order to show visually the powerlessness of the defeated Odinic cult quite clearly. If there was a sacred weapon of the gods, it was broken. It seems almost as if the so-called "holy lance" of the imperial jewels of the former "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation", which at present is kept in the Imperial and Royal Treasury of the Vienna Hofburg, had been such an old weapon of the gods, since it appears to have been broken several times and soldered with silver. The fact that it is assigned to St. Mauritius makes this assumption even more probable, since this saint often took Wuotan's place. However, if such a symbol was of any other shape, it was thrown in front of the ramparts, toppled there, or placed next to the entrance to the Christian church and heavily weighed down with chains. If the emblem was a tree, then the tree was knocked down (Donar's oak of Boniface), and its wood used for the sign on the new church building, while the stump had to carry a shrine (Hietzing, Maria-Drei-Eichen, and many, many others); or it was dug up and placed upside down, with the roots on top, placed tauntingly back in its old place. Thus was born the Viennese landmark, the "stick-in-iron".

This strange landmark of the Odinic Vaniomina, still stands today not far from its old position at the "Stock-im-Eisenplatze" with the roots upwards.

(4) Images of gods, as the Greeks and Romans were able to do, were foreign to the Germans; they had only symbols for their deities.

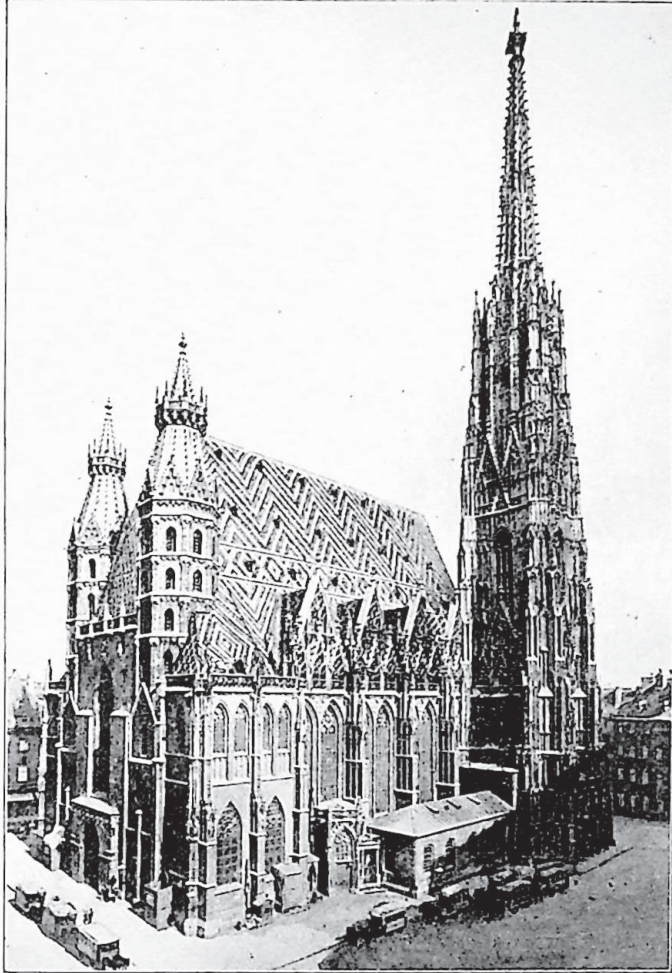
There was nothing more natural than that the land and all other property of the old gods' freeholds together with the conquered Götterbürg or Wuotan church would pass into the undisputed possession of the Christian church, and immediately formed its most well-founded revenue. This was also the case here, at the foundation of St. Stephen's Church, more than eleven hundred and fifty years ago. The time in which this took place is probably the year 740, when the two Avarene apostles stayed in Vianiomina, if it does not date back to even older times, but at most to the Ostrogothic rule.

The sacred grove, in which Frey's sacrificial horses were bred, surrounded the sanctuary, the boundaries of which can still be determined very well today, namely according to the boundaries of the ecclesiastical property around St. Stephen's Church. All the houses and farms around St. Stephen's Square, with the only exception of the western row of houses, have been owned by the clergy since ancient times, without the land registers being able to indicate the title of ownership. This is quite understandable; the property was owned many hundreds of years before the first land register was created.

But the exception of the western row of houses is only an apparent one, because the ecclesiastical property extends also to a row of houses in the west of the square, which, however, was demolished at the beginning of the 19th century. It ran parallel with the present western front of the square between it and the western front of the Cathedral, while the western row of houses existing today rose only after the 12th century on the area of the city wall that existed there. At that time, St. Stephen's Church was still located outside the city, on the "village green".

The next street names shed even more light on these strange facts. Today's Singerstrasse was still called "Heidenhainstrasse" in the Middle Ages, and "Grünangergasse" and the ancient "Blutgasse" stretch backwards.

The latter name, however, does not come from blood, but from "bluot", "blot", namely from "sacrifice". The old Gothi or Frey-sacrificer could not do without the "village green", just as little as today the knacker



Illus. 89. See page 502. St. Stephen's in Vienna.

can do without horses, and who became the Gothi's actual successor, and in former times in Vienna also held the position of the executioner and of course was a dishonest person.

This respect, however, stems from his former priesthood of Wuotan, which is why he was also considered a magician. This explains why Christianity made the Germans dislike horse meat, which had previously been their main food, because the horse, as an old sacrificial animal, had become a spooky animal and its carrion was given to the despised butcher.

Now, however, there was a further influx to the old Frey's-grove from the ancient Carinthian road, the "people's army road to Rome" and therefore today's "Stock-im-Eisen" was the primordial sacred border tree of the grove of gods, which stood and fell here with the Wuotan cult and still stands today as its monument, admonishing the German Viennese to remain German, mindful of their honorable position of the shield, to keep the watch at the eastern gate of Germania for the Germanic faithful.

At the entrance to the highly sacred Frey's-grove, however, the symbol of Frey, the proud Larch tree, was not only felled and overthrown, but also tied up like a criminal with a lock and a neck iron, both of which are also still preserved and visible, and only the chain seems to have been lost.

The folk legend, however, was right, which describes the "Stock-im-Eisen" as the last tree of the Viennese forest that once reached here; it knew that it had been a border tree, only it had confused the term forest with that of the grove.

Next to the sanctuary of the horse god, of course, the horse market was held, and therefore it cannot be a coincidence that the "Stock-im-Eisen-Platz" was not only called the horse market at the beginning of the last century, but it was just that.

Freys' sacrificers were the blacksmiths, the oldest of which was, so to speak, the great Gothi, whose dignity in Christian times was insulted with the terms "executioner" and "flayer" and separated from the blacksmith trade. Nevertheless, the dignity of the blacksmiths remained in the popular memory, which is still expressed today in the fact that the

blacksmith is considered an arch-magician, who knows more than just how to eat bread.

But also the blacksmiths themselves had kept a dark inkling of it in their guild tradition and every blacksmith who first in his life saw the old, holy, fallen trunk of the tree, hammered - at first secretly - then, when the meaning was forgotten, publicly, a nail into the trunk and so it happened that the time-honored landmark was preserved, which without this iron armor would have long since disintegrated into dust and mold. But the hammering of the nail into the trunk has another meaning; it was considered as an affirmation, so to speak, as a nailing down of some fact or promise or agreement. Even today, when the meaning has long been forgotten, people jokingly think that this word or that lie must be "nailed down". This custom also belonged to the many symbolic legal customs which have disappeared with German law. That naturally only sacred places - like here the fallen tree of the gods - could serve for such nailings, nobody will want to deny.

Another reminder of the cult of Wuotan are the catacombs, which belong to a system of a great "earthen stable" (Erdstall), that extends far and undermines the whole inner old city, but which was partly disturbed in its old state by the construction of St. Stephen's Church due to the laying of the foundations. The cellar vaults of St. Stephen's Cathedral are hidden more than five stories below each other in a completely unexplored extent, partly walled off, connected with many other passages, the course of which only folk legend knows exactly how to determine. These passages not only connected the four Odinic sanctuaries underground, they also led outside the city to the Danube area and had the inevitable well at the Lugegg, where even in the 18th century its half-buried opening was visible and bore the significant name: the "Marcus Curtius hole". The well-known "basilisk myth" originated from the same well and a house near it is still called "zum schmeckenden Wurm" (to the tasting worm). A myriad of other legends circulate in the vernacular about these passages, of which the "ghostly cat" reminds one of Freya, the "lady with the skull" of the Norn "Helia", the legend of "the maidens" of the

"Norns" or "holy councilors".

The Aesir, however, driven out of the sanctuary, according to the "cathedral legends", haunt the proud cathedral and these demonized Aesir were immortalized by the cathedral master builder three quarters of a millennium ago (around 1144) at the hall entablature of the giant gate as demonic grimaces, and are symbolically crushed under the force of the saint, in impotent rage - as adversaries, as blind threats. Unfortunately, it is impossible without pictorial decoration to describe and interpret these peculiar figures, it would be too prolix and yet difficult to understand, which is why only their general description will be attempted here.⁵

The hall entablature of the giant gate, which is named after these formations, bears on both sides seven, so altogether fourteen statues of saints (ten apostles, four evangelists), while above the gate the "Salvator mundi" is depicted floating down in the tympanum, carried by angels. Below these statues, symbolizing the "Ecclesia Triumphans", a lion appears in the Romanesque frieze on the right and on the left as the symbol of the Antichrist, who "prowls along roaring, watching whom he devours". Nevertheless, this lion is not the apocalyptic beast in the biblical sense, but in the Germanic-Christian-anti-pagan sense, because the figures visible behind both lions point directly to the Odinist Mythos - not to the pure, mythological form of the same, but to the counter-religion of the Donau-Germans of those distant days, whose counter-religion reached such sad fame in the witch trials several centuries later".

All kinds of conjuring spells we see there undertaken by the dwarfish "giant" figures to disturb the construction of the Christian church; all forces of nature, wind and weather, thunder and lightning, earthquake

(5) The detailed description of these figures and proper interpretation, which are the merit of the researches of the writer of these lines, can be found in "Lausers Allgemeiner Kunst-Chronik", Vienna, volume 1889, issues 9, 10 and 11 under the title: "Die deutsch-mythologischen Bildwerke am Riesentor der Stephanskirche zu Wien." - In 1850, Eduard Melly wrote a monograph entitled "The West Portal of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna" (Vienna, Gerold, 1850), which attempts to interpret these images from the Old Testament, but unhappily. Otherwise, this monograph is exemplary and still unsurpassed today.

and flood, fire and cloudburst are united here as adversaries; with all of these the master builder fights a victorious battle, and at last we see him at the front of the portal, shouldering the iron axe - his weapon against the demons of nature - sinking to his knees in homage before the builder, as if to exclaim jubilantly: "Gloria in excelsis Deo! The cathedral is built, in defiance of all restraining spells, praise the Lord for all eternity!" The builder, Margrave Heinrich-Jasomirgott⁶, sits opposite the master builder and with a slight wave of his hand invites the people to enter the newly raised church.

Yes, the newly raised minster, because only a new building, not a church foundation was that building, which was consecrated in 1144 or 1147.

The first building, which is possibly before, but hardly after 740, was undoubtedly the old round tower of the sanctuary, which was possibly already a well-structured stone building. Following the circular shape of the old Wuotan churches⁷, the first Christian churches were built as round buildings and only in later times the church buildings designed on the rectangle, whereupon in the further course of development the multiform basic shape of the Gothic cathedral was formed. Undoubtedly, the old St. Stephen's Church was such a round building, which later had to give way to the larger and larger church, which gradually developed into our present St. Stephen's Cathedral.

The next most important sanctuary was that of Hruoperacht, our present Ruprecht's Church, although it lagged far, far behind St. Stephen's Church.

The two Avarene apostles Conuald and Gisalrich, already mentioned several times, consecrated in 740, as is expressly mentioned, a crypt, i.e. an underground church, which therefore had certainly been one of the chambers in an old Erdstall.

(6) It was not until 1158 that he was elevated to Duke of Austria.

(7) See: "Schallaburg".

According to the master plates of the Viennese stonemasons' guild, Francis of Eisleben is said to have built the above-ground church in 766 (i.e. 392 years before the foundation of Vienna); according to others, this would have happened only in 783 under Bishop Virgilius of Salzburg, who is said to have consecrated it to St. Ruprecht in honor of his predecessor.

The inscription inside this venerable church itself gives the year 740 as its year of origin.

These few dates refer to two foundations; 740 to that of the underground church buildings, 766 and 785 to that of the above-ground church buildings. If we assume that the construction was begun in 766, completed and consecrated in 783, these two dates would be reconcilable. The only interesting thing is how such a thing corresponds to Charles' Christianization, who only decided to move against Thassilo II in 788 and appeared for the first time in 791 in Vienna, which was founded only 367 years later. Here the usurper already met Ruprecht's Church, which already existed for fifty years, but also already pre-dated St. Stephen's Church and probably St. Peter's Church and Pankraz Church as well, although these two are still doubtful. The only strange thing is that the foundation of Ruprecht's Church as well as St. Peter's Church is attributed to him. Even more so. Who is not struck by the contradiction that in an existing Christian city there are at least two churches, while this city is said to lie in ruins, in a desolate, deserted land, which must first be settled and won over to the German land?!

That the subterranean church consecrated by the two Avaren apostles was not built into the earth by them first, but were already found existing, we have already emphasized. But also Jans der Enenkel, a Viennese who wrote and lived in Vienna between 1190 and 1250, testifies that St. Ruprecht was formerly a pagan temple. In the course of this book, we have seen too many hutbergs to have to say that that pagan temple was a sanctuary of Wuotan in a Wuotan mountain, as more than two hundred of them still exist in the country, because we could only pay visits to the smallest part of them.

From Donar's sanctuary grew St. Peter's Church, as everywhere the Apostle's Fortress was the successor of the old Donar; likewise from the sanctuary of the wintry Wuotan rose the Pancratius Church. Here again the triple number is found, because the people venerate the "three icemen" or the "three grumpy saints", whose names are St. Pankratius, St. Bonifacius and St. Servatius. They are the patrons of the spring frosts and the farmer waits with worry for their three nights, in which the last night frosts are to be expected.

Likewise, the church "Maria am Gestade" may also refer to Freya, since otherwise we would lack a female one in all healing places. After the legend knows to report also there from underground passages, after the local name "Stoß-im-Himmel" (push in the sky), which often occurs at sanatoriums, fails, after just this church reminds by its name of the water, so the assumption is not too daring to claim also its pre-foundation for a pre-Christian time.

In the wildly erupting struggle that the original German Vienna and its equally original German hinterland Lower Austria are forced to wage to defend and preserve their Germanic character against the insolence of the Czechs, it seems of particular importance to let ancient, pre-Christian emblems speak the decisive word, emblems whose importance and evidential power have not been recognized until now, but which are now being returned to their ancient purpose of being the shield and umbrella of Germanness.

At that time, coats of arms were primarily used on shields and helmets - the old protective shields - so that the terms coat of arms and shield coincided and the designation coat of arms or shield became synonymous with claim and protection; for the coat of arms affixed somewhere signified the claim to recognition of ownership for the lord of the coat of arms just as it signified the protection which the lord of the coat of arms granted to the person, community or thing which he covered with his coat of arms. Therefore, the coat of arms was mainly shown on the battle shield, the protective weapon, from which it also held the symbolically represented character of the heraldic lord before the eyes of

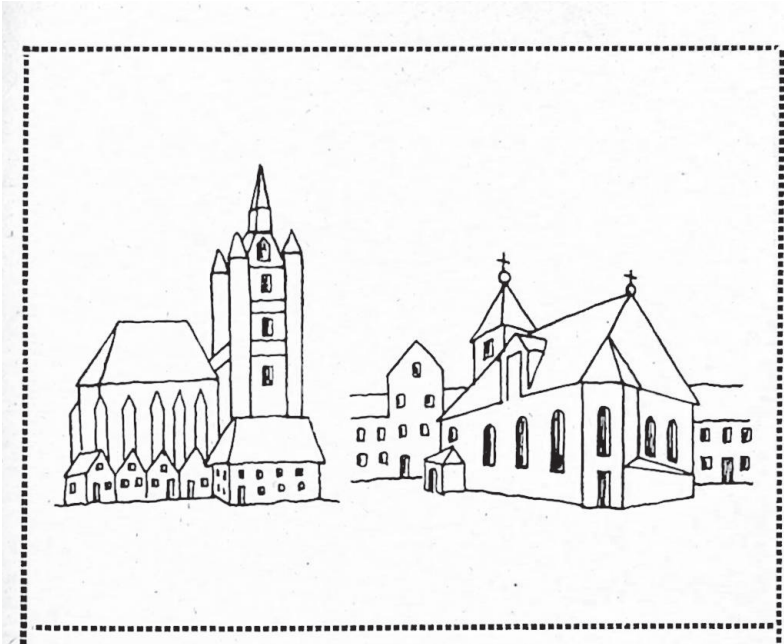
the opponent as a sign of protection. With the helmet ornament (also called cimier or helmet jewel), which was worn on the helmet (which "claimed" the lord of the coat of arms) and which was usually a supplement to the coat of arms image, the lord of the coat of arms clearly said that he "claimed" or affirmed what was "said" in the coat of arms.

If now the lord of the coat of arms asserted what the coat of arms said, then what the coat of arms said must have been said generally understandably, i.e. it must have been represented in such a way that everyone was able to read it, thus it must have been valid as sign language, as readable picture writing. Since now however the largest part of the old genuine coats of arms are still today in the use, then these old genuine coats of arms must be understandable and still today readable and solvable and also today still the same "assertion" as at the time of their emergence centuries ago, and in some cases even millennia ago. And this is indeed the case. Since the 14th, at the latest 15th century, the reading and solution key of the coats of arms, respectively the pictorial writing, which was used in the coats of arms, has been lost. I succeeded to find this reading and solution key again and to announce it in my book: "The picture writing of the Ario-German"⁸, to which fundamental work is referred herewith.

If we now first look at the coat of arms of Lower Austria, we find five golden eagles (2, 2, 1 placed) in the blue field, which reads as follows: In the Aryan original language: bla fem or are, which is High German: blue five gold Aare (eagle), and thus makes sense in German: "Watchfulness (brings to the) decision (of the) descendants sun right". But it can also be solved: "bla" = bewache, beachte; "fem" = jurisdiction; "geoid (instead of or) are" = luminous solar right, thus: "Achte des Gerichtes des luminous Sonnenrechtes."

The divine essentialization of the solar right was called "arahari" and this was the original title of the German king as the chief Armanen and his pictorial sign or symbol was the eagle or aar, the sun. That is why the

(8) The pictorial writing of the Ario-Germanic with over 1000 drawings, plates etc.



*Illus. 90. see page 507. old
view of St. Peter's Church in
Vienna before the year 1717.*

*Illus. 91. see page 505. Old
view of Ruprecht's Church in
Vienna.*

tabletop of the ancient chair in Dortmund shows the eagle as a symbol; saying: arahari, namely: high or noble solar right.

It is now significant that all old, genuine coats of arms are readable and solvable in two directions, namely in a generally understandable (exoteric) and in a secret solution (esoteric) understandable only to the higher degrees of the Armanen. The generally understandable solution was here: "Pay attention to the luminous or shining solar laws!". The deeper solution of the secret language, however, says: "Vigilance brings to the decision of the descendants solar law." This arouses in today's fighting time reflection and admiration for the sharpness of vision of those Armanen, who far longer than a millennium ago bequeathed this warning in heraldic pictorial writing to their descendants. Admittedly, in spite of all looking into distant times, they did not think of our contemporary Komensky schools, Besedas and other beautiful things; after all, the Hun and Mongol invasions were far closer to them; but their sure eye of vision showed them the dangers and admonished to watchfulness under the protection of the arahari, the noble German solar law. - At the right time, the coat of arms of Lower Austria, which has been silent for almost six hundred years, has been loosened again. - Let us listen to what the coat of arms of Vienna has to tell us.

The old coat of arms of Vienna shows a silver cross in red running into the edge of the shield, which reads as follows: In the Aryan original language: ruoth wyd rod, i.e. High German: Recht Gesetz Ursprung "Right Lawful Origin".

It says therefore in the language of the people (exoteric) that this place is an original place, whose foundation is based on right and law, and that therefore also here right and law, namely the Ario-Germanic Rita⁹, is cherished and cultivated. In the secret language of the Armanen (esotericism), however, this coat of arms reads and solves itself as follows: In the Aryan original language: ruoth wyd kruzi (instead of rod), i. e.

(9) More about it in: "The Rita of the Ario-Germanic" by Guido List.

high German: *Recht Weistum Armanheil* "Right Wisdom Hail the Armanen".

So it says to the knowing: This means that the *Ararita*, the epitome of *Wihinei* (religion), Law and Science, this inseparable trinity, is the true *Weistum* (wisdom), the foundation of the state and community system, that foundation on which the origin, the existence and the further development of Vienna is based. Since the care and protection of the *Ararita* in far pre-Christian times seems to be undoubtedly proven here, the seat of an *Armanen* authority must also be found here, namely a *Haigadome*, to which the same coat of arms refers, and indeed this *Haigadome* is found in the "*stafa*"-*halgodome*, which we still call St. Stephen's Cathedral today, although it was not named and consecrated to St. Stephen, but to "All Saints". If we are now referred by this heraldic-pictorial evidence not only to pre-Christian, but also to pre-Roman times (understood in terms of local history), i.e. before the year 15 B.C., then we must now examine the name of Vienna for its interpretation, since this must be connected with the coat of arms of the *stafa-Halgodome*.

The area in which Vienna is situated and which today is flowed through by the Danube, was in ancient times a large lake; therefore still today the plains *Marchfeld* and *Steinfeld* are called the Viennese basin. There, where the small *Carpathians* and the *Leithagebirge* form the narrow river gate near *Thebes* and *Deutsch-Altenburg*, was in those primitive days the outflow of that inland lake in the form of a gigantic waterfall, similar to the *Niagara Falls* in North America.

When this mighty waterfall finally broke through the relatively narrow rock barrier, that lake found its end; it emptied and turned into a swamp many miles wide, from which the individual ground elevations had naturally become dry and arable earlier than the deeper grounds.

Through the former lake bottom, the runoff waters churned out a bed and thus the Danube riverbed was formed in that area. The upper lake, whose dry bottom is known today as the *Tulin Basin*, still existed and its outflow formed another mighty waterfall between the *Leopoldsberg* and *Bisamberg*, until it too collapsed, draining the *Tulin Plain*. Still at the time

of the existence of the large inland lake in the Viennese basin, Ario-Germanic natives, whose name "Azali" or "Azalen" has been handed down to us, grasped around its banks as far as far north, west, south and east. This name means: born from the sun, the primeval fire¹⁰, and thus designated them by name as aborigines, thus as: Ario-Germanic aborigines, as Germans. Their administrative area were the "Zeizzoberge" (from Zeizzo the Beautiful, the Procreator; Roman mons cetius, today Kahlengebirge) and in these the "Armanskoke", today the Hermannskogel, their Armanenburg (Halgadom), which on the highest elevation between the two inland lakes must have formed an excellent lookout with a magnificent view and was therefore of outstanding importance as the seat of the administration. From this "Armanskoke" - whose sanctification of many thousands of years is even today still unforgotten ("Agnesbründl") - as the administrative seat of the Armanen, only the drying lake bottom was populated and of course in the first place the heights of the same, which rose above the marshy bottom, were settled, the nearest of which was that small plateau, which still carries the oldest part of the city of Vienna and which is bordered by the following streets: Hoher Markt Wipplingerstrasse (steep bank against the Danube), Renngasse, Naglergasse, Graben, Rothgasse, Am Bergei and Seitenstettengasse. This plateau was taken possession of as newly won pasture land and was given the name "Vienna".¹¹ The original name of Vienna, in which the still dialectal form of the name "Wean" appears, was "Vian" by Jornandes, namely "Vianiomina", which is not the name of the place, but the name of the inhabitants, which means nothing more than "Viennese men" or as we call them today "Viennese".

(10) See: The Names of the Tribes of Germania and their Interpretation by Guido List.

(11) In the year 1000 A.D. Leif named the mainland he discovered on Labrador "Winland", which is not wine country, as it is wrongly interpreted, but "land of profit", namely the newly won land, just as the land won from the outgoing lake was called Vienna. Likewise the month name for October is correctly Winmond and not Weinmonat; because in this month the profit of the whole year is recovered, to which, however, also the wine belongs, whose name is derived also from Win, i.e. from profit.

Therefore in the later Middle Ages, the name for the city Vienna is correct, even if in unconscious linguistic feeling the name form "Wienn" is found and in France at the Rhone the city Vienne, has the same name, and is from the same cause originated, in almost the same sound.

The fact that the name word Winn, Wienn, Vian (Wean), which was preserved in the Gothic in the form Vianiomina, was corrupted by the Romans into Vindobona, is completely irrelevant here, just as the intentionally invented names in other languages, calculated to mislead, also have no characteristic value at all for Vienna. This should be noted here only quite incidentally. Suffice it to say that Vienna has been a settlement of the Ario-Germanic original population of the country since primeval times, i.e. since the time of the drying up of the inland lake in the Viennese basin, consequently originally German and has remained German until today, and that it can thus look back on a German existence of many thousands of years, but that it has also inherited and passed on the noble duty to protect this original property against any kind of foreign-racial and foreign-language presumption.

History bears witness to what an important bulwark in historical times the original German Vienna was for the German world of Central Europe and how in more than seventy battles in the Vienna Basin all the peoples of the old world carried home good German blows on this hallowed original German soil and left behind here quite a few and more of their shattered skulls after they had gone home without having achieved anything.¹²

And in these times of hardest fights for German kind and German being, in which the many thousand years old original German Vienna always heroically and victoriously held high the German banner, a strong coat of arms appears on the scene, which now for more than six hundred years is and will remain connected with the coat of arms of Vienna and

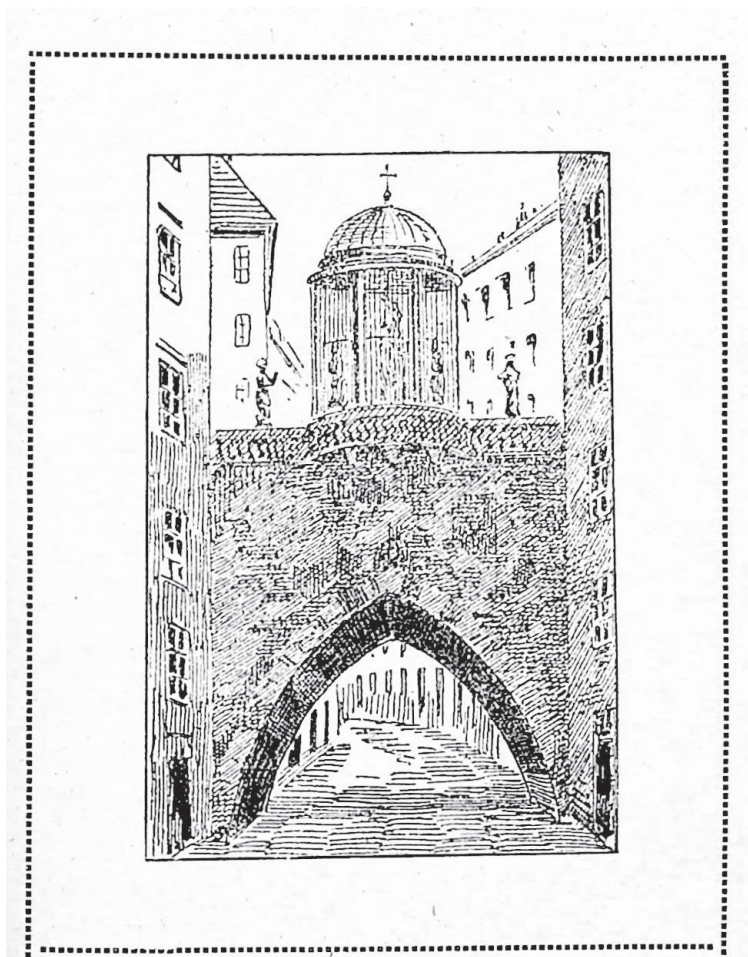
(12) Just look at the famous skull collection of Professor Hyrtl with its Mongolian, Tartar, Avar, Turk and other skulls from this point of view and you will recognize them as holy flame runes, which father Bragi wrote into the family tree of our noble Wianna.

Lower Austria to the holy trinity in loyalty, the original coat of arms of Habsburg.

Habsburg's coat of arms with the Zimir reads as follows: In Aryan Ursprache: geoid ruoth lewo kereon; phawenuedel kereon, which is High German: gold red lion crowned; peacock stutz from crown, and resolves to the following solemn-early phrases: Luminous legal life everlasting (allezeit); Gottgezeuter nobility everlasting.

We see in this coat of arms the lion (life) as a sun-right-symbol in the human life representing the "High Ar" (arahari) and showing the same in its perfection - as the earthly justice in life; because: ruoth = right, lion = life, thus: "legal life". And this coat of arms was courageously held up by a man in 1273 against the turmoil in the German Empire after thirty years of interregnum, and that at a time in which the language of coats of arms was still understood and in which such a coat of arms slogan meant more than today a so-called "political program", at a time of unbelievable rottenness of the law; and from this it is probably explained that the entire German people had cheered that "arahari", who thus chivalrously held up his shield of right against injustice. And that chivalrous herald was Rudolf of Habsburg, the German king, the ancestor of nineteen German kings and emperors from the House of Habsburg, the last of whom still emphasized the Armanen maxim: "Justitia regnorum fundamentum". And this same family, which has been wearing the Austrian archduke's hat for more than six hundred years and the Austrian imperial crown for more than a century, and which embodies the old Habsburg traditions in its present head, Emperor Franz Josef I, the crowned sage, proclaims the ancient Armanen expansion through this sage in his motto "Viribus unitis" - AEIOU.

If we now read the mottoes of those three coats of arms one after the other: "Vigilance brings to the decision of the descendants the right of the sun, whose right wisdom is just Armanheil, which is always rooted in the luminous life of law and thereby confers divine nobility", then the way to salvation is already shown by this ancient sacred hereditary three of our time, as by a compass to the skipper in a stormy, foggy sea.



Illus. 92. see page 511. the Hobebrücke in Vienna in its old form before 1875.

Admittedly, in order to live up to this heraldic admonition, not only good will is required, but also vigorous action; hollow words and resounding cries for salvation alone will not do. But the descendants of those who have kept Vienna German to this day will stand on the ramparts again at the right hour, when some and more of the great lung-shouters of today will have evaporated, when it will have come to seriousness, because: "Right wisdom is Armanen victory!"

And so you look down to the church of "Our dear Lady on the shore", there you see its graceful hexagonal tower with the charming Gothic dome, but only at quite a distance from it the "shore". Well, this is only a coincidence, because in former times the Danube really flowed along the edge of the steep bank above which the magnificent building rises; half a century ago there was still a tower at the Passauerhof, in which the iron rings were still embedded for the mooring of the ships.

And if you continue to look up after midnight, dear friend and fellow traveler, you will see the broad mirror of the Danube in its new bed, and beyond it the wide expanses of water of the old riverbed with its wondrous, secluded meadows.

And if you should once feel the air to visit those healing places of wonderful primeval forest splendor, which is only possible by rowing a boat, it shall be my pleasure to accompany you there as well.

There your eyes will see primeval forest images that the most audacious imagination would never conjure up in front of your soul. Impenetrable undergrowth between hundred-year-old shrubs, tightly knotted tangles of climbing hops, wild grapevine and dulcamara, nettles and thistles, and other herbs will prevent you from entering; Thousands of all kinds of insects surround and buzz around you, crawl around and flutter around you, an immense mass of all representatives of the bird world caws and chirps around you, and if you look up into the highest of the primeval forest crowns, then it may well happen that you spy the nest of a sea eagle. Such splendor, however, is offered only by the islands, which are rarely or never entered and therefore accessible only by boat. There you can see them, they lie like floating green cumulus clouds on

the blue.

And this is the old Nibelungen road, and down there lies old Vienna, and southward there goes the road to the Teutonic grave Italia; and here the roads cross on the wide plain on which the Teuton so often swung his good fencing iron and blew the tally to his enemies.

And so we would have prospered until farewell. Great-favored one, farewell and keep me in friendly remembrance. Hoping I may well say, to a happy reunion!

*So young and old mil rejoice,
Praise thee, my God, manifold,
Lord, I beseech thee, it is thine,
So let Vienna here be my joy!*

Guido von List

CONCLUSION

As I prepare to write this final word for the second edition of my "German Mythological Landscape Pictures", the uplifting sound of Easter bells floods into my workroom in solemn wave vibrations. I feel so solemn, I feel it, how the holy woman Ostara greets me and blesses my doings! - And I think back to how it was twenty-one years ago when I closed the manuscript for the first edition of the same "German Mythological Landscape Pictures". Also at that time the same tones, shaking my innermost self, flooded my mind as today; also at that time you greeted me, also at that time you consecrated and blessed my work, you honorable, you proud, you wonderfully mild woman Ostara!—

And in such a sacred hour I look further back and see how it all started, how it had come about.

The "German-Mythological Landscape Pictures" were not created as a closed whole, but they were not piecemeal either and they are not even today in the second edition, because they are a part of my ego, they are me myself, they are the basic germ of my feeling, searching, researching, finding, recognizing, and that is why this book has remained my favorite book, my little nestling, which I have been cherishing!

Almost still a child, I had tried to write down landscape descriptions based on images that had impressed themselves on my feelings during the numerous excursions that my parents had undertaken with us children. My father, a warm-hearted nature lover, a good landscape draftsman far beyond the mediocrity of dilettantism, and a good connoisseur of art, rejoiced at my loudly and joyfully expressed delight at the beauties of

nature as they reveal themselves in the landscape, and especially at how this sublime beauty was reflected in my child's soul. With great love and fine understanding he nurtured these dispositions in me without pedantic constraint, teaching me artistic vision with the painter's eye, recognizing the whole ladder of color tones, teaching me the principles of perspective as well as aerial perspective in an understandable way, and making me draw from nature and then finish those sketches at home; often even executing them in colors with the brush. As a result, my sketchbook was, and still is, quite rich and goes back to August of 1865, that is, to my then not yet completed fifteenth year of life. The first sheet of this sketchbook from August of the year 1863 "Merkenstein" I added to the supplements of this book, which bear the note: "From the sketchbook of the author". On the other hand, my first written outpourings of landscape descriptions have fallen victim to a well-deserved auto accident, although I still keep some manuscripts that go back to the year 1867, but which are probably safe from the printer's ink in the deepest dungeon of a heavily nailed box in the attic, safe in their older purpose as artificial fertilizer.

My first essay published in print was, of course, a description of nature, which appeared in the seventh volume of the yearbook of the "Austrian Alpine Association" (1871) and was entitled "New Year 1870 in the Alps".

Every day that my professional duties gave me free time, especially during my many and long journeys, was used for some kind of excursion, whereby the weather remained a completely secondary matter; whether sunshine, storm, rain, snow or hail, it was all the same to me, because nature always showed me a different picture of its beauty, the divinity in it always spoke to me in a different language. On foot, by wagon, on horseback or in a rowing boat, whether in a four-oared boat or in a canoe, I made my trips, and most of the time - alone. Even though I was not averse to the company of others and loved social activities and youthful, boyish fun, I felt that in company I had to deny my own self and did not find what I was looking for and what I only fully enjoyed when I was alone with myself, as far away as possible from the noisy, raging everyday

life and the common people. What revealed itself to me there, and how it revealed itself to me in such holy hours of being alone with myself, that I tried to show in the individual sections of this book. I was happy as seldom a mortal should be.

With the end of the year 1877 this happiness was gone for many decades. A hard, difficult time began for me. It had become an impossibility for me through decades to exercise my old wanderlust, but a powerful longing for the heights and expanses, for waves and woad, conjured up for me in spiritualized, internalized memory images, the natural life so richly enjoyed in my youth before my innermost self, and from this sunny memory nest - which had become for me a rejuvenating "youth nest" - I drew my "German Mythological Landscape Images".

These descriptions soon enjoyed great popularity, especially since I endeavored to shape them artistically and to enliven them spiritually by seeing "animate, enlivened, spiritualized nature" and trying to portray it as such. Thus it came about that each individual landscape picture was often and frequently revised and appeared in improved and deepened form with each new printing.

Then it came into my mind to collect these landscape descriptions in book form. My offer to the publishing house of Mr. Hans Lüstenöder in Berlin (now Frankfurt a. M.) was accepted and the book was published in the summer of 1891 under the title: "Deutsch - Mythologische Landschaftsbilder" (German - Mythological Landscape Pictures), the first edition of which was completely sold out within a few years.

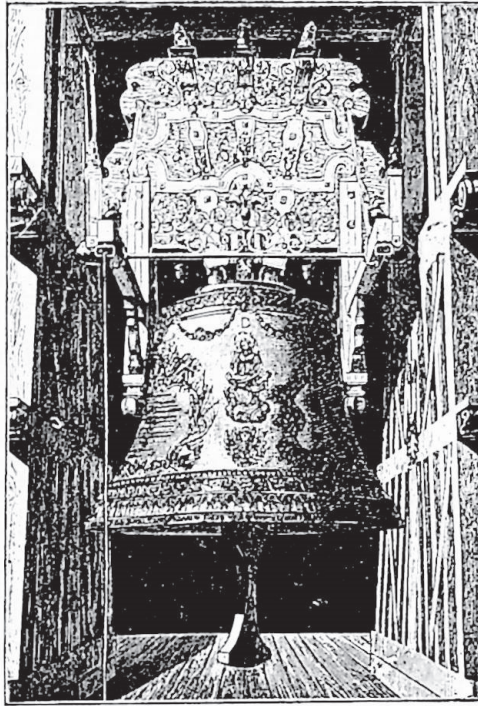
The presidium of the society bearing my name now sought, since my work for the planned volume of the G.-L.-B. No. 6 "Die Ursprache der Ario-Germanen und deren, Mysteriensprache" was still too far from completion, to present an older out-of-print work of mine to the members for the time being, in order to create time and space for me to complete the "Ursprache". The choice fell on my "German-Mythological Landscape Pictures", since the same were often and frequently requested and could not be procured even by antiquarians. The opinion was widespread - which I myself initially cherished - that an unchanged reprint

would suffice, which would not impose any further special work on me and would enable me to devote myself calmly to the completion of my "Ursprache".

I now read the book, which seemed to be a new work to me, because I had completely forgotten the inside and innermost of it. But how astonished I was when I read and saw that to all my research results, which I had put down in the Guido List library, the solid foundation was already laid there. In fact, I found almost nothing to change or improve, and on the whole the book has remained as it appeared twenty-one years ago. Some additions, such as those concerning the "Wagsteine", were inserted and some new sections, such as "Carnuntum", "Geiselberg", and "Rotenkreuz" were added.

But another question was considered this time, and that on the advice of my esteemed friend, Dr. Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels, namely the matter of the picture decorations, because the book "literally cries out for pictures", as Dr. Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels occasionally wrote to me. At the request of our Presidium, the aforementioned doctor was also kind enough not only to take over and direct the procurement of the pictorial decoration - which was often quite laborious and in many cases failed completely - but also to make available to me from his own rich stock a large number of pictures and even of clichés. Likewise, I have his intervention to thank for the fact that the Imperial and Royal Research Institute for the Graphic Arts (k. k. Versuchsanstalt für graphische Künste) provided me with some valuable examples and clichés, which significantly increased the value of the book. I would therefore like to take this opportunity to express my heartfelt, admiring thanks to the esteemed Doctor Jörg Lanz v. Liebenfels for his great self-sacrificing work and unerring promotion of this book. I would also like to express my heartfelt and admiring thanks to the esteemed management of the Imperial and Royal Research Institute for the Graphic Arts in Vienna.

I would also like to express my gratitude to the King Himself! Baurat Wilhelm Koehne in Berlin for his splendid photographs of Carnuntum, as well as to teacher A. Rerych in Traunstein, for his highly respectable



Illus. 93: The "Bummerin", the giant bell of St. Stephen in Vienna, cast from Turkish cannons captured in 1683.

artistic photographs of the "Wagsteine" near Traunstein (Lower Austria), as well as to senior teacher Franz Matzke there, for his willing and kind support in matters of the Wagsteine and other friendly information, and not less to Dr. Hermann Haaß in Traunstein (Bavaria), for the procurement of the picture of a Femstatt in Bavaria. No less I am indebted to the gentlemen Artur Ritter von Wallpach zu Schwanenfeld and David Egger-Brücklhofer in Spittal a. d. Drau with special thanks for the difficult procurement of pictorial elements, which I hereby gladly give back to the public. -

In addition, I feel obliged to express my sincere thanks to the excellently managed Oberösterreichische Buchdruckerei- und Verlagsgesellschaft in Linz, especially to its excellent director, Mr. Friedrich Gothmann, and to the exemplary technical staff, first and foremost to its efficient manager, Mr. Wilhelm Tirnstein, for the loving dedication with which the aforementioned gentlemen mastered this difficult work without complaint, since this book in particular, due to manifold obstacles, had to overcome almost desperate difficulties during printing, which - God knows! - which, God knows, could not have been overcome by any other printing house so smoothly and without difficulty. Once again, I would like to express my unreserved public gratitude to this true art institute, its exemplary management and its brave workforce.

I hereby present the second edition of this book as a jubilee volume of the Guido von List Society, with the old unchanged dedication, because this has also become historical and is also indelible from the second edition, to my highly wealthy friend of many years, Mr. Friedrich Wannieck in Munich, who in the meantime, as the main benefactor of the Guido von List Society, had become its honorary president and whose well-suited portrait adorns this book as a cover picture.

What the Guido von List Society in Vienna has become under the devoted, purposeful leadership of his son, my excellent friend Friedrich Oskar Wannieck on Seibetsberg, and what significance it will attain for the future development of Armanism and Germanicism, is the great merit

of my friend Friedrich Wannieck, Friedrich Wannieck first and foremost, and therefore I would like to express my enthusiastic thanks to him here, as well as my wish, expressed publicly on behalf of the entire membership of the Guido von List Society, that he may continue to enjoy the success of his work for many years to come, the foundation of which he had laid - probably unconsciously at the time - by accepting the dedication of the first edition of this book. And therefore this second edition is to be regarded as a jubilee edition and is hereby presented to the noble, incomparable one, with love and gratitude with a hearty "Alaf sal fena".

Vienna, Austria 1912.
Guido von List

Guido von List

President Mr. Friedrich Oskar Wannieck

Just before the end of the printing of the present work, I received the shocking news of the passing away of my unforgettable friend, Mr. Friedrich Oskar Wannieck, who died suddenly in Munich as a result of a cerebral stroke on July 6, 1912.

It is impossible for me to consecrate a worthy obituary to my departed friend here, in this short space of time - while the wheels of the press stand still, so to speak, in order to include my funeral message in this sentence. He was, after all, a warm, highly enthusiastic and energetic supporter of my findings - it was he, after all, from whose enthusiasm sprang the idea for the creation of the society bearing my name, the expansion and constant consolidation of which seemed to him - the irreplaceable man! - appeared to him as a life task!

All the members of our Society know with what persevering love and devotion he consecrated himself to the leadership of the Society, and they all know how, through his unexpected death, I was deprived of a friend and supporter who was attached to me and my work with tenderness and high esteem, who shared with me joys and sorrows in a genuinely fraternal way and whose dearest striving was to help my views, which were fully and completely his, to achieve a victorious breakthrough.

But all my followers also know that there is no death, they all know that our dead live, that there is a reunion, and that we do not only explain the dark place of the communion of the saints in our Great Free Ario-Germanic Spiritual Union, but also live it out! For me, for us, Fritz Wannieck is not dead, he lives in and with us, he works in and with us on our work as an Einherier Hari-Wuotan and he holds in that Great Free Ario-Germanic Spiritual Union, which is the soul of our society, just as faithfully to us as we to him. - Yes! Samir Arahari! - So live and work on into the future, Einherier Fritz Wannieck, and when you return one day in the human body, then also in this again, lead your mission further towards the goal of Arahari, because the dawn of the Gods is looming in Wafurlohi over the firns and you will be one of the first to walk over the Helgate, you bright, light son of the sun, you Einherier Fritz Wannieck!

Guido von List

A x W x A x i. e. A. B.

